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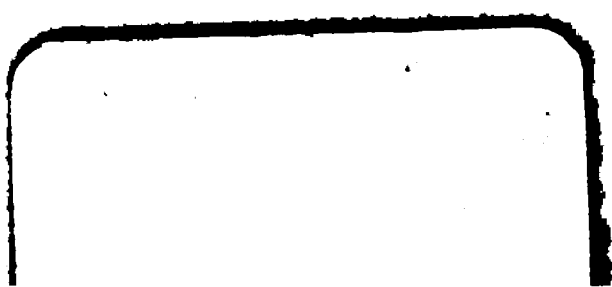
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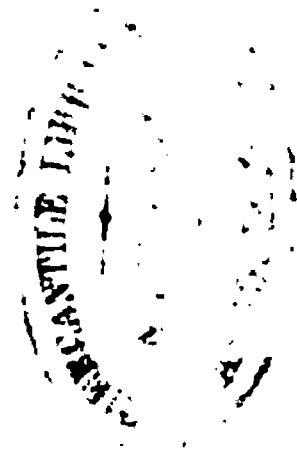
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LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.



BEECHER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL, PURE, PROGRESSIVE, PRACTICAL, POPULAR.

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1871.

TRENTON, N. J.,

J. A. BEECHER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

1872.



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A HUSBAND'S GUILT.

BY IDE WILLIS.

I AM an old man now ! How strangely the words look to me as I write them, for, judging by our conventional standard of years, I am scarcely past the prime of life. But "the appearance of things depends altogether on the point of view we occupy," and from my stand-point I look out upon a panorama of baffled hopes, disappointed ambitions, wearying cares, and through all, in the dark background, a pictured sorrow to which I might occasionally close my eyes and find relief, were it not engraven upon my heart in iron letters of remorse.

I have read that dying men die happier for having confessed their sins ; that even criminals meet their fate with apparent equanimity after having acknowledged themselves guilty of the crime imputed to them ; and with this hope (if I may call it such) to incite me to the effort, I shall endeavor to make my confession. I had for several years been writing occasional articles for the magazines and newspapers, and was still but a young man when a position was offered me on the editorial staff of one of our leading papers. Gratified and delighted at the opening so unexpectedly presented to me, still hesitating, as I had intended to make the law my profession, I suddenly concluded to go to the village of H——, and talk the matter over with an uncle, for whom I had great esteem, and who was a respectable country judge. The subject did not involve such lengthy discussions as I had anticipated. The judge advised me at once to accept the offered position ; law was precarious—the country was flooded with lawyers ; I had tried literature and was, to some extent successful in it ; why seek anything new, where I might fail, when a certainty lay before me. Satisfied with my uncle's arguments, and inwardly pleased that they accorded so fully with my own inclinations, I wrote and accepted the position. As a week had been given me for the decision, and it was in the month of

October, when the country, rich, ripe and mellow, offers myriad attractions, I did not need to be persuaded to spend the remainder of it in H——. The day after my arrival was one of those indescribable autumn days that at once arouse the mental energies and chain the physical activities. My heart was beating high with hope and ambition—strange that no dreams of love entered it; but all I then asked was a successful and enviable career. It might have been different had I any fond recollections of a mother's love and tenderness; but I had been separated from her who should have taught me the beauty and attractiveness of a womanly nature through all my early years, and later I had felt no love for one whose disposition was cold and irresponsive; the most that I could ever tender her was respect and deference. Perhaps it was this that through so many years narrowed my views of womanhood.

Late in the afternoon, but still long before the sun was down, my uncle called to me to come and walk with him over to Maple Grove, adding that "the view from the hill was very fine." We started together, talking animatedly at first, then, yielding to the influence of the hazy atmosphere, we each glided quietly into the companionship of our thoughts; I dreaming of the future and my only mistress—my projects. Life, with its perplexities, its actualities, was rapidly receding even from my eager grasp, and when we reached the summit of the hill, and the enchanting view met my eye, I did not attempt to restrain the enthusiastic expression that rose to my lips. The words had scarcely escaped me before I became aware of a feminine presence. I could not see her face, as it was, I thought, purposely bent over a large bouquet of autumn leaves that she was evidently endeavoring to fasten together. I should have retreated at once had not my uncle, coming up just then, called out familiarly,

"Good afternoon, Miss Merwin; you are still watching the valley, I see."

"Yes; I am never tired of looking beyond those golden gates."

Then followed the introduction, and I, Mr. Blakely, looked for the first time into those eyes, that, whether sleeping or waking, by day or by night, are looking at me still.

"You must have heard my school-boy exclamation of 'glorious!'" I said. "I think very likely I should have indulged in more extended raptures, had not the rustling of these leaves betrayed you."

"You may be assured you could have received no more favorable introduction than that same expression," she answered. "This valley is one of the delights of my life; when I look at it as now, with the last rays of the sun streaming through those hills that stand like guards at the farther end, and the whole valley mellowed by this golden light, it seems as if the gates of the New Jerusalem had been suddenly opened, and something of the ineffable glory beyond were revealed to us."

Her eyes had a far-off look as she spoke; her whole being seemed to

dilate with the grandeur of the thoughts within her, and for an instant neither of us ventured to break the silence ; then my uncle spoke—

“Really, Miss Merwin, you look very much as if you would like to start out on an exploring expedition beyond those ‘golden gates ;’ but please don’t ask me to accompany you, for I have found this hill quite sufficient for one afternoon.”

Then we all laughed, and Miss Merwin’s expression changed at once as she said :

“Excuse me, you must be tired ; here is a log that has served me as writing desk, easy chair and sofa ; perhaps you can make it available in one of these capacities.”

“Thank you,” said the judge ; “I think, just now, I should prefer the easy chair. I am very glad, Miss Emily, that you enjoy the hill so much, otherwise I am afraid your new duties would prove too much for you ; do you never get tired ?”

“Oh, yes, often ; but at night a single look down the valley will bring back peace to my heart ; and in the morning—well, no matter how miserable the day before has been—the children are always bright and cheerful, and I very soon forget what vexatious little mortals they are capable of being ; but I sincerely hope Mr. Wilson will be able to take them again by the holidays.” And while she and my uncle discussed her own and Mr. Wilson’s future, whose place she was temporarily filling, I found myself unable to withdraw my gaze from a face that had already charmed me.

I scarcely know whether an art critic would have called her beautiful. Her forehead was, perhaps, too broad and intellectual for a mere physical beauty, but its outlines were softened by ripples of sunny-brown hair ; the violet-grey eyes were certainly too expressive for description or criticism ; the mouth, which was exceedingly grave when in repose, was often dazzlingly brilliant when she spoke or smiled ; her complexion, so purely white, was lighted up by a soft, opal tint—a thought that did not occur to me then, nor until years after, when I held up a ring containing such a stone and watched the light as it melted away, and yet seemed struggling through the delicate crystal. From that day onward, Emily Merwin’s being left its impress upon mine as a golden thread of embroidery woven upon a coarse garment. Into the one week that followed was condensed the happiness of my life ; I allowed myself to yield to the sweet influence of the present ; we rode together, we walked and talked as if it were the business of our existence ; I found her mind richly stored, while her thoughts were earnest and original ; whatever ideas I advanced, her warm imagination and quick intellect made glow with a new beauty. That little week, which had stretched itself out to me only a few days before as something to be negatively endured, rather than positively enjoyed, passed away—vexatiously enough—all the more rapidly as each day’s charm increased. The last day came, and impatiently I waited for the

closing hours of school that I might triumphantly carry the little mistress to the top of Maple Hill ; I wanted to have one last talk with her there, where I had first met her. She blushed as I advanced to greet her, and a radiant smile chased away the weary, dispirited look that had settled upon her sweet face.

"You are tired," I said ; "will it be too much to ask you to take a last walk with me to Maple Hill?"

With joy I watched the flush that rapidly mounted to her cheeks, and the look of disappointment, as she said quickly, "A last walk, Mr. Blakely—are you really going, then?"

"Yes," I answered, as we walked on ; "I must certainly be away to-night. I have enjoyed myself far beyond any anticipated pleasure, for which, permit me to say, I am indebted solely to you, Miss Merwin ; I wish it were possible for me to remain longer, but I have much to accomplish, and I trust a reputation to win during the coming year."

"You are ambitious, then?" without lifting her violet eyes.

"Truly, I am," I answered ; "life to a man without ambition is aimless and worthless."

I thought she sighed as she turned her head slightly away, and said : "I think we women scarcely understand the power that must lie in ambition. I don't know whether it is because we are not sufficiently large-hearted or large-headed that we look at life from a stand-point that affects our personal happiness, and consider all other attainments as merely secondary. For my part I have never admired that so-much-praised poem of our new poet, 'The Psalm of Life.' To me it has a clear, cold ring that reaches the head, not the heart ; it sounds like a conqueror who marches on over friend as well as foe to accomplish his object."

"You are too severe," I replied ; "but I suppose your creed agrees with Burns, that—

'To make a happy fireside clime for weans and wife,'

is the true pathos and sublime of human life. But why do you carry those ugly flowers?" I said, as I pointed to a wilted bouquet which she held in her hand. "They are too far gone now to thank you for your pains."

"Yes, I see," she answered ; "but if I should throw them away the children would be sure to find them, and then some little heart would be wounded."

I did not realize then the beauty and tenderness of her nature, for I was young and ignorant—aye, ignorant, indeed!—else would I never have sought to transplant that pure lily of the valley to my hardened and brawny bosom. I did not love her enough to leave her to grow in her beauty and tenderness ; I was selfish, and I wanted the lily to ornament my armor. Not that night did I ask for the prize ; I only bade her good-bye, with permission to write, and a smile that filled my soul with rapture.

The next day found me busily engaged at my work, as if the great accident of my life had never occurred. In six months my position was secured; then I wrote to Emily offering her all, as I then thought, that life gave me to offer, and I was accepted. Our engagement was a short one, and as distance separated us, we saw but little of each other. It was my wish to have a home of our own, and Emily cordially assented.

We had no wedding tour, only a happy journey from the village which Emily left in tears to our own dear home.

It was a pleasant though unpretending little cottage that I had selected, but I knew by the deepening of those expressive eyes that she was satisfied and happy.

We went together, our arms around each other, through the little rooms that were henceforth to contain the sunshine and shadow of our lives. When our tiny world left us no more to discover, Emily threw herself in my arms with one little heart-cry:

"Dear Hubert, I leave all for you, and oh, I am so happy! I have not one misgiving to trouble me to-day."

Then I folded her in my arms and whispered some word of endearment—I was never very lavish of them and she had not seemed to miss them; in her warm impulsive nature she had never waited for my slower and more undemonstrative one, but had always come to me and thrown her arms eagerly about my neck. When at last I had succeeded in calming the sensitive little heart, so susceptible to emotions whether of joy or sorrow, I ventured to suggest that we were housekeepers now and had ever so many practical things to discuss.

"Yes, Hubert, and I want to be a 'help-meet' to you; I mean to be brave and self-denying, for I know how much is expected of you; but when you come home at night I shall have you all to myself, and we will sit here in this pretty little room and read and talk together. I shall look forward to that all day long, Hubert."

I know that a shadow crossed my face, for she spoke and asked "what I was looking so sober about."

I did not answer her truly, for I was thinking how I should manage to satisfy her when I knew so many of my evenings must be passed away from home.

"Do you think you will be lonely dear," I said, "and shall you need some one to help you?"

"Lonely? you naughty boy! when I shall have so much to do, and such delightful thoughts to occupy me; and do you suppose I would have any third person here to spoil our home? It would be perfect sacrilege, I want to do everything for you myself."

And so it was settled that she should preside without help or hindrance from any importation.

I was not sorry to hear her make such a decision, an editor's income is at the best, a limited one, and even in this little home we should be

obliged to practise economy. The first few days were busy ones for Emily; she had so much to re-arrange, she was so anxious to please me, and then she was not used to this in-door life. I did not realize all this at the time, but I see it now from the reflected light of a bitter experience.

It was scarcely a month from the time we were married when one of my brother editors became seriously ill; I offered to assume the greater part of his labors, as I wished to avail myself of every opportunity to rise. I knew, it is true, that this would make it necessary for me to spend the greater part of my time at the office, and even to carry some of my work home with me; but the old ambition was at work again, and there seemed every thing to beckon me forward.

The first night after I had assumed my new responsibilities I did not reach home until very late. Emily did not meet me as usual; I was tired and vexed that she should be so unreasonable, for I at once concluded that she was angry. I entered the dining-room and found the table still awaiting me, while Emily lay upon the sofa. I looked at her long enough to see there were traces of tears on her cheeks, and to watch the look of disappointment as she noticed the bundle of papers under my arm. I should have gone to her at once, but I did not; it was something so altogether new for *me* to go to *her*; beside, I took it for granted that she was offended, and asked impatiently for my supper. She rose wearily from the sofa, placed it upon the table and resumed her seat again. I think there must have been something very repellant in my face just then, but she spoke presently, and said, "You are very late to-night, Hubert dear, I have been hoping for you all the evening, my head has ached so to-day, I wanted you to walk out with me."

"It's foolish for you to wait for me Emily," I said; "I never can tell when I shall be home, you'll have to learn to take your walks by yourself."

She did not make me any answer, and I would not look up to see the effect of my words; besides I was desperately hungry, and that of itself is no palliative to a man's disposition.

As soon as I had finished eating, I drew up my desk, unfolded my papers, and commenced to write. Emily busied herself as usual, but I could not help noticing that her step had lost its elasticity.

After a while she came to me, stooped her head to kiss me, and said, "Good night, Hubert!" I did not stop writing, but lifted my face, kissed her hastily, and answered, "Good night!"

I became deeply absorbed in my work and did not leave my desk until late in the night; then, as I looked at my wife my heart smote me, for she tossed restlessly in her sleep, and her cheeks burned with a feverish glow; but I was so young—so ignorant! I did not know that even the physical strength of a woman is drawn from her affections.

The next morning I left early for my work. I kissed Emily, who looked pale and languid, without even a reference to the previous

evening, but excused myself with the thought that I had not time then to attend to it. That night I was again late; but she met me at the door, and seemed so much better that I satisfied myself with thinking that it was unnecessary to allude to a difficulty so small.

For many weeks after that I was away early and returned late at night, with the invariable package of papers under my arm. Several times Emily playfully remonstrated with me, but she had evidently ceased to expect me to spend my evenings with her, and when the day's work was finished she seemed by far too weary to read even to herself, and would either lie upon the sofa or sit by the open window during the long hours while I wrote.

Fool that I was, not to know that in her present state of health she was altogether unequal to the labors that devolved upon her. Poor child! poor Emily! never shall I forget the sad, wistful look of those earnest eyes. I had taken you away from home and loved ones; I had placed you among strangers, lonely and alone; I had promised to be your friend and companion, and yet I left you—a woman of keenest intellect and sensibility—left you to starve for nourishment of mind and heart. But I crush back the bitter anguish, for I have not yet told my darkest crime.

Months passed by, and as I left home one morning, Emily clung to my neck in her sweet, affectionate way, while she whispered, "Try and be home early to-night, Hubert."

I promised; but when I reached the office I found a more than ordinary excitement concerning the election of city officers. The contest would be a severe one; it matters not which side I had espoused, but I was called apart early in the day and told if I would devote my energies to the election of a certain individual who was extremely desirous to obtain office, that my own position should be very much bettered; in fact, that I should have charge of the paper, which would hereafter be the party's organ. I was elated beyond measure by the prospect that opened before me, and never did I work as for the next forty-eight hours. It was nearly midnight when I reached home, and remembered then, for the first time, Emily's last words to me. I hurried up the steps, and was met at the door by the doctor; he looked coldly at me and said:

"Your wife is very ill, sir; she has been calling your name all the evening."

I did not answer him, but hastened into the room, kissed her again and again, and called her by more endearing terms than I had ever used before. She opened her eyes, threw her arms about my neck, said eagerly, "O! Hubert, you have come at last," then fell back exhausted—an hour after, our little boy was born.

As I left my room the next morning, the nurse met me with a report that Mrs. Blakely was very low, and a request that I would wait until the doctor's arrival. I was tried and irritated, but I saw no alternative. I

stepped into Emily's room and found her asleep ; then I looked at the little one by her side, and my heart filled with a strange, new joy, that this being, this tiny fragment of a life, would one day call me "father." The doctor came early ; his quick step wakened Emily, but she seemed utterly unconscious of his presence. He shook his head gravely as he scanned her face and said to me :

"Your wife is in a very critical condition ; I wish you would go at once for Dr. Leonard ; whatever we do must be done quickly. I will sit here until he comes."

I turned away and ran down the steps, feeling that fate and heaven itself were against me ; what was I to do ? Here was Emily sick, very sick ; I ought to be at her side ; but then I had but one day in which to work ; the next the polls would be opened, and my career decided. I stopped at Dr. Leonard's : "he was out ; would be in in a few moments." In the meantime I thought I would step to the hall and find how matters were progressing. On the steps stood the very man of all others whom I most wanted to see ; he was a colonel in the State Militia, and a man of great personal influence ; could I win him to our side, the victory would be almost certain, as he would have opportunity that night to make known his opinion in public. I seized upon him eagerly, and we were soon engaged in earnest conversation. To me the result meant all my future, and I could not afford to lose a single word. For three hours I talked like a man fighting for his life, then the colonel reached out his hand and said pleasantly :

"Well, I own myself beaten ; but come, you shall dine with me. The Hon. William Kelly is to be at my house to-day, and his influence is much greater than mine.

I was pleased to accept the invitation, and soon found myself in the presence of a man who, I saw at a glance, it would not be easy to convince if he were already prejudiced. I soon entered upon the important theme of discussion. To my dismay I found that he was violently opposed to the party which I had favored. He was a man of marked ability, and as he brought forward his arguments, I could see that they began to tell upon the colonel. We discussed matters an hour or two over our wine and cigars ; then, as I saw that my opponent did not yield one iota, and, as even the colonel seemed to waver, I concluded that it was folly to contend any longer, as each word only seemed to make the position more hazardous. I rose abruptly, took my hat and left the house ; the day's work had been no easy one, and my brain reeled, as the bell of the court house struck upon my ear, and told venomously the hour of four.

I did not walk, or even run ; I rushed toward my home. Would it be too late ? Oh, heavens and earth ! what had I done ? I remembered Dr. Leonard, tore down the street, pulled the door-bell furiously—"he had been gone three hours, no one knew where." I went on down the street toward the house ; the front door was locked ; I rushed to the back one ;

the nurse sat in the kitchen, by the fire, holding my baby. "How is she?" I stammered. "Dead," was the only word I caught. For an instant the foundations of earth seemed giving way; the room rose and fell as if founded on billows. Then I turned, found the door, wandered on away from the house until I reached a wood; there I threw myself on the cold ground; I lay and writhed for hours, with an intensity of anguish that no human lips may utter. The stars were out when I found my way back again. The nurse must have told them how I fled, for some one had been there, and a hideous black crape hung upon the door. I watched it hanging there with a sort of delight that now the world would know of my crime.

In the house the nurse walked back and forth with my little one—mine only, now. I crept past the room where she was to my Emily's. I locked the door, knelt by the bed, and there, through the long night, I kept such vigil as Satan might have kept when God hurled him from the heavens.

Morning came at last. The nurse knocked at the door; the doctor entered—the undertaker. They did not speak to me; they did not even notice me. I heard the doctor give some directions, but I do not know what they were. He left the room, called the nurse, then I saw him take my boy in his arms, and heard him say: "Poor little fellow, but it is best." I went to the door, with a strange fear at my heart. "What—what is it?" I stuttered. "The boy cannot live till night," were the cold words that fell on my ear; "human beings need care, and God knew he would have none." Then he went away and left me, this time with a dead wife and dying child.

Again the hour of four came round; there they lay, mother and child, and I had been their murderer, as much in the sight of heaven as if I had assassinated them. My senses were painfully acute. Again and again there came through the closed shutters the cry of the newsboys, announcing the election returns. All was lost; our opponent had won; and as shout after shout fell upon my ear, each one seemed to echo with the cry of "murder."

Would to God that some court would condemn me, that I might expiate my crime upon the scaffold. But, oh! Emily, my wife! there could be no punishment so bitter as this living death, with your eyes looking at me, looking still, by day and by night—looking into my very soul.

A friend once visiting an unworldly philosopher, whose mind was his kingdom, expressed surprise at the smallness of his apartment. "Why, you have not room," he said, "to swing a cat!" "My friend," was the serene, unappreciative reply, "I do not want to swing a cat."

SUNRISE.

BY J. GORDON BRINKLE.

I.

MORNING dawns o'er the dusky tree clumps that cling to the hill-side.
 Gold-fringed violet clouds hide the expiring stars.
 Forth flit th' awakened birds, and fixing their gaze on the heavens,
 Warble their cantique of morn :—perfect, and purer than prayer.

II.

Odors from dew-washed hyacinths, violets, roses and woodbines,
 Pinks and magnolia globes, blend with my vanishing dreams.
 Circled about with an ambient nimbus of glittering fire,
 Out of the motionless flood peeps the imperial sun.

III.

Gossamer threads of light that glistened like tiniest rainbows,
 Touching my window panes, break into glittering rings,
 Over my wall to the ceiling in golden eddies they ripple.
 Puffs of the languorous breeze tell me of daybreak and June.

IV.

Down in the vale each flowery eye is mostened with dew drops.
 Tears of devotion and love greet the return of the sun;
 Yellowing over the fields they image his glorious aspect;
 Raying with petals around disks like his countenance bright.

V.

Sunlit memories of past joys, return in your beauty!
 Shadows of by-gone days, rise, O again to my sight.
 Rosy and light as erst, when in hours of bliss ye embraced me;
 Hither, ye gentlest forms! hither, wing hither your flight!

VI.

There where murmuring bees are straying through sweet-scented clover,
 There where the slender stream trills in its serpentine bed;
 Dance your fluttering foot-falls over the dews of the valley!
 Greet me with radiant eyes! greet me with pledges of love!

VII.

Sun of my life! when thou leavest me, be thy departure in splendor!
 With thy descending rays, calmly glow on my heart!
 Sink at the close of the day, to me, in blissfulest musings,
 Living in fancy again, all that I erst have enjoyed!

THE WIT AND HUMOR OF CHILDREN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE humor and wit of children deserves a chapter in the history of mirth.

Merriment and laughter flows from the lips of the little folks as naturally as water ripples in a brook. Now and then we read of over-wise boys and girls who seem to have been born like Richard the Third, with their teeth cut. They are "old heads on young stalks." They are "knowing ones" without age and experience. You cannot play with them, and pat them on their cheeks, and take them on your kness, and caress them.

The girls are "old girls" without years, the boys are "old boys" on the sunny side of their teens. The former never talk about dolls and cradles and miniature dresses, and should you venture to kiss them, they would box your ears and ask their parents to sue you for committing an assault; the latter have no tops, no kites, no jack-knives, no pockets filled with marbles and bits of string, no knowledge of the games of leap-frog and hide and seek. They read elaborate works on political economy and the downfall of man, they look forward anxiously for the time to come when they can spin the top of trade, when they can fly the kite of speculation, when they can play marbles by putting them into blocks on Broadway and the Fifth Avenue.

I do not admire precocious boys of that stamp. They are apt to become fast men, and they seldom grow up to the highest and noblest standard of true manhood. The Hon. Thomas Hughes, one of the manliest of men, was a jolly, happy, rollicking boy at home, and a faithful student at school. In college he was among the first in his class, and none could excel him in riding a horse or in rowing a boat. He was one of the champion crew of Oxford college.

One day he noticed "a bully in boxing gloves," knocking a young man right and left. The young man was unused to the gloves and the bully "took advantage" of him by knocking him about in the presence of a crowd of spectators, until he (the young man) dropped down exhausted. "Tom Hughes" then put on the gloves and soon sent the pugilist staggering to the ground, amid the plaudits of the crowd.

I did not intend to say a word about "muscular christianity," so I will at once hasten to my theme, which relates to the mirthfulness of children, and their wit and humor.

Without going into the philosophy of this subject, I will present a few facts to illustrate my points:

1st. *Some children are witty and funny without an appreciative knowledge of their wit and humor.*

Their wit seems to be an accident of speech. They put a thin covering of words on the ideas which spring up spontaneously in their minds, and are witty without knowing the fact.

A little fellow who had often been sent out of the kitchen for experimenting with the dough and whatever pliable substance he could put his hands upon, was asked by his Sunday school teacher, why God created all other living things before He created man, replied :

“Because He did not want him hanging around while He was making t’other things.”

“Have you learned anything during the week?” inquired another Sunday school teacher of a member of her infant class.”

“Yes marm,” was the response.

“Well, what have you learned?”

“Never to trump your partner’s ace, marm.” Now all laugh at these answers save the children who made them, and they wonder at our explosions of mirth.

They have been witty without knowing it, and funny without intending to be so. Their tongues stumbled over their little lips and sprawled in pleasant speech, and we greatly astonished them by laughing at what they said.

There are children who seem to be endowed with a sense of wit and humor, and they utter sharp and humorous sentiments from the stand-point of satire and humor.

They think before they speak; they take aim before they touch the trigger, and they are pretty sure to hit the bull’s eye. Many of them are so quick of thought, their answers to questions and their comments seem to spring up without forethought and design, and they lose the laurels which they have fairly won. Several years ago I published, in substance, a part of the following story, which shows my meaning :

A little, quick-witted boy was called from his desk in school to say his lesson to a school master, who could appreciate the wit and humor of his pupil.

“What’s yer name?”

“Peter, sir.”

“Come up and say yer lesson, now.”

“Yes, sir.”

“What lettér is that?”

“I know, sir.”

“Tell me, then.”

“I know him by sight, sir, but I don’t know his name.”

“Well, that is A; what is the name of the next?”

“I never saw that before, sir.”

“What bird is it that stings and lays the honey?”

“It is a wasp, sir.”

“No; it is B, yer blockhead; and what is the next one?”

"I don't know, sir ; I never heard his name, sir."

"What do I do when I look at you?"

"I shouldn't like to say, sir."

"You had better tell me quick."

"I am afraid you'll lick me, sir."

"Tell me, you young scape-grace, what I do when I look at you."

"Why, you squint, sir."

"Can't you say C, without the squint?"

"Yes, sir, I can."

"Well, say it, then."

"C without the squint."

"What is the name of the next letter?"

"I don't know, sir."

"That's D for dunce, just like yourself. Now, say that, sir."

"D for dunce, just like yourself, sir."

The master evidently got the worst of it in that duel of wit, so he sent the boy to his seat and called the spelling class to its feet.

"Spell frog," roared the master.

"F-r-o-g—bull-frog."

"It aint right, take your seat."

"Next, spell milk."

"M-i-l-k—butter-milk."

"It aint right, take your seat."

"Next, spell tub."

"T-u-b—wash-tub."

"It aint right, take your seat."

"Next, spell fish."

"F-i-s-h—cat-fish."

"It aint right, take your seat, and let the geography class come up and say the lesson. Bring the map of Asia and let me know which way Canada is the longest?"

"Canada is the longest lengthwise, sir."

"That's a smart boy ; you will be a member of Congress yet. Where does the sun rise?"

"Don't know, sir. We never get up in our house in time to see the performance !"

"Next, where does the sun rise?"

"In the east, sir."

"What makes the sun rise in the east?"

"*Yeast will make anything rise, sir !*"

I do not suppose such a dialogue as this ever happened. Indeed, I know that it was invented chiefly by the writer for the amusement of the "young folks."

I will now state a fact to show that young America has a quick and keen appreciation of the ludicrous :

A schoolmaster seized one of his pupils by the collar, and gave him a severe whipping. While he was caning the boy he was surprised to hear him laugh, so the enraged master laid the blows on harder and faster—but the more he whipped the more the boy laughed—finally the tired master asked the boy what he was laughing at?

“*You are licking the wrong boy!*” was the reply.

The cheerful face, ready to radiate with smiles—the musical voice, easily tuned to notes of mirthfulness—the sensitive nature of childhood—all teach the lesson that humor and laughter belong to our children, and they are not to be chided for laughing—when they do not indulge in immoderate expressions of their mirth.

Teach children not to laugh immoderately, for “the laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot.” Teach them not to laugh at the misery and misfortunes of mankind. Teach them not to laugh at those who may be defeated by them or their friends. “Rejoice not when thy enemy falleth.” If humor is sunshine and wit is lightning, then we have more humor than wit in the sayings of children. We laugh at the speech of children when it contains neither wit nor humor. Children speak from impulse—their hearts have more influence than their heads over their utterances, consequently they abound in odd similitudes and original suggestions which are brought out in bold relief by the associations of childhood.

A drunken farmer offered a sheep to his little boy, on condition that he (the boy) should never drink intoxicating liquors. He accepted the gift and the conditions, and then asked his father if he had not better take a sheep himself.

A little girl, going into a neighboring State, where she thought religious privileges were scarce, offered the following conclusion to her evening prayer: “Good-bye, Our Father in Heaven, I am going into the country to be gone two weeks. Amen.”

We laugh at both these illustrations, and yet they are widely different: the former is a specimen of child-wit; the latter is a specimen of a child’s idea of devotional duty and obligation.

WOMEN’S DRESS.—No amount of money to buy clothes, and no skill in the artist who makes them, can compensate for a want of taste in the wearer. Taste in dress commonly indicates a general sense of the becoming in all domestic concerns. The Frenchman who wrote a treatise, “The Duty of a Pretty Woman to Look Pretty,” did not address himself to the discussion of a mere frivolity. There was an undercurrent of philosophy beneath it.

GOOD WILL TO MEN.

BY PHOCION.

YE whose bark Joy's cheerful breeze
Wafts o'er smooth and sunlit seas,
Oh, learn, take heed and know
The boy who died below
That cabin roof, is thy brother too.
One Father's face bends o'er all. One Saviour's grace
Enfolds us in its wide embrace—
One blood, one brain, one weal, one woe;
One judgment bar to which we go.

Then be, as brothers, kind and just;
Fulfill the golden rule, and trust
In the great Redeemer's grace.
Lift up the fallen, help the weak,
The lost and erring ever seek,
And comfort to the mourner speak.

O'er all his works, with glory lit,
We know the meaning God has writ
In characters so fair, and fit.
Mix love with law—right with might;
On darkened brain let in the light;
Dispel this old, sore and cloudy night;
Unseal the fountains of that deep
In every human soul that sleep,
And bid the living waters leap.
So sweeter life and love shall flow
To God above and man below.
Bridge o'er the gulf that lies
Between men with fraternal ties,
And hearty, human sympathies.

So shall the struggling ages climb
The heights of that appointed time
Foretold in prophecy sublime.
When ripe the mighty plan to save the race of man,
Like heaven's bow of light shall span
The sacred brotherhood of man.
Love and peace shall reign on every shore;
Oppression, wrong, and bloody war
Vex our old suffering earth no more.

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS.

IT IS almost impossible to give an account that may be considered reliable of Americus Vespucius, as he is commonly called, but more properly, "Amerigo Vespucci," as the narratives relating to him are contradictory, and many of them evidently false and malignant. He is charged with fraudulently claiming the honor of the first discovery of this continent, but others assert that he never intended or sought to deprive Columbus, who was an associate and friend, of the glory which the civilized world awards him. The following account appears to us to be an impartial biographical summary of the man whose name our country bears. We are indebted for the same to Appleton's *American Encyclopedia*:

"Vespucci, Amerigo, from whom the name of America has been

derived, was born in Florence, March 9, 1451, and died in Seville, Feb. 2, 1512. He came of a noble but not wealthy family, and received his education under his uncle the friar Giorgio Antonio Vespucci. Later in life he engaged in commerce at Seville, as an agent of the Medici family of Florence. He was in that city when Columbus returned from his first voyage; and in 1496, while engaged in fitting out 4 caravels for the Spanish service in the countries lately discovered, he occasionally met with Columbus, and was induced to prepare for a career of nautical adventure. In 1499 he sailed from Spain in an expedition fitted out under Alonso de Ojeda, which visited Paria and several hundred miles of coast, and returned in June, 1500. In May, 1501, he entered the service of Emanuel, king of Portugal, and participated in an expedition which visited the coast of Brazil. From this voyage he acquired the reputation of being the first discoverer of the main land. In May, 1503, he commanded a caravel in a squadron that sailed for the discovery of Malacca, but parted company from the rest, and finally made his way to the coast of Brazil, where he remained 5 months, returning to Lisbon in June, 1504. His services did not meet with their full reward, for in 1505 he sought employment from the Spanish court, and from King Ferdinand received letters of naturalization. After his return from his Brazil expedition in 1504, he wrote from Lisbon a letter to René, duke of Lorraine, containing an account of 4 voyages which he says he made to the new world, and states that the first expedition in which he was concerned sailed from Cadiz, May 20, 1497, and returned in Oct. 1498. It is this remark which has been the source of a fierce controversy as to the first discovery of the mainland of America, and as to the true character of Vespucci, against whom it has been charged that after the return from his first voyage to Brazil he made a maritime chart, in which he gave his name to that part of the mainland. The statement in the letter is undoubtedly false. The name Americi Terra was applied to this continent as early as 1507, by Waldsee-Müller (Martinus Hylacomylus), a geographer of Freiburg in the Breisgau, in a small work entitled *Cosmographiæ Introductio, insuper quatuor Americi Vespucci Navigationes*. It does not appear that Vespucci himself had any intention of taking the honor of the discovery from Columbus, with whom he was on friendly terms; and it was not until the appearance of the *Opusculum Geographicum* of Schoner in 1533, and of the attack of Servetus in the Lyons edition of Ptolemy's geography in 1535, that charges were brought against him.

For full details, see "Life and Voyages of Americus Vespuccius," by C. E. Lester (New York, 1846), and "Vespuccius and his Voyages," by Santarem, translated by E. V. Childe (Boston, 1850).

The first newspaper published in Virginia, in 1780, sold at \$50 per year.

BATTLING AGAINST ODDS.

BY HELEN POWER.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONVICT STATION—NEWS—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

ONE sultry afternoon some months after Dr. Linley's arrival at Botany Bay, he and Captain Wilson, one of the officers belonging to the regiment stationed there, sat smoking in their barracks. The rude windows were opened to their fullest extent and a pleasant breeze blowing in from the sea, prevented the heat from being felt as much as it would have been in a more inland situation. Frank was reclining on a rough couch, with one arm under his head, puffing quietly at his Havana, the blue wreaths of smoke curling upward almost concealing his face, and altogether he looked very comfortable and quite at home in his new quarters. His companion just opposite, leaning lazily against the window sill, who was clad in the usual uniform of an officer in the British army, had just removed his cigar and was gazing thoughtfully out over the wide expanse of water, whose calm surface, unbroken by a single sail seaward, faded away in the distance. There was nothing particularly attractive to an observer about the outlines of his face, which by most persons would have been considered unusually plain, except his mouth and a peculiar something which bespoke the gentleman.

"Why so meditative? O son of Mars!" inquired Frank, looking up.

The captain started, then answered with a smile, "Some thoughts of home were intruding into the chambers of my brain just then, O student of Esculapius! what may have occupied your own this last half-hour?"

"Falling into the same channel," the doctor answered, tipping the ashes from his cigar.

"Do you know?" observed the captain, turning his back to the window, "we, I mean my brother officers and myself, were quite on the *qui vive* about your arrival once upon a time." The entree of a new comer at Botany Bay *alias* World's End, is an event of too much importance as well as rarity not to create a lively sensation among its solitary exiles, and I was quite relieved at the first glimpse of our new surgeon, I assure you."

"What kind of a specimen did you expect?" asked Frank, laughing.

"Oh! I scarcely know; some dark misanthrope, wearied and disgusted with the world, the great world of which only the faintest hum can reach us here."

“So you think a powerful incentive is required to induce any one to become a voluntary exile at such a place.”

“Well, to be candid, yes; a man would not be such a fool as to come if happy or comfortable elsewhere; as for myself, we soldiers have but to obey, and you can well imagine with what a blank countenance I received the order which sent me to this out of the way colony. By the way, I only arrived two or three weeks before you and was quite at my wits’ end as to the manner in which I could make time move a little faster, but failing in my object, was getting into quite a fit of desperation when the welcome news reached us that our new surgeon had landed, and right glad I was to find what a good, jolly fellow you were.”

“Why, to hear you talk, Captain, one might suppose you had been cast on a desert island, ‘sole monarch of all you survey,’ ” was the laughing rejoinder.

“Ah! Doctor, you are right, the feelings I experienced did resemble those of the immortal Alexander, in a high degree. Wagby and I, as you may have observed, are not on friendly terms, in fact had a difference before we left home, and as for the other officers, they are good fellows enough but not congenial spirits of mine. There is Silby for instance, as good natured a fellow as ever lived, but about as dull as—well I can’t find a comparison, and who spends at least one-half his time in sleeping. He used to nod half the morning, take a siesta in the afternoon, fall into a doze at dinner over the wine, and then, for variety, throw himself on the floor and snore all the evening, while I gazed out disconsolately at the stars and hummed that pathetic air, ‘When twilight dewes are falling soft, &c.,’ getting wonderfully sentimental as I came to the part—

‘And thou too, on that star so dear,
Say dost thou gaze at even,
And think though lost for ever here,
Thou ’lt still be mine in Heaven?’

Thinking of a charming pair of eyes belonging to Miss Juliana Maria Saunders, with whom I had such a delightful flirtation at Brighton. Then there was the cornet who did nothing from morning till night but walk up and down, sigh, yawn, and lament the hard fate which brought him to Botany Bay, so far from the bright eyes which ever rested admiringly on his handsome uniform and handsomer moustache, declaring fifty times a day, as he twirled said moustache with a languishing air, that he should die of *ennui*. Whereupon I inquired whether he had any messages to be forwarded home, but expressed my belief that he would last some time yet if a noted change for the worse did not take place. But you have been here long enough to have become familiar with their peculiarities and can’t help acknowledging I have drawn a true picture.”

Frank threw the end of his cigar out of the window and indulged in a

heartly laugh. "I had no idea you were so far gone, Captain, but now I begin to realize, with considerable satisfaction, that only for my timely arrival, there might have been a melancholy case of suicide, which Miss Juliana Maria becoming cognizant of through the medium of the press, would have immediately ended her wretched life in true Romeo and Juliet style. Strange to say, or rather owing to your agreeable companionship and my interesting patients, I have scarcely felt lonely at all."

"Oh! I don't mind Botany Bay now we have all waked up except Selby, and I don't think he is as sleepy as he used to be; your sprightliness makes him ashamed of himself."

"The mail has arrived," observed that gentleman, putting his head in at the door, his general appearance confirming the impression that he had just awakened from his afternoon siesta.

"Talk about the evil one, &c.," cried the captain, laughing. "Any letters, old fellow?"

"Yes, there are two or three for Wagby, one for the cornet, I believe that's all. None for you Doctor, or the Captain either; but here is a paper directed to Captain Wilson of his majesty's regiment, &c."

"That is some consolation at least," remarked the owner, as he tore off the cover, "out of date necessarily, but no matter."

"Read aloud anything that is worth hearing," said Frank, as the door closed on Selby, and applying a match to another cigar, with a sigh he resumed his former position.

"I don't see anything particularly interesting unless you would like to hear parliamentary discussions respecting a reform bill which has been passed by a two-third vote, speech of Lord Waterbury. Ah! I'll read that at my leisure, very good I've no doubt, I've frequently seen his name mentioned in parliamentary debates."

"Don't think I will," observed Frank, yawning, "unless I am very much at a loss for employment. I never heard his lordship spoken of as an eloquent speaker, nor do I think from personal observation, that he is a man of brilliant intellect by any means, very unlike his younger brother, Mr. Courtenay, in every respect. Oh! you have not heard of Lord Waterbury's decease then, he died suddenly of apoplexy just before I left England, and Mr. Courtenay has come in for the title and estates."

"No indeed, it is news to me! Then you know the present Lord Waterbury," said the captain, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, very well, and esteem him highly."

"Ah! here is another item slightly interesting to us both, perhaps. Sailed for Boulogne on the 25th, Lady Waterbury, niece and daughter. Ah! that must be Miss Grey, she is a niece and ward of Lord Waterbury's, do you know her?"

"Yes," said Frank, removing his cigar for a moment, "her brother and I were inseparable in our student days."

"I met her last winter in London," the captain resumed; "quite a charming girl. They have taken her abroad for her health, I suppose, as she was very ill when I left England, of a low nervous fever."

"Indeed," said Frank, "I am sorry to hear it. She was the very personification of health when I saw her last—full of life and spirits."

The captain was silent for a moment, and then added, "Her family, I think, imagined that her illness was partly caused by Lord Waterbury's sudden death, which happened about the same time, but it was generally attributed by Mrs. Grundy's clique to a disappointment of a tender nature."

"She is one of the last," returned Linley, incredulously, "that I should have suspected of being love-sick. Lord Westfield was spoken of as an accepted suitor, but, as he went suddenly abroad, and was in Italy at last accounts, I suppose it was not correct; there might, however, have been a lover's quarrel, or something of that nature."

"Oh! no, it was not from that quarter, I am sure. Miss Grey positively rejected Lord Westfield's addresses, so Miss Tiverton informed me, the lady who afterwards delectified me with her friend's *affaire de cœur*."

"Then I dare say there was not a word of truth in it; you know reports of this kind often get afloat without foundation."

The captain shook his head. "I don't know whether I should have attached much weight to Miss Tiverton's narration, only Miss Grey's sudden illness at Lady Dashleigh's confirmed it. She and I had been promenading for some time, when Sir Ronald, who had just returned from Liverpool, joined us. I don't suppose it is any harm to mention it to you, as it was afterwards public talk, for Sir Ronald, actuated, I think, by a spirit of petty revenge, (by the way, he is said to be a rejected lover of Miss Grey's) said publicly, on several occasions, that if he had known the sudden departure of a certain valiant youth for parts unknown would have been such a shock to Miss Grey's sensitive nerves, he would never have mentioned it. I wish I could think of the name. Miss Tiverton told me, I am sure, that he was a medical student, physician, or something of that kind, who saved her life on one occasion—one Littleton, or Linton, or—But what in the world are you coloring for, Doctor, at such a rate? I have been done with blushes some time. One might suppose my remarks were personal. Bless my soul, if I don't believe the name was Linley!" The captain looked blank. "I have made a confounded mistake," he added, after a pause, "but I pledge you my word, Linley, that if I had had any idea of your being connected with this affair, I'd have bitten my tongue off before I'd have breathed a word about it."

"I hope you do not attach the slightest importance to this silly gossip," Frank answered, rising, with some agitation. "I should be sorry to suppose that you did, and assure you, upon my honor as a gentleman, that such a report is without the slightest foundation. Miss Grey and I were

friends—nothing more ; but society will not allow that there is, or can be, such a thing as friendship between the opposite sexes.”

“It is a sad fact, Doctor,” the captain rejoined, smiling, “that we are not allowed to cherish either a brotherly or friendly regard for the fair creatures ; it ever has been, and ever will be, ascribed to the tender passion. I, like yourself, am inclined to believe in the existence of friendship ; but the world is mightier than we, so we might as well stand quietly by, and see it immolated on the altar of Love. But, to change this subject, just sit quietly down and hear the rest of the news.”

Frank threw himself into a seat, with his back to the light, feeling extremely uncomfortable, while his friend, moving nearer to the window, for it was beginning to grow dusk, resumed the perusal of his paper, to which he paid little attention, for his thoughts had fallen into a different channel, and, in spite of his resolution to put them away at once and forever, he kept reverting to little incidents which he had never thought of before. He remembered how pale she looked the evening he bid them good-bye at the park, and that her hand trembled when he held it for a moment in his own ; but then she had been suffering all day with a violent headache. He could recall now how her face would flush with pleasure when he came, and—. But he had never before attributed any of these things to himself, nor would he now be vain enough to do so ; still, it was provoking, people would be silly enough to say such things about them.

The captain paused a moment, and then moved nearer to the light.

“There is considerable talk in London circles at present about a marriage on the tapis between W——r, Lord C——n and the beautiful and gifted German actress, Miss—(confound it, this is wretched print.)” Frank started. “By my soul, it’s no other than my old friend Carrington. of the Blues ! In love, eh ? And with an actress ! By all that’s wonderful ! just like him. But where did I leave off ? Yes, here it is, ‘Beautiful and gifted German actress, Miss H——s, who, for the two previous seasons, has been astonishing the public by her beauty and talent. His lordship’s relatives are said to be violently opposed to the match ; but as the young gentleman is undisputed heir to £15,000 per annum, and will be of age in a few months, it is generally believed that he will not wait to obtain the maternal benediction.’ ”

“You know him ? said Frank in a tone strangely calm and cold. But only that he sat in the shadow, his friend might have been startled at his extreme pallor.

“Know him ? that I do, and he is a regular brick. Miss H——s, it must be Hoefenfels, the identical beauty Carrington and I went to Drury Lane to see the night before I left London. Did you ever see her, Doctor ?”

"Yes, about the time of her first appearance ; but this Lord—I forget his name—saw her for the first time on the stage, did he not?"

"Yes, and was perfectly carried away with admiration. I'm not surprised. Just what might have been expected of Carrington, he is one of your devil-me-care fellows, who does just what he pleases without consulting Mrs. Grundy, his maternal relative, or anybody else. A devilish good-hearted chap, too, is Walter ; but really," he continued, throwing down his paper and indulging in a hearty laugh, it's the best thing I've heard of for some time. Won't his stylish sisters be indignant at having a foreign actress for a sister-in-law? But, by Jupiter ! I like him all the better for it. If he really loves the girl, he ought to be proud of making her Lady Carrington. What do you think, Doctor?"

"Certainly, Captain, a man should be able to rise above the trammels of fashion and custom, and consult his own happiness ; and Lord Carrington, in this affair has acted like a man of spirit and a gentleman." Frank rose as he spoke, emitting his words through a cloud of smoke, and walked towards the door. "I have one or two patients to see," he added, pausing a moment, "so must be off. *Au revoir.*"

Linley was looking pale next morning when he took his accustomed seat at the breakfast-table.

"You are late this morning, Doctor," observed the captain, glancing up from his plate.

"Yes ; I was afraid I would be, as I overslept myself ; the night was so close that I did not come in until late, finding it pleasanter out in the starlight than in our close barrack rooms."

"Ah ! musing under the light of the celestial luminaries, while I was on the search for you in the sick ward," exclaimed Lieutenant Selby, opening his sleepy blue eyes a little wider than usual, and displaying an even row of teeth. "Then I suppose your extreme paleness may be attributed either to love or homesickness."

"You have not the slightest reason for attributing it to either one or the other," Frank answered, coloring, "and I assure you that I am more and more pleased with Botany Bay (pass the rolls, if you please, Captain,) every day, and, indeed, think of making it a permanent residence."

"From your remarks, Doctor," said the cornet, applying a delicate white handkerchief to his moustache, "I must infer that you are fond of solitude, or at least care little for the bright eyes of the fair sex. I almost expired of *ennui* before I was here a fortnight ; but if I for a moment supposed I should be obliged to drag out a monotonous existence in this dreary place, it would be the death of me in less than a week. Hope of a brighter future alone supports me through this sad ordeal."

"Then be assured, my dear Cornet," rejoined the captain, laughing, "that a suitable epitaph shall be procured after the said melancholy event has taken place," a laugh in which they all joined heartily.

"Thank you for the cheese, Doctor," said the captain, when the merriment had somewhat abated. "I agree with you perfectly, Cornet ; nothing can make up for the loss of bright eyes, or smiles from ruby lips. Here is a toast to the dear creatures, in which you will all join, I am sure," raising his cup of coffee to his lips as he spoke, "long may they reign predominant in the hearts of the opposite sex,"

When they rose from the table the captain turned to Linley, "What say you to a walk this fine morning, Doctor? A few of the convicts are engaged throwing up some earthwork a short distance from the barracks, and I propose that we take a look at them."

"With pleasure," said Frank, producing a cigar case, which he handed to his companion, "as I have no urgent cases to require my attention just now ; No. 27 is better this morning, and the rest are convalescent."

"I am very fond of observing these men," the captain remarked, as they walked along together. "It opens a wide field of meditation to those who are interested in the study of phrenology and human nature generally."

"I agree with you," Frank answered, thoughtfully. "When I see faces stamped as indelibly with vice as if it were written in characters of fire, I cannot help wondering what they once were ; whether they ever knew one feeling of honesty or honor ; or if their characters would have moulded differently under other circumstances, surrounded by purer, better influences. I seldom look at beings like these without a sensation of pity, thinking of the fallen nature of man, and how prone we are to evil. Yes, even we, favored sons of Adam, who have been reared with care, whose feet have been led into the sure paths of honesty, virtue, and truth from infancy up to manhood, often go astray. None know the extent of their own weakness until they have been tried in the fiery furnace of temptation ; and knowing and feeling this, ought we not to look more leniently upon others of the great human family who have departed from virtue, honesty, and all that makes man or woman worthy of the name, to disgrace and crime?"

"Yes, so we ought," his companion answered, meditatively, removing his cigar for a moment from his mouth, the blue vein of smoke curling up above his head. "But I am inclined to think, Doctor, that there *are* those who have never known or realized the meaning of virtue or goodness ; born amid low haunts of vice ; surrounded by evil influences of the darkest kind from their earliest infancy, it could not indeed be otherwise. I, too, have seen countenances which were perfect indices of the depraved and sin-stained soul, of fallen nature in its lowest form, sunk to its lowest depth, beyond redemption either in this world or the world to come. But the most striking instance that I have ever met with, and which could not fail to interest a physiognomist, is among the convicts here. Probably you have never noticed him among so many. If I am not mistaken, he is at work here now, and I will point him out to you."

They were in sight of the embankment, and paused at a little distance to watch them.

"Poor devils," observed Frank, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "what a wretched existence they lead. I pity them."

"Yes; so do I," returned the captain, "although few of them deserve it. By-the-way, do you observe a peculiarity about their walk? I think an escaped convict might be easily detected by it, if there was no other clue."

"You allude to the singular, dragging way they move one leg? yes; produced by the heavy irons they constantly wear, I suppose. I should think they would rather enjoy this kind of work, as it relieves them of their manacles for a time; but they do not appear to move very willingly."

"I don't see him," remarked the captain after a pause, as they moved a little nearer, "I imagine he is not—yes, there he is; I should know his figure among a hundred."

"Where?" said Frank.

"There; that powerful fellow with heavy, stooping shoulders, to our right."

Frank started, riveting his eyes upon the heavy, thick-set figure. The captain moved on a few steps, and No. 36, pausing for a moment, turned partly round and stood eyeing him with a scowling expression, revealing to Frank the well-known face of Sim, the resurrectionist.

Had a thunderbolt fallen from heaven and struck him where he stood, the shock could not have been greater or more paralyzing. All the bitter degradation of his past life came surging back with two-fold bitterness. They had met again, the rival sackem-ups, the antagonists in the dark alley; they had parted in London but to meet at Botany Bay, the student and the resurrectionist, the doctor and the convict. Their lives lay far apart now, his secret was in his own keeping, it had been repented of and put away in the dark chambers of memory long ago; then why must this face come between him and the present, (it was dark enough) as it had come between him and the past? The profession gained by his hated trade never had and never would bring him honor. It had brought so far only pain, anxiety and grief to the only being on earth that loved him, his mother, to himself disappointment, galling as wormwood, desperation, then exile. But the life he had saved, which he once deemed all his own, had caused the bitterest sting of all. The woman he loved had shaken his faith in all the noblest attributes of human nature, truth, gratitude, and love. One little scrap of paper, crumpled and torn, received just before he left England, told the story. It contained but these words written in a delicate female hand: "If it was infatuation, madness, in you, it was worse than folly in me to think that I could ever become your wife. The dream is over, go forth unfettered into the world, prosper and be happy, and forget this little episode of your life if you can." That

was all, what more was needed? Oh! he had so loved her! The motive which dictated those lines was plain enough now. She had given him up for a title and £15,000 a year; what a mad fool he had been to trust a woman; ambition and vanity must triumph. Ah! such a contrast. Walter, Lord Carrington, with £15,000 a year and Frank Linley, surgeon to the convicts at Botany Bay. Truly, *his* dream was over now, dark, cold realities alone remain, a curse was upon his life, would it follow him forever?

By the time he became a little calmer he had walked some distance from the spot, and, when he joined the captain, who was busy superintending some of the work, a quarter of an hour later, he was perfectly self-possessed.

"I shall probably be detained here a half hour or more, Doctor," the captain remarked, "so try to amuse yourself the best you can; I could not imagine what had become of you."

Frank replied that he would not fail to do so, to the best of his ability, and walked towards the place where he had seen his old acquaintance. He found him at work, a little farther on, standing knee-deep in a trench, shoveling away in a slow, methodical manner. The other convicts, with the attendant overseers, were all some distance away, and Frank, coming nearer, stood quietly watching him. The convict looked up, with his usual scowl, at the tall figure in the uniform of an army surgeon, as if, like Diogenes, he would have bid him get out of his sunlight; but something about the calm, steadfast gaze of the large, dark eyes seemed to make him uncomfortable, for he shifted his position once or twice, and used his spade with renewed vigor.

"Sim," said the surgeon, quietly. The convict dropped his spade, with an oath, and, turning suddenly, bent his fierce eyes full upon the speaker, muttering, "And who the devil his you?"

The only answer was a peculiar smile, which said, as plain as words, "I know you."

"Hi bees Number 36; we 'aves no names 'ere. Whatever they was wonce, we dropped 'em t'other side hof the Hatlantic."

Frank smoked on in silence for some minutes, and then began, in the same provokingly quiet tone, "How do you like your situation here?—puff—not so pleasant—puff—as your old trade, in London, I imagine." Here he withdrew his cigar from his mouth and held it between his finger and thumb, as if waiting for an answer.

"What the devil d'ye know habout me?" cried the convict, fiercely, his face the acme of troubled perplexity, not unmingled with fear. "My trade! an' what hif I 'ad one? Trades his nothin' to be 'shamed hof. Hi'll be tarnally blowed hif hever Hi sot my peepers hon you haffore. Lunnon, the devil! sposin' Hi did?"

"I expect you find it lonely here," Frank went on, as if his companion had not spoken, "after living so long in London. A great city is London, so great that some out of the crowds there have disappeared and never been missed, aye, even murdered. Sim, where is the Italian boy, the one who wore such long curls and carried a cage of white mice; he was in a strange country, without friends; what has become of him?"

"Be ye devil hor hangel? Hi'll be ——," with a terrible oath, "hif I'm feared hof you," muttered No. 36, hoarsely, but his face, livid with terror, belied his words.

Ignorant and superstitious, he imagined that there must be something supernatural in this knowledge of his dark history, which, with his secretive, sullen nature, he had never dared to intrust even to the worst of his London associates, and that a stranger, thousands of miles away from the theatre of his crimes, could read it with such exactness, was truly terrible. His teeth chattered, and even his limbs trembled so that he was obliged to lean upon his spade for support.

Enough, for the present, thought the surgeon, as he walked away, smoking.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TOURISTS—A RECOGNITION.

"You are looking tired, my love; the day's travel and heat have been too much for you."

Julia Grey and her aunt were standing at the window of a rude inn, among the Swiss Alps, near the boundary between Switzerland and the Tyrol, towards the close of a sultry September evening, the second autumn after Frank's departure from England.

"Yes, rather more so than usual," Julia answered, with a smile, "but you can see, daily, dear aunt Emily, how much good this change from home air and objects is doing me."

"Yes, my love, you are beginning to look like yourself again; but, it has often struck me as being strange that the nervous malady from which you have been suffering should have exercised such a depressing influence upon your spirits," and she laid one hand caressingly upon the bent head. "Change of air and scene, in a case like yours, my dear, is the best remedy in the world, and I am so glad that we have taken you abroad."

They were silent for several minutes, Julia's arm encircling her aunt's waist, while both gazed, in thoughtful admiration, upon the wild landscape, where mountain upon mountain lay piled against the sky, those surrounding them scraggy and precipitous, beyond which snow-capped summits, faint and misty, faded away in the distance, while the sun, now sinking low against the horizon amid a bank of storm-clouds, added to the solemn grandeur of the scene. The change in Lady Waterbury was

in her dress only, for her face was as smooth and unwrinkled, and her fair hair as untinged with gray. Time gave promise of dealing very leniently with her, and yet, one glance at the gentle face, with its never-flitting look of patient sadness told that her past life had not been unclouded, and that some great sorrow, which had burst long ago, still left its impress there. But the change in Julia, whom time should have passed over only to alter the grace of girlhood into the perfection of beautiful womanhood, was felt and seen by all. Many would have said that her beauty had faded with her brilliant color and the vivacity and gayety of manner which once won her so much admiration, while others, who looked for and loved the beauty of the soul, shining sadly through her lustrous eyes, which looked almost too bright and large in contrast with her colorless face, whose pallor was heightened by her mourning dress, might have thought her as handsome now.

"I am afraid we will have a storm to-night," Lady Waterbury observed at last, as the distant rumbling of thunder was heard.

"Oh! I hope not; it is terrible to witness one among the mountains, very solemn and grand too; but I am such a coward," Julia answered.

"So am I," said Blanche Courtenay, who was lying on a rude settle at the opposite side of the room, little Blanche Courtenay still; taller of course than when Frank first saw her in London, but very slight, and plainer than she gave promise of being. It was sad to see her, the only daughter and heiress of the Right Honorable Lord and Lady Waterbury, so little, lame and plain; truly, the rich are not exempt from trials. She was almost a woman in years now, in thought and feeling, one long ago.

"I shall never forget the terrible thunder storm while we were in Venice," Julia added after a pause. "I never saw anything like it in England."

"Talking of Venice, cousin Julia, reminds me of Lord Westfield. He is looking dreadfully thin and his hair is turning gray. I wonder if he intends making Italy a permanent residence; he has been abroad more than two years."

Julia's pale face flushed slightly, and her aunt's looked a shade more thoughtful.

"I am afraid Italy does not agree any better with him than it did with you last winter," Blanche continued. "I don't believe you were a bit better for spending a winter in Florence, although the doctors all thought it would have been such a benefit; do you think you were?"

"No," returned Julia, with a sigh, "I don't believe I was; I was almost sorry then we had left home at all. I do not think I began to improve at all until we went to Geneva."

"It is the mountain air, my love, which has done you so much good," Lady Waterbury said, smiling, "and I told your uncle when I last wrote,

that I thought he would scarcely recognize his invalid niece when I brought her home again."

"Oh! that just reminds me of Charley's letter, aunt, I have not showed it to you yet."

"No, my dear, or told me the news either; what does he say? You know your uncle devotes but little time to gossip."

"There is very little on the tapis now," answered Julia, laughing, "except the betrothal of the Honorable Miss Howard to Captain Ferrybridge of the Blues. Oh! yes, I was near forgetting another item: Miss Hoefenfels, the German actress, has declared her intention of quitting the stage, which confirms the report that she is about to be married to Lord Carrington."

"She will meet with a very cool reception in his family, I am afraid," observed Lady Waterbury, thoughtfully, "the match is a splendid one in the eyes of the world, but grandeur alone can never bring happiness."

Julia sighed, and then after a little while, said, "I did not tell you, auntie, that Charley had received a letter from his friend Dr. Linley, the first since he left England." She had turned her head away, perhaps to hide the color flushing to her cheeks, generally so colorless. "He is now surgeon to the convicts at Botany Bay."

"Gone to Botany Bay!" exclaimed Lady Waterbury in sorrowful surprise, and with very much the same expression with which his mother had made the same exclamation months ago. "What could have been his motive for such a step? Of all places in the world, to go there!"

Lady Waterbury sat down and gazed thoughtfully out of the window for some minutes.

"Gone to Botany Bay," she repeated, "I wonder how his poor mother bears the separation from her only child? How could she ever give her consent to his going there? I always had an idea he was such a dutiful, affectionate son, Julia; I am disappointed in him. It must have been a very roving disposition which could tempt him to give up the practice of his profession at home, and wander so far from country, friends and kindred. Such a voyage, it always seemed to me, was the nearest step to that last, sad one we must all take, and from which there is no returning."

"Oh! I think—I am sure you are mistaken with regard to his motives for such a step, exclaimed Julia, earnestly. "It was necessity, not choice, which compelled him to take it."

"But I should suppose, my dear, that a young man of his evident talent would have found little difficulty in getting into practice. Charley has even exceeded our most sanguine expectations."

"Yes; but they were very differently circumstanced," Julia answered with a sigh. "Dr. Linley was speaking to me on this very subject during his visit to us the summer after he graduated. 'I am naturally of a sanguine temperament,' he said, 'yet my spirits sometimes sink when I

contemplate the uncertainty of the future, and the barriers to advancement which loom up in my path.' I could not see them then, and laughingly told him so. 'Your life is *colour de rose*,' was his answer, 'and you see others' through its medium; may it long remain as unshadowed as now.' " She paused with quivering lips and a deepened shadow upon her face.

"You are right, my love; I have no doubt," answered Lady Waterbury, regretfully, "I ought to have known him better. He was a fine young fellow, I always thought; brave, manly and true. Poor boy! Alfred would have been only too happy to proffer assistance, if he had known. The debt we owe him is too deep ever to be cancelled; but I expect he would have been too proud to accept of it, no matter in what spirit it was offered. Unhappy boy! wearing away the best years of his life in a remote colony. But has Charley told you nothing more about him, whether he wrote in good spirits or talked of coming home soon?"

"Charley says he scarcely knew what to make of his letter; it was quite unlike himself, with a kind of recklessness about it which pained him. He did not mention the cause that induced him to leave England, but dwelt chiefly on his present life. But I will read you the extract Charley gives: 'I am agreeably disappointed with life at Botany Bay: the officers are all pleasant fellows, and we manage to kill time wonderfully well. In fact, I think of making it a permanent residence. To tell you the truth, Charley, my boy, I am as well or better off here than I should be elsewhere, and have come to the conclusion, after mature deliberation, that I have found my true sphere at last in administering to the physical welfare of my exiled brethren. There is no opening for me at home, which is another excellent reason why I should remain where I am; and but for the sake of the only one who remembers, regrets or loves me, either on this or the other side of the ocean—my mother—I think it scarcely probable that I should ever return to my native land.' "

There were tears in little Blanche Courtenay's eyes, as she rose and walked to the window.

"Poor Frank!" said Lady Waterbury, sadly, "poor boy!"

A party of travelers were winding slowly up the steep mountain road, and Blanche called her mother's attention to them just then. It consisted of two ladies, whether young or old could not be determined at that distance, with the requisite number of guides, all mounted on mules.

"Traveling alone!" exclaimed Blanche, "I am sure I should never have sufficient courage to make my way through a strange country without a protector."

"I suppose they have not the good fortune to possess a bachelor uncle, like ourselves," returned Julia, laughing.

That they were English travelers was evident from their dress and appearance as they approached nearer and drew up in front of the inn.

The eldest of the two, a tall, gaunt female of forty or upwards, looked anything but comfortable in her exalted position, and gladly exchanged it for terra firma, whither she was assisted in her descent by an elderly gentleman in undress uniform, who had just emerged from within, and, like a true son of Mars, came gallantly to offer his services to the fair equestrians.

The other lady, who sprang to the ground unaided, formed in every respect a marked contrast to her companion, being young, graceful, and fair, with deep blue eyes, and long golden curls which fell from beneath a neat straw hat, and was clad in a dark traveling dress that well became her symmetrical figure.

"Mama, did you ever see a sweeter face?" cried Blanche enthusiastically. "I wonder who she can be."

The elder lady passed in while the others remained on the rustic porch in front of the rude hostelry, and they could see her profile plainly as she stood there gazing upon the wild mountain landscape which they had been contemplating a short time since, as if her whole soul was silently drinking in its grandeur.

"This way," said the landlady, opening the door.

"Emile, come in," cried a shrill voice, pausing on the threshold.

Julia, who had been steadfastly regarding the stranger for some time, started at the name, exclaiming, "I was sure I could not be mistaken, it is Emile Hoefenfels, the actress. You remember, aunt, I was introduced to her by Lord Battersea, in Signor Vilette's studio."

Miss Hoefenfels came in shortly after, her sweet face flushed with exercise, and Julia, advancing, held out her hand, expressing her surprise and pleasure at the unexpected meeting adding, "My aunt, Lady Waterbury, Miss Hoefenfels, and my cousin, Blanche Courtenay."

The young lady returned her greeting, acknowledged the introduction with a quiet grace of manner truly pleasing, and expressed her pleasure also that Miss Grey was looking so much better, alluding to her being quite an invalid when they met before.

"It was the first time I had ventured out after a severe illness," Julia answered, and after a few commonplace remarks they fell into a quiet chat, apparently interesting to all parties. Indeed, it was strange to see how little like strangers they appeared by the time supper was announced, with the exception of Miss Lusby, who sat primly on one end of the wooden settle, looking as stiff as the boards of which it was composed, only remarking once that she was tired to death, jolting over rough mountain roads.

"But the scenery is so grand, Miss Lusby," said Julia, laughing, "that one forgets fatigue in contemplating it."

Miss Lusby shook her head doubtfully, saying in answer, "It might be very romantic and very grand, but the romance swallowed up all the

pleasure of a Swiss tour, and unfortunately she had not a romantic disposition."

At tea Emile and her companion were presented to Major Grey, whereupon Miss Lusby brightened up considerably, and even remarked that she thought a storm was pending, in which opinion they all agreed, indeed it had been long brewing and promised to be a severe one.

"Our routes lie together, I believe," observed Lady Waterbury, after they had returned to the inn parlor, "so it will be much pleasanter for us to travel in company, at least," she added smiling, "I have the vanity to think so."

"I should be very glad to do so," Emile answered, blushing slightly, "and it will be very pleasant for me in many respects. There are some disadvantages in traveling without an escort, but in our case it was unavoidable. I am going back to visit my native land, for I could not resist the yearning to see it once more, to linger again amid the loved haunts of my childhood."

"I can well imagine your feelings," Lady Waterbury returned, "and how happy you must be at the prospect of a speedy reunion with absent friends and relatives."

The air was exceedingly close, and the lightning became each moment more vivid. None of the company seemed inclined to talk much; Major Grey looked over a newspaper, Miss Lusby busied herself with her knitting, which she had produced from the depths of a capacious pocket, while Julia reclined on the rude settle with one hand over her eyes to shut out the glare from the large curtainless windows near one of which Emile was sitting with her face resting against the pane. Lady Waterbury and her little daughter sat near her, and Blanche resting her head on her mother's lap, gazed at the pale face beside the window with its changed look of weariness and pain.

"Come away from the window, Emile," said Miss Lusby, glancing up from her work.

"Oh! I love to sit here," Emile answered enthusiastically. "How grand it is, how wild!"

"What strange fanciful ideas you have. Gracious, what a flash! I wish you would come away."

"I have often thought," Emile continued, after a pause, "what an easy death it must be to be struck dead by lightning: one crash, one flash, simultaneously, and the soul is in eternity; no time for thought or pain."

"Its very suddenness makes it all the more dreadful," cried Julia with a shudder, and they relapsed into silence.

Lady Warburton spoke at length. "What has my little girl been thinking of all this time with such an earnest face?"

"Oh! nothing, ma," said Blanche, starting.

But her mother persisted playfully, "I have some curiosity, my love, so you must gratify me."

"Oh! it was nothing ma, only—and I'm sure I don't know what put it into my head—but I was wishing that my little sister had not died, wondering how she would look. They say she was a beautiful child, and," here her voice sank lower, "I was thinking what a blessing she would have been to you, in a measure recompensing for the plain, helpless little creature, the only one you can call your own."

"Don't my love, don't talk so," cried Lady Waterbury, an expression of sudden agony passing over her face, which it was well Blanche could not see, for it would have caused a remorseful feeling of regret for the words spoken. "Your very helplessness, my darling, and the knowledge that you are our only child, make you only dearer to us," and Lady Waterbury leaned slightly forward supporting her head with her hand.

"It has been just seventeen years to-night since we lost her," she added softly, more as if thinking aloud than addressing any one, and it surprised Emile to see the sharp look of pain overshadowing her sweet features. Just seventeen years since she died, seventeen long years, could time, which is said to have such healing power over all earthly sorrow, exert no influence upon a grief like this? Emile's thoughts were suddenly drawn into another channel by the violence of the storm which now burst over them in all its fury. The lightning was almost blinding, while the thunder seemed to shake the building to its very foundations, and the rain descended in torrents. Miss Lusby dropped her needles with a faint shriek, and Julia closing her eyes, lay silent with terror. Emile and the major alone expressed no signs of fear, she merely moved from the window while he, resuming his paper, read quietly on till the violence of the storm had abated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A distinguished American artist was once visited in his studio by a little party of ladies, all of them strangers to him. At last they went away—but one of the women soon returned alone. Getting the attention of the artist, she began in the most confidential and winning manner: "Mr. —, don't you think that in some future group you may introduce the figure of a widow?" "Of course it is possible, yet not likely. Why do you ask?" "Because I have a picture of myself, taken only a month after my husband died, which has just the right expression, and I will lend it to you, if you really think you will ever use it."

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

ELECTROTYPING.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D.

AS a curiosity, the accompanying cut is presented to your readers. It was made in Trenton during the summer of 1845, and is the first of the kind made anywhere. Some time afterwards, Mr. Palmer, of London, exhibited prints from plates, which, from his description, were made by the same process, and by him styled glypographs.

Pictorial illustrations are so important, that a description of an easy method to produce plates will be, perhaps, of some interest. It will be particularly so to those who have some skill in sketching. The usual plan for obtaining cuts to work in the common printing press, is to have a drawing made on a boxwood block. This drawing with a lead pencil, on the whitened surface of the block, is by the wood engraver made to stand in relief, like a printer's type, by cutting away all the surface, to a proper depth, except the pencil work. When, after trials, it is found that the picture is not blurred by ink in any of the spaces which ought to remain white, and that there is no further need of deepening these spaces to prevent such a result, the work is completed. Placed in a form with ordi-

nary metallic type, many hundred impressions can be taken from it, without materially injuring its sharpness. The hardness of boxwood, and the cutting being on the end of the fibre, give a durable sharpness and firmness that few other woods possess. The perfection to which wood engraving has arrived, makes it difficult for artists to decide whether, for all purposes of illustration, where black and white only are used, which gives to the subject its strongest effects, wood cut or copper engraving.

The difficulty in obtaining cuts of subjects a writer wishes to illustrate, is in the employment of an artist to draw the design on the wood, and an engraver to cut away the wood from around this design. In many instances, if he could do this himself, the spirit of his subject might be better preserved.

By the aid of Photography, subjects are pictured directly on prepared block. These give the engraver the best opportunity to produce a perfect work. This plan is well adapted to mechanical illustrations, in which the most difficult of all drawing, the accurate detail of a complicated machine, is required. By this every requirement is carried out, form, perspective, light and shade, the minute as well as the larger parts, no false gearing if toothed wheels are represented, no impracticable parts, nothing miscalculated, if a working model has been placed before the photographer. Were it not known by what process these perfect plates were produced, they would be considered the wonder of scientific and artistic skill. The beautiful cuts in the mechanical illustrations of the *New York Scientific American*, are from photographs taken on the engraver's block.

There are some subjects that cannot be photographed, unless their forms be traced in material lines. The designer who draws from his imagination, if he can outline his subject, and from this sketch produce a copper plate that may be used by the printer, as easily, and for a longer time than an ordinary wood cut, has many advantages in his profession. He can give a picture that, if it fall short of a photographed reality in accuracy, gives a good idea of what existed in the author's imagination. It was to prove the practicability of electroplating a drawing, that the cut at the head of this article was produced. It is the first of the kind, as far as there is any record, that was ever made and tried in an ordinary printing press.

When the process of separating copper from the salts of copper in solution, causing the copper to collect on certain surfaces by a galvanic process, was made known, and applied to some purposes in the arts, it occurred to the writer that it might be used for making plates for pictures. The idea was put to a practical test, and in a way almost identical with that of Mr. Palmer, afterwards published. A plate of copper, made perfectly level and smooth, was coated on the prepared side, with a resinous composition, made white and opaque by adding white lead.

This coating was thin, not thicker than ordinary writing paper. It was merely the small quantity that remained of that which would not drop off the warmed plate. On this, or rather through this coat, the drawing was traced with a steel point down to the copper. After this work was finished, all the spaces between the lines of the drawing, except where they were very near together, were filled up with melted wax, applied with a camel hair pencil, and to a height proportionate to their width, as a wood block would be deepened to relieve or give prominence to the part from which the impression is to be taken. The drawing having been thoroughly inspected to see that no fragments of the composition blurred the lines, and all was clear down to the copper, finely pulverized plumbago was brushed over the prominent parts of the coating, with a soft hair pencil, until the wax had the appearance of black lead, taking care that none of the lead filled the lines of the drawing. The next step was to attach a copper wire to one edge of the plate, in actual contact with the metal, and then to cover the wire, edges and back thoroughly with a composition of wax and turpentine that had sufficient hardness, when cold, to bear handling. At the other end of the copper wire was fastened a zinc plate about the size of the copper-plate used for the picture. Thus prepared, a vessel having two compartments, divided by a partition of bladder, properly stretched and fastened, so as to suffer no communication, except through this membrane, a saturated solution of blue vitriol (*sulphate of copper*) was put in one division, and water, made acid by oil of vitriol (*sulphuric acid*), in the other, poured to the same level. The picture plate was put in the blue vitriol division, and the zinc in the other, each hanging vertically and free in its separate cell. In a short time the lines of the drawing were filled with copper that had left its solution, the acid, with which it had been united, having gone through the bladder over to the zinc. From filling the lines, the copper gradually spread over the black lead, until the whole back of the drawing was one entire coat of bright copper. More blue vitriol was added, from time to time, to keep the solution of the same strength, and occasionally more acid to the other cell. When enough copper had been deposited to give sufficient thickness for strength, the plates were removed, and that containing the drawing washed, disconnected from its wire and slightly warmed. The precipitated copper was at once detached and freed from its wax. It presented the drawing in high relief, beautifully bright, and altogether satisfactory as an experiment. After being backed up by a layer of gum-shellac and fine sand mixed, and then screwed down on a block of proper thickness to work with printers' type, the electrotype-plate was completed.

In making these plates it is obvious the drawing has not to be reversed, for it is done from the back, and the face of the picture becomes reversed. Copper-plate engravers and wood-cutters have to work from the reverse, which is extremely awkward, and frequently occasions great mistakes.

The description here given is the rude process by which the first plate of this kind was made. Since that time electro-plate stereotyping has been extensively used for all kinds of printers' work. Pages of book composition, after the type has been set, are electro-plated. That is, copper is precipitated in a material that has taken a deep impression of the type, and this matrix, coated with black lead and submitted to a galvanic arrangement, has copper deposited into it until sufficiently thick and strong to answer, when backed up by some fusible metal and mounted, work in the printing press. In this manner the beautiful cut in this number of BEECHER'S MAGAZINE, representing the "Launching of the Life Boat," from Moran's celebrated picture, was electrotyped from a superior wood engraving. The perfection of this plate, contrasted with the crude picture that introduces this subject, must not be taken as the necessary difference between the two methods of working. By careful manipulation, "glypography" may be made to equal the finest copper-plate etching, which, in artistic touches, it resembles.

HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE ;

OR HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING.—No. 1.

BY W. ELMER, M. D.

HYGIENE is that branch of medical science which relates to the preservation of health. It applies as well to communities as to individuals. It embraces a knowledge of man in a state of physical well-being, as well as the influence which certain objects used by him for his maintenance, have on his constitution and bodily organs. It includes the rational and proper use of food, of air, of exercise, of everything essential to life both in a state of health and disease. It relates to the measures and regulations adopted to prevent the development and spread of pestilential diseases, or noxious influences among the people. In short, whatever has to do with the continuance and promotion of our own health, or to the public welfare, is included by the word Hygiene.

By Household Hygiene—the term which we have used to designate this series of articles—we mean Hygiene for every household ; a knowledge of those facts and laws with which every household should be familiar, to guide them in the preservation of their own health, and to enable them to lend a helping hand to others, when sickness or accident render their services available. This embraces information as to diet, not only as to the wholesomeness of the articles of food, but also to their preparation so as to be rendered most readily digestible ; to ventilation ; to proper drainage ; to sleep ; to exercise—to everything that pertains both to taking care of the well and the sick. It consists in knowing

what to do in sudden cases of illness or injury until medical aid can be procured ; in administering with care and tact soothing assistance to those over whose beds of pain we may be called to watch ; in acquiring whatever knowledge we can towards fulfilling the duty incumbent upon every one, that of guarding to the best of their ability that most precious of earthly blessings—good health. All this information we can make use of as so many “helps to right living”—living so as to enjoy to the fullest extent the many blessings which a kind Providence has placed within our reach for our temporal happiness—living so as best to fulfill the duties imposed on us in our social and individual relations—living so as to resist, as far as permitted by Nature, the invasions of disease, and prolong our lives to the limits of a hale, green old age—an age which is “as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly,” and on which Father Time gently lays his hand

“ But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp—to deaden its vibration.”

A sound mind in a sound body is justly regarded as a state of physical perfection. And this physical integrity must depend upon man's fidelity to nature ; upon resisting the deteriorating influences which an artificial and pampered life is apt to engender ; upon restraining our baser passions, holding in check our appetites, “keeping the body under” as it is expressed in Sacred Writ. For it certainly is true that in proportion as we depart from simplicity of manners and temperance of habit, and increase in luxury and excessive indulgence, abusing the privileges of civilized life, so do we lose the health and vigor which compose our normal state, and engender physical deformity and suffering. “Had it not been” says Dr. Cheyne, “for the luxury and intemperate gratification of the passions and appetites which first ruined and spoiled the constitution of the fathers, whereby they communicate only a diseased and untunable carcass to their sons, there had never happened so much sickness, pain and misery, so unhappy lives, and such wretched ends as we now behold among men.”

It is especially true of us as Americans, that we are fast-livers. We travel in a hurry, we eat in a hurry, we attend to our business affairs in a hurry, we do everything in a hurry, and the consequence is, that the Protean forms of dyspeptic and nervous disorders are exceedingly rife amongst us.

By excess we convert food into deleterious matter,—what ought to be invigorating nutriment becomes a mischievous bane, and what should develop our growth only produces harassing discomfort.

The whole subject of dietetic economy is one that should be carefully regarded, since it so vitally affects our animal spirits, our nervous sensibilities, and even our religious happiness.

Surely, then, any knowledge for its better understanding will be so many aids to make us happier, so many “helps to right living.”

MY MOTHER.

BY CHARLES W. JAY.

'TIS but a week ago to-day
My mother passed away from earth ;
I cannot weep, I cannot pray,
Yet never grief had sadder birth.

Adown the gloom of weary years,
My pilgrim memory takes its way ;
It passes shrines bedewed with tears,
Forgotten till the judgment day.

I see a little head at rest—
A little baby boy in sleep,
Upon a youthful mother's breast,
Whose joy is voiceless deep.

Again the shadows slowly lift,
From out the gloom of the dead years,
And where the sunlight throws its drift,
That boy, a man appears.

And sin and shame is on his brow,
A lifeless life of crime and wrong ;
Forgot, or broken, every vow
He learned in cradle song.

O ! Mother, to thy hairs of grey
Thy child brought little else than grief ;
God pity those who thus repay
The love that passes all belief !

And here, all stripped of passion's power,
I kneel beside thy new-made grave,
And ask His grace—O ! sacred dower !—
The grace to bless and save !

Send downward from Thy holy throne
The balm that saves the soul from pain—
Bereft, sad, penitent, alone—
Let child and mother meet again !

OFFICE PRACTICE.

THINGS TO CRY ABOUT.

A LADY once told William Pitt that she "didn't care three skips of a louse about him." "Ah!" responded Sir William:—

"A lady has said, and in her own house,
For me she cares not three skips of a louse;
I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,
Since women will talk of *what runs in the head!*"

A WESTERN orator recently commenced his harangue with: "The important crisis which were about to have arriven, have arroven." Another: "The Court will please observe that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has roamed with old Romulus, soaked with old Socrates, ripped with Euripides, canted with old Cantharides, and milked with old Miltiades,—but what, Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, does he know about the laws of Wisconsin!"

A YOUNG lawyer in one of the Courts commenced his defence as follows: "May it please Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury: the Deluge has passed over the earth, the ark has rested upon the mountain, and the rainbow of justice shines as beautifully upon my client as it does upon any one in the Court, including the jury."

A LONG time ago, a lawyer of New Jersey commenced thus: "Your Honors do not sit there like marble statues, to be wafted about by every idle breeze."

A CLERGYMAN, who was reading to his congregation a chapter in Genesis, found the last sentence to be: "And the Lord gave unto Adam a wife." Turning over two leaves together, he found written, and read: "And she was pitched without and within with pitch!" He had unhappily got into a description of Noah's ark.

THE phrase "I am that I am," in one of the American editions of the Bible, is printed so that the first two words end a page. It happened that the second page from this began with the words "an ass." A clergyman reading turned two leaves and read: "I am—an ass—that I am." It produced a natural effect on the congregation.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

(See Illustration on page 2.)

THE comfortably housed people of our inland towns can little tell what may be going on not very far away, when, awaking in the night, they listen with pleasure to the gentle patter of the rain upon the roof. The soothing sighing of the breezes in the pines about our house may be but the faint echo of a tempest that is lashing seas to fury on our sand-girt ocean shore. But how different a tale does the low muttering of the wind at night-fall, and the ominous black clouds, floating in space like angry monsters seeking prey or place of rest, tell to the hardy fishermen that dwell about the coast. Well do they know what Neptune dares to do when his anger is aroused. Often have they seen the mighty ship tossed, like a toy, upon the beach; lifted and let down until every timber had cracked, every seam had opened, and every trace of the precious cargo, even to the living souls on board, had gone from human sight until that great day when "the sea shall give up its dead." No! of that precious cargo of human beings, it may be that Neptune, in ghastly mirth, may toss a few of his victims, stiff, stark and staring, upon the sand, to make to the living witnesses of the scene the dread event more terrible.

When we remember that such occurrences are not uncommon, it is not strange that man's ingenuity has taxed itself to provide means in some measure adequate to preserve the life, at least, exposed to death in such instances; and, furthermore, that those who do business on the great waters, and go down to the sea in ships, should seek to stay Neptune's arm when he would grasp from their care the precious freight, as well as those who have the same in trust.

The means employed, more especially for the saving of life, are the life-boats, one of which is so graphically figured in the illustration of page 2, and by means of a mortar, by which the coast guards are able to fire a shot with a line attached across the bows of the ship in distress, thereby establishing communication between ship and shore, when between them roll seas where no boat could live.

So desirable is it to have every appliance connected with life-saving of the greatest efficacy, that the governments of those countries having dangerous sea-coasts have, at various times, offered large rewards to him who should invent a life-boat better, in any respect, to those then in use. The result has been that very many, of different degrees of merit, have

been constructed. To England belongs the honor, probably, of having designed the most admirably arranged models. A general idea of the plan of their construction is all that we can find space, at this time, to give. All such boats are of such construction as to be incapable of sinking, even when filled with water. Such boats are usually nearly, or quite, thirty feet in length, with a breadth of about ten feet, and the greatest depth not over three feet. There is a general curvature, which much increases this depth, reckoning from end to end, however, which is intended to give the boat a greater facility of turning in the water. Again, this convexity gives a greater facility to mount the waves without submersion of the prow. As buoyancy or lightness is one of the great features to be secured much attention has been given to this point. Lining the sides with cork is done. Lashing air-tight casks to the gunwales has been tested, but metal air-tight compartments are in most cases adopted, and meet with greatest favor. Extra buoyancy is derived from large end air cases, built across the bow and stern, and occupy from three to four and a-half feet in length, from the stem and stern posts to gunwale height. These secure, also, self-righting power; but, in case the boat's side was stove in and the side air chambers destroyed, and the boat thus filled with water, these end air cases alone have sufficient buoyancy to float the boat.

The oars, by which these vessels are propelled to the distressed ship, are of the toughest woods, and are so pinned to the boat that they will not be lost should the surfman lose his hold upon them. One who is well acquainted with the needs of those who man our life-boats, and has had their worth recognized by our government, has been a witness of their efficiency when provided with such boats as we have described, and a mourner over the unfortunate absence of the means at some places provided, has stirringly told the story of his own experiences when a temporary dweller by the sea. He writes:

“I stood, myself, on the coast of New Jersey, on Squan beach, one stormy morning. The night before I had seen eleven full-rigged ships in the distance, and, as I stood, on that stormy morning, eight of them were lost to sight; but three full-rigged ships lay rolling in the surf, within the reach of my sight, one of them not a mile and a-half from me, which, on a straight and sandy shore, seems but a step. She was a ship from Bath, Maine; and there she lay, like a thing of life, wrestling with the breakers, struggling for breath. I went down to that spot; I saw a shot fired from a mortar; I saw the line across the bowsprit of that vessel; I saw the faces of the people on board that ship, as the waves came in mountain high, and all were conscious that no boat could live for a moment, where no man dared trust his puny strength against the ocean in her might. I saw the wife of that captain brought ashore by establishing that communication; I saw the captain brought ashore; I saw every

member of the crew brought ashore; and after witnessing what I have so feebly described, and being a very helpless but anxious assistant in that scene, I started down to the lower part of the coast, and there found another of that fleet rolling in the breakers, gasping for breath—another ship ashore, wrestling with the elements. The surf was a little lighter here, and the brave surfmen determined not to stand and gaze in the faces of their fellow-men and see them die without an effort to save.

Unable to endure that ordeal, more fearful than any danger—as fearful to those on shore gazing at the helpless people going down as to the victims themselves—unable, as I said, to constrain their feelings, they determined that they would launch a boat at all risks. One brave man cried out, while his wife and children hung around him imploringly, ‘Let us man our boat, whether we go under or not!’ They manned their boat, and the first wave they met their boat flew in the air like a rocket. Most saved themselves by swimming, but the flying boat struck the back of the very man who had proposed so bravely to launch her, and his lifeless corpse was driven up on the beach at the feet of his helpless and sorrow-stricken family.”

Well might the author say, “Of all the noble men that I ever met in my life, the most disinterested are the surfmen.”

FRIENDLY CHAT.

JANUARY, 1871! How stands the world’s ledger to-day? Is there a gain to be shown for the vast transactions of 1870? Does the balance sheet exhibit a gain to the credit of light and truth and knowledge? We hope so. Yes, and dare believe that this is a better world, taken altogether, in January, 1871, than it was at the same time one year ago.

But we will not indulge at all in imaginative reverie. Only let every one who would learn anything by experience; for himself individually, look back over the events of the past year that have touched and shaped his life, and resolve to check and overcome the evil, and encourage the good there is in him. There is much of both in all.

Well, friends, taking the January number altogether, is it not a good deal more attractive than any before? How do you like it? Will it not be worth a dollar to get twelve of them this year, all an improvement on this? That dear little wife can make better bread now, after a year’s experience, and a more delicate dessert, and take care of a house easier and more to her own satisfaction and that of others. And you, my pretty maid, can win a young man’s heart sooner now than you could a year ago—you have had experience, and we can make a better and more winning magazine this year than we did last for the same reason.

We hope you will welcome us, then, even more kindly (if this can be) than ever before. You will notice the paper we use is very handsome, and we know it is expensive. The illustrations will, we hope, prove interesting and instructive. Our legal friends will find a very fine model of "office practice," illustrated. "Launching the Life Boat," is a stirring scene, described in another place. Dr. Coleman's article and illustration is of peculiar interest. Our poems, this month, are good, and the one by C. W. Jay, Esq., the veteran editor, so widely known throughout the country, will touch many a heart and moisten eyes not used to tears.

The continued story, "Battling Against Odds," will soon close. No more interesting serial has appeared, our friends tell us. It continually heightens in interest. Our purpose is not to publish long stories hereafter, as we think our readers prefer those that can be concluded in from one to three numbers, and we agree with them. Judge Reed's articles on Laws of Business will be discontinued for a short time only. We are continually receiving letters praising them in the highest terms. Some new features of unusual interest, accompanied with fine illustrations, will appear next month. We desire to have our readers ask interesting questions for the "Correspondents' Department." It can be made of great interest and value. Also, we request them to send good things for the funny page. Short, original anecdotes, &c., that will make people laugh a good, round, hearty, merry laugh. It does everybody good, like a medicine.

Being unable to furnish back numbers of the December number, we reprint the first part of "A Husband's Guilt," with the concluding portion, making the story complete in one number. There are thousands of husbands just as guilty as this man was, and thousands of wives dying of the same *neglect* (not abuse) that sent this once hopeful and happy wife to the grave. It requires no assassin's hand to murder a sensitive, high-souled, loving woman. The neglect of the man she loves, and for whom she gave all, will do it, slowly, imperceptibly, painfully—but *surely*.

All writers who wish to have their articles appear in this magazine, will need to make them brief, pointed, and practical. They should be in our hands by the first of the month preceding that of publication. Let them sparkle with thought, and interest with fact.

We are much obliged to those who have sent in their subscriptions early, and hope none will order the magazine discontinued. We are trying to make the best dollar magazine in the world, and want you, reader, to do your part and help us. We wish you a very happy New Year and many of them. May all good gifts and blessings be yours. Good-bye for a month. We will call again soon.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Under this head, sensible questions, upon subjects calculated to interest or instruct, will be answered when briefly and clearly stated.

“Should I engage in an honorable business, into which my tastes lead me, against my friends’ wishes?—*John.*”

This depends very much upon the circumstances in which you are placed, and more upon your own disposition. If you are *capable*, self-reliant and persistent, by all means follow your own judgment in preference to that of anybody else. There are, however, few men who can safely cut loose from the support of friends, and successfully paddle their own canoe against opposition. They will do well for a little while, and then break down and fail. The better way is to paddle your own canoe, and get as many of your friends to help you as possible, only don’t rely on *them* but yourself. As a rule, every man should follow the employment into which his tastes lead him.

“Were Generals Washington and Lafayette, Masons?—*Mason.*”

Yes. It was a strong link in their golden chain of friendship. The wife of General Lafayette, hearing that Washington was a Mason, made a beautiful silk apron, and embroidered upon it with her own hands the principal characters of the craft. This she presented to Washington as a testimonial of her regard for the great American. The apron now honors and adorns the grand Masonic temple in Philadelphia.

“Is a young man of some business experience warranted in borrowing money as capital upon which to embark in business?—*Enterprise.*”

No! As a rule. May be some rare exceptions, but they do not probably include you. You have ten to one against you. If you can and are willing to endure the anxiety and labor inseparably connected with any business under the most favorable circumstances, it is better to invest ability, experience, pluck and perseverance as capital than to borrow some man’s money, with the chances of losing it or placing yourself in his power. You will be richer and happier in the end.

“What shall I do with my boy, sixteen years old, who wants to spend his evenings away from home?—*Mother.*”

Let him go out, of course. You can’t expect to keep a boy at home always, if he has good sense and spirit. He wants to go, and will, too. But, mother, father, you go with him as *companions* more than as parents. Teach him not that he “has got to mind,” but that you seek his interests and happiness, and would deprive him of no reasonable enjoyment. Stay at home with him, go out with him, be to him better, brighter, truer companions than it is possible for him to find outside, and he will not care to go often. But if you want to send your boy to hell by a short cut, let him spend his evenings on the streets and anywhere else he pleases.

JANUS, a two-faced deity of ancient Latin times, was a hypocritical chap, undoubtedly. With a face in the back of his head, he was always looking east and west at the same time, smiling before his sneer, and sneering behind his cheerful countenance. Numa Pompilius admired Janus, however, and, twenty five hundred and thirty years ago, carved out a new month and gave it his name. As matters now are, the name is appropriate, for our January, Janus-like, looks with a sneer at the antiquated defunct year that has passed on, and greets with a smile the new year that is coming.

Everybody, like ourselves, we suppose, feels good to commence anew ; to turn over a new leaf ; to have a new magazine ; and, youth-like, is disposed to go it with a dash, like the boy in our picture ; but we trust that neither our skating boy nor our enthusiastic friends, who joyously start out with the infant '71, will be too rash, and so dash their feet against a stone.

We feel too little like taking advice to give it ; but an easy thing to do and remember, especially in January, is to—

Keep cool ; it is the cold hammer shapes the hot metal.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated,
Pure, Progressive, Practical, Popular.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

No. 14.

SHALL I GO TO COLLEGE?

BY PROF. R. K. WATSON.

AN article which appeared in this magazine, a few months since, propounded this query: "Why are not more college-bred men in places of high political trust?" The answer is a simple one: because, as a *general thing*, college-bred men are not as smart as other men.

Our colleges may strengthen the weak, but they rob the strong of his power. Young men who are innately vigorous of thought, beautiful in imagination, strong in argument, are sent to these colleges throughout the country; and by their pedantry, false standards and hero-worship are actually robbed of their latent strength. There are few young men of culture, particularly those who are premeditating a professional life for a livelihood, who are not giving the question "Shall I go to college?" very sincere deliberation. The only argument that can be presented in favor of your taking such a step is that the American mind, by giving continual deference to false doctrines, has been gradually led away from a true standard of education, and judges a man's ability by the amount of Latin and Greek that he has read. How fair this judgment is, we shall show to you; and that the boasted discipline of a college education is no more essential to a scholarly gentleman than it is for him to have four sleeves to his coat.

Before us lies the course of study of Union College, at Schenectady, New York. Now, let us suppose that a young man is studying for medicine, and see how many of the fifty-four studies laid out in the course he will actually need in his profession, and how many he can as well defer until after he has begun practice; or, so far as his profession is concerned, omit entirely; thereby gaining upon his slow-going college friends at least two years, in the very prime of life, when time is most valuable. He will need of the college studies just nine to enable him to understandingly enter a clinic; six more it would be pleasant for him to

know ; and the remainder, mostly Latin and Greek, he may as well leave alone entirely. If he cannot learn these fifteen studies in two years, we advise him to drop medicine ; if he can, he has two years to apply to matters intimately connected with his profession, and of infinitely more importance to him than the classics. Let him leave them alone, and apply himself to the mystery of embryology. Let our ministers leave them alone, and spend their time in searching out proof to the thousands of unbelievers that Christ was the Son of God, and that the Bible is his true oracle. These are the things that rational minds have a right to ask that you undeniably prove to them : they want the Bible first translated into English, before you attempt to translate it into Greek. Let our lawyers leave them, and learn to make statutes whereby wicked men shall be deterred from power, and secure to every one his pristine right that "all men are free and equal."

Professional men, let the dead bury their dead. This is an age of advancement ; and people look to you to lead them, else they will become fanatical.

Look at the great thinkers of the world, in every profession, none of whom knew a Greek root from a hickory one, nor wasted four years of the best time of their lives between the college walls, drivelling the vigor of their minds away over studies that could have been of no practical benefit to them : Shakspeare, Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Charles Dickens, Galileo, and a host of others. Emerson, Beecher and Holland only saved themselves by being the poorest students in their class. But in this argument we are met by the piece of sophistry, "What if these men had attended college, how much better off would they have been?" We answer it by a conundrum quite as fair : "If the moon were fifty times larger than the earth, what then?" We make no plea for ignorance, but for more practical education and sublime freedom of thought. Let there be more colleges established like the Cornell University at Ithaca, where a young man can study just what he wants for his profession, and not be obliged to encumber his mind with things that he does not want.

The ancient Hindoo had a fatuity that if a pail of water was drawn without some being spilled over the sides, that the water-carrier would be cursed ; so the modern American has a fallacy that if an education is obtained without leaving a sufficient surplus to throw half of it away, that education is incomplete. There is no objection to Latin and Greek, if they are not studied to the exclusion of more important matters ; but this we do deny, that the classics possess the advantages claimed for them, and protest against their occupying so prominent a place in our college curriculum.

As the classics are the principal bulwarks of colleges, we will see if their boasted worth is real. Now, if we are to study the dead languages to become acquainted with our own, why not, also, study the dead

sciences, arts and religions? Let our farmers use the wooden plow, our ministers bedaub their faces with paint and invoke the moon, our astronomers study the absurd propositions of Ptolemy. Certainly, the theory is as applicable to these things as to the matter of languages.

Moreover, the Latins and Greeks, whose literature has never been excelled in modern times, had no ancient language to study, and still they stand preëminent. For what, then, do men strive to acquire these utterly useless and laborious accomplishments? For pleasure? No; a man is seldom found who will take up a copy of Virgil or Homer for mere amusement.

For fluency of speech? To those who have heard a classical recitation it must at once be apparent that the jerky, baulky reading of the ancient text books materially hinders the English flow of language.

Even in our colleges the study of the classics has to be largely encouraged by almost profligate prize-giving. Upon examination of five college catalogues, we find the prizes for the best classical student to range from fifty to five hundred dollars.

Daniel Webster, although one of the most prominent members of his college class, forsook the bards after leaving his *alma mater*, and applied himself daily to the study of geometry, deeming it the best mental discipline he could find.

These are the advantages claimed for the study of ancient languages :

Cultivation of memory.

Exercise of reason.

Discipline of mind.

We will see, then, if it accomplishes these things; and if the same results cannot be arrived at more easily.

The exercise of memory in one branch does not necessarily incur its proficiency in another. For instance: can a sailor learn Latin more easily because he has memorized the ship's tackling? or can a student find the technicalities of a ship the quicker because he knows Greek? By continual application to his lexicon we grant he may have a better memory of ancient words; but let him give the same amount of time to the study of his English lexicon, and of how much greater practical benefit it will be to him.

We fail to see wherein is the special training of the reason obtained by hunting for a word, finding its English equivalent, and putting the words together in a sentence, in the classical languages more than in the English, where, by taking a pen and ink in hand, precisely the same operation is gone through with; finding the word to express your thought, selecting its equivalent synonym, and making a smoothly reading sentence therefrom.

It is claimed by the disciplinarian that, by the exceedingly trying character of classical studies, great discipline of mind is attained.

We are at a loss for a correct definition of *discipline of mind*; and believe it to be one of those mannerisms that no one precisely understands. However, if we accept the popular interpretation—that by discipline of mind is meant a faculty of application to an arduous and repugnant task—how many repugnant things one can find to do, without beginning the study of the ancient languages: a long pedestrian feat would have the same effect, or regular habits of early rising. We discard the theory entirely, believing that it is not a man's duty to be continually making a martyr of himself to discipline of mind.

We ask every young man who is now in college, or who is contemplating a college career, to take into consideration these facts:

The loss of time.

Burdening of the brain with impracticable knowledge.

That the longest way round is not the shortest way home.

That you may incur the loose, and oftentimes profligate habits, of students.

By contact with professors who, by long association with youth, have become puerile minded, you will not fail to become so yourself.

You will not be able to push your pen through the multitudinous laws of rhetoric, logic, style, beauty, which will crowd to the point of it when you attempt to write. Your thought will be meandering to certain adored authorities, and you will learn to believe that beauty of diction is of more value than originality of mind, which alone marked the Elizabethan age of literature.

“Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding.”

THE POETRY OF DAVID BATES.

BY JAMES GORDON BRINCKLE.

THE love of poetry is one of the many manifestations of that yearning for the beautiful in nature or in art, which is the characteristic of all intellects of a high grade. One man is charmed with flowers—he never tires of gazing at their wondrous tints and varied forms—he studies their varieties and modifications, and dreams of petals and corollas. Another is delighted by the magic of sweet sounds. To him, even the dull, mathematical *science* of music becomes interesting. His discourses run upon inversions, enharmonic chords and modulations; and his enthusiasm causes him to find pleasure in the society of unromantic, beer-drinking, professional musicians. Another man is fascinated by the idealization of nature in works of art. So strong is the ruling passion, that even the sight of a color store or a marble quarry excites in him a passing emotion.

But the highest manifestation of the adoration of the beautiful is to be found in the *poetic* mind. By poetic minds, we designate as well those who appreciate, as those who create poetry. These together constitute a fraternity which, united by unseen links, has come down to us through the cycles of human history, and extends through every clime. How superior does the poetic mind feel itself to the mundane spirits by which it is surrounded? How quickly, by the flashing of the eye, or by the mere phrases in which his conversation is modeled, does one poetic brother recognize another? No secret grip, sign or pass-word is needed among them.

It has been supposed by some of the uninitiated, that because Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe and Byron have written, that the *canon* of poetry is full. They are mistaken: each age has its intellectual needs; and every family of the human race has its own peculiar development of the poetic passion. The poetry of the ancients may still interest scholars; but it is embalmed in dead languages and represents religious sentiments and social conditions that have long since ceased to exist. Foreign poetry is but an exotic flower. It may yield an intellectual pleasure to *dillitanti*, but neither ancient nor foreign poems can speak to the heart like the productions of our own age and nation. Even English poetry has, to some extent become foreign to us. The divergence of habits, manners and customs between our people and the inhabitants of Great Britain has become almost as wide as the difference of soil and climate between the two countries.

We Americans are not altogether English in our nature. Celtic, Teutonic, Gallic and Scandinavian blood has been largely infused into the nation's veins. A national American poetry has therefore become an intellectual necessity.

These reflections are suggested by a perusal of the poems of the late David Bates, edited by his son, Mr. Stockton Bates, of Philadelphia. David Bates was a *true* and, as we are firmly persuaded the verdict of appreciative public opinion will establish, a *great* poet. To him, nature was not a mere combination of atomic elements and chemical affinities, material forces and physical routine. The chords of his soul vibrated to certain subtle harmonies of Nature, which duller ears fail to catch.

The first lines of the "Proem" to his volume, fully express his appreciation of the mysterious beauty which exists for the initiated throughout the universe:

"The Universe is full of harmony;—
I stood, a listener, in the outer courts
Of Nature's Temple; and the melody
Came from a thousand harps, o'er which the air
Played with its viewless fingers."

* * * * * * *

The sea-shore, to most men, is associated with the idea of hops, dusty drives, games of billiards, hotel bills and flirtations with over-dressed and sunburnt women. David Bates experienced other emotions at the sight of the ocean.

“ 'Tis night ; I am alone, and as I muse,
 I feel my utter nothingness, compared
 With these, thy works, O God. Above me bends
 The starry vault of heaven, in its unknown
 And unapproachable sublimity,
 While spread before, the broad Atlantic rolls,
 In fadeless grandeur and eternal youth,
 Its mighty mass of waters, Here let me,
 In silent meditation, stand awhile,
 And watch the surges, in their scornful play,
 Curl up their crested heads and dash their foam
 In very sportiveness, beneath my feet.
 I love thee, Ocean. In my breast there dwells
 A chord that vibrates to the slightest breath
 Of melody ; but how it swells and thrills,
 When thou, with solemn, ceaseless hand dost sweep
 Thy mighty diapason, lulling all
 With thy harmonious breathings into peace !”

* * * * *

David Bates was preëminently a poet of the people. Unlike Browning and Emerson, who sing only to over-refined, learning-crammed and transcendental intelligencies, he tuned his harp for the ear of *all* humanity. Like Beranger, his poetry tells upon the popular heart. He does not pretend in his verses to trace out the metaphysical origin of things ; nor does he seek to picture dramatic scenes of over-wrought passion. There was music for his ear in the woodland zephyr. He did not need to portray the tempest of the soul. His was no vanitous, lonely, unappreciated Byronic genius. His heart pulsated to the same emotions that throb through the veins of the million ; but *he* was an artist, and could idealize what others merely felt.

Compared with other nations, our countrymen are a religious people. Mr. Bates was a representative American ; and a deep sense of religion pervades his poems. To him the Autumnal forest was God's temple—

“ Each tree stands, a lofty column,
 Capped with over-arching limbs,
 Where the winds, in concert solemn,
 Chant their wild and mournful hymns.
 Autumn leaves are slowly falling,
 Trembling through the dreamy air ;
 They are words of preachers, calling
 Man to thoughtfulness and prayer.

* * * * *

Dust with dust is ever blending,
 Soul to soul forever flies ;
 That toward earth is ever tending ;
 This, immortal, seeks the skies."

Nothing finer than these, and many other stanzas, contained in this volume are to be found in Longfellow's poems ; and Longfellow's works, as every one knows, outsell the poet laureate Tennyson's in his own country.

We were not personally acquainted with the author of these poems, but to judge from his devotional pieces, and from the affection for children, which is displayed throughout his writings, as well as his kindly feelings towards all humanity, it is evident that he endeavored to mould his life upon the highest model.

Want of space forbids us making long extracts from these poems ; we content ourselves therefore by simply alluding to the following : " An Aspiration," " Light," " By and By," " Musings on Life " and " Lead On !" One poem, however, is so exquisitely beautiful that we are tempted to give it entire. It is entitled

" A SACRED GIFT."

Be still : methinks I faintly caught the sound
 Of rustling plumes. The air is gently stirred,
 And bears soft whispers on its balmy breath.
 See ! What are these bright things ? They seem to pause,
 And hover o'er this spot. How beautiful !
 How wave they their soft wings and seem to rest
 Upon the bosom of the buoyant air !
 What could bring such ethereal beings down
 From their bright, star-gemmed home to this bleak world
 Of sorrow, pain and death !

They now draw near ;
 And bending o'er that small and feeble form,
 Unfold, warm from the bosom of its God,
 A young immortal spirit, and enshrine
 It in this new-wrought form of human clay.
 'Tis done ; and quickly of terrestrial things
 They take their leave, and to their own bright home
 In yonder sky ascend.

Almighty Power,
 May thy blessings, as the sunlight on
 The opening flower, rest upon its head ;
 May this immortal spirit thou hast given,
 Dwell here in peace, then re-ascend to Heaven !

RECOLLECTIONS.

NO. I.—MARK LEMON.

BY GEORGE HARRISON KENT.

CHARON is a busy boatman, and as restless as the Styx itself. His reign is long, while his drachmas must be as the sands in number; when we gaze upon the silent face, and utter the mournful farewell, we could fancy we even heard the thud of the sepulchral waves as they strike the sides of the weird-like craft! He has no regard for wealth or beauty, pays no more respect to the imperial Cæsar than to the humble Jean; for all must tread his laden deck and cross the mysterious lake for the unknown shores that lie beyond!

* * * * * * *

Mark Lemon, the late editor of the London *Punch*, whose loss all literary circles must mourn, was not what may be termed an extraordinary man; by which I mean one who excels prominently in one characteristic to the exclusion of other good parts; he was rather an embodiment of several shining if not dazzling qualities, more a man of action than of genius, he spread across his even pathway that serenity unknown to extremists of the stamp of Byron and Burns. I well remember meeting him the first time, which was at Boston, Lincolnshire, in the year 1856. The little borough with its magnificent church, is redolent of American associations; from its streets several of the Pilgrim Fathers first ventured to these shores. But of Lemon: he had come from the modern Babylon to further the canvass of Herbert Ingram, his friend, who aspired to represent the said town in Parliament. Elections in the old country are exciting events and this was no exception; champagne flowed freely, whilst speech-making was the order of the day and night. Of this Lemon had his share, always mirthful and happy, acceptable to all, the man himself eclipsed the politician; he was so well known as the chief of the "Old Comic," that the street boys remarked to each other the presence of *Punch* as he passed in the crowd. Always carrying a humorous expression of countenance, with a happy look, he made all who knew him his friends and had few if any enemies. At this time I was young and had published a volume of poems; they had been criticised freely and in one quarter handled rather severely. How he laughed away my trouble, and with what gusto he related to me some of the trials of his own youth, I shall never forget: his first cigar, and the unfavorable impression it made on the shocked family as the uncomfortable effects of the indulgence were developed at the time of the evening prayer! Imagine the disturbed "governor," perhaps a friend, as he laid down his horn

spectacles to look upon the sick Mark; the window cleaning, and the smash, occurrences so familiar to boys; the glad adieu he bade to the mysteries of the hosiery trade; the words of encouragement he gave me, then a stranger to him, at the outset of life, impressed his kind traits indelibly on my memory.

Although Lemon sometimes appeared on the rostrum as the representative of a party, he was far above the petty cavil of cliques, incapable of resentment and charitable withal, he seemed unable to select a foe; when hootings and yells had settled the pretensions of agitators a respectful attention always awaited him; so devoid of satire or ungentlemanly thrusts, the delight of some men yet their rebuke as well, he was appreciated by both sides for his equal and honorable dealing, not the devotee of sectarianism or the admirer of declamation; while he lost no lustre in the political arena, he took but little there. The man himself, conspicuous for good feeling, courtesy and kindness shone through all his acts; and sad as the fact is, yet of few great men can we say that they carry into the family circle the smiles they seem to reserve for the public. Lemon was a brilliant exception. He preserved at his fireside the same urbanity and exercised the same delightful civilities that distinguished his behavior in the outside world.

Not fitted precisely by nature to fill the numerous parts essential to the success of a great actor, and not following the stage as a profession, it is fair to say but little of what he might have accomplished in that direction. As Falstaff he was inimitable, his portly address so adapting him to the character. He appeared many times before the London public, and perhaps no name was as frequently on the programme when some work of charity was on the tapis as that of Mark Lemon. A quarter of a century ago his name can be found in the cast of "Every Man in his Humor," which was played at Miss Kelly's Theatre, Charles Dickens sustained the part of Captain Bobadil, Lemon that of Brainworm, whilst John Leech, Frank Stone, Gilbert A'Beckett, Douglas Jerrold, Fred Dickens and Dudley Costello completed the list, now alas! all dead; so destructive has been the enemy amongst those who at that time gave a brilliant lustre to the amateur stage.

As an author of poetry and prose, Mark Lemon will be long remembered. He was a frequent contributor to the *Illustrated London News*, the *London Journal*, and always a favorite with the children at the festive Christmas; few had a better appreciation of their demands, which he readily supplied with a mirthful, innocent tale; yet his fame must rest on his long connection with *Punch*, the weekly fun maker of monarchs and rulers, and not a few have winced beneath his well-timed lash. So well known was the *London Charivari* in Europe, that it may be said to have formed a political power of its own; while under such a guide it never flinched from the hour's duty, yet never abused its high position.

It could at times be sober, and sometimes sad. Its elegies on the deaths of Prince Albert, Lord Brougham, and Lord Palmerston may be reckoned among the beauties of our language. But owing to the anonymous system of contributors in England, we know not how many great works remain with the authors undiscovered; probably Lemon contributed more copy week after week in this manner than any other author. He was a host in himself, or he could never have filled the "old chair" in Fleet street for a quarter of a century, nor have so successfully kept up the reputation of the first "Comic" of the day.

At any other period Lemon would have made book literature his sole profession; but as he once said, among such stars as Dickens, Thackeray, Ainsworth, Carlyle, Mill, Trollope, Brooks, and a host of others, it would take a sun to shine. Being gifted with a versatile pen, perhaps he acted wisely in selecting the career of a journalist, which has the advantage of not being so subject to the quicksands of fate and criticism as the precarious calling of the novelist and the pamphleteer.

Douglas Jerrold was a friend of Lemon's and an accomplished wit. I was once in the company of the two great men; what you lost by an affectation of the part he so well played, in the former, you gained in the latter; you expected Jerrold to garnish his conversation with puns and were disappointed if he missed the mark; whilst a vigorous sally from the latter seemed to come as welcome as it was unlooked for. The number of Jerrold's *bon mots* led you to think he could not be truly to the manner born, even if he was, as is asserted; whilst Lemon, quite as happy but not so prolific, seemed to make up a great deal in the *pungency* of his remarks. Jerrold's shafts were like the falling snows in the sunshine, melting as they fell, Lemon's seemed to remain upon the ground the longest.

It is no wonder that he should have been such a favorite with the fair sex, so gallant and so kind, one of his happiest hours was spent in toasting them or replying for them at the numerous banquets he attended. I remember a public dinner being given to celebrate the opening of a railway in Lincolnshire; unable to attend, I asked a friend who were the "big wigs" present. "Well," he said, "Lord So-and-so, and Sir Thomas Somebody, but nobody," he continued, "that was up to anything but Lemon, he was the life and soul of the occasion, and delighted all, particularly the ladies, with his speech." This incident helps to show what the man was, so humorous and good, no fitter occasion could there be, nor one more adapted to suit his happy vein than the one described or referred to.

When Dr. Johnson took his favorite walk down Fleet street, I question whether he ever met a finer man than Lemon, so portly without being ungainly, he possessed as fine exterior as falls to the lot of few; well proportioned and very stout his tallness seemed but to properly arrange

the proportion of his build which was to the eye perfectly symmetrical ; his voice was full and musical, he could adapt it to the small social circle or raise it above the turbulent crowd ; few Londoners but what knew him and even looked behind as he passed. But as he never courted office or public popularity not identified with his sole pet of existence—*Punch*—many a man of letters, though much inferior has had more attention ; for taking him all in all it cannot be said that one has passed from our midst who has had more claims on our admiration, and who has left a name more pure and free from any blot whatever, than the renowned Mark Lemon, who will be more read as his works become known, and who, as a successful satirist, has left a void that will not easily be filled up.

FASHION.

BY ENOLA.

“ONE may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion,” is a very common saying, and I verily believe there are many persons who would shut themselves in for weeks or months from the beautiful light of day rather than appear in public in last year’s style of dress. Fashion is but a mystical myth, whose only habitation is in the eye ; and yet she is a mighty tyrant, who has enslaved and ruled with an iron rod both the lords and ladies of creation from the hour when mother Eve, sad and alone in the garden, manufactured her overskirt and sash from the leaves of the fig tree, down to the day when a million anxious heads and throbbing hearts bend over the last number of Godey or Demorest.

“Once upon a time” there hung on my walls some life-size family portraits, taken sixty years ago. A simple-minded, ignorant neighbor, seeing them for the first time, was greatly perplexed to make out what heathenish nation or outlandish people they represented. When it was explained to her what they were and how long ago they had been taken, with a look of ludicrous surprise, she exclaimed—

“Law sakes alive ! How old fashioned the folks *did use* to dress, didn’t they?”

She could not be made to comprehend the fact that the originals of those pictures had “got themselves up” in the latest style, just as folks do now when they decide on having their features preserved for the eyes of future generations.

But our grandmothers’ dresses, fifty or sixty years ago, could be made with half the material and in a tenth part of the time now required ; and then they could be worn six months, or even a year, without alteration, and not subject the owner to loss of *caste* in the fashionable world.

Indeed, I have a dim recollection of having read or heard that, sometime in the early age of our country, the wedding dress of the mother was preserved and worn by the daughter when, in her turn, she came to figure as a bride. But now, "law sakes alive!" fashions change with every breeze that wafts a ship across the sea, and fashion books flutter through the land thick as the locusts of Egypt, and like them, threaten to destroy "every *green* thing" that lines the pockets of husbands and fathers.

But, if the dress of our grandmothers excited wonder a few years back, what will future generations say to a full dress picture of the present time? Could there be anything more ridiculous, more flimsy and trifling than most of the fashions of the last few years?

I have not patience to describe a suit made in this present year of eighteen hundred and seventy, but here is a pretty correct estimate of the work on one, which was said to be plain in comparison with some:

Number of pieces of material cut, over	.	.	.	300
Number of yards sewing on trimming alone,	.	.	.	200
Number box plaits made, over	.	.	.	100

And all of this had to be done without the aid of that most excellent servant, the sewing machine. That (the sewing machine) did some service on the real dress, which includes plain skirt, waist and sleeves. But the real dress, in these days, is so wreathed and festooned with furbelows, so hung round with wings and plumage of various shapes as to be almost lost to sight.

This foolish extravagance of dress has, however, one redeeming feature; and should some one write a "Song of the *Skirt*," it need not be so sad as the "Song of the *Shirt*." It is a fact; not one to glory in, it is true, but still a fact, that women are far more willing to pay reasonable prices for the making of gay outside apparel than they are for clothing which comes under the term of plain sewing. Any woman with ordinary taste and skill may earn more than a comfortable support from dress-making, while one who had no other dependence than plain sewing could hardly clothe herself decently, though she worked sixteen hours out of twenty-four. A woman, with her hands alone, could make a dress in three days, and receive for the work eight or ten dollars; and the same woman could not, in the same space of time, make more than two fine shirts, for which one dollar or one and a-quarter each would be all she could ask, or all her employer would give. It is no wonder, therefore, that dressmakers are continually introducing new and extravagant fashions. They know how strong is the love of dress, and novelty, and display. When any complain of their charges they have an unfailing argument, and it is this: "If you will have and can afford unnecessary appendages to your dress you must pay for having them put on."

But people generally do not like plain arguments any better than they like plain dresses, so I will finish this article with a few rhymes, by way of trimming.

Gay, whimsical, changeable Fashion, they say,
Is in want of a thousand brisk fingers to-day;
She is willing to pay, but I tell you right plain
That her work's never done, so you need not complain.
I called at her shop, ('tis no matter what for,
But please understand I'm her servant no more,)
But the people I saw, who came in and went out,
With your leave I should like to say something about.

There was "Flora McFlimsy," (but that you all know,
For, like Mary's pet lamb, she is quite sure to go
Where Fashion may lead). Then Miss Nora O'Flounce
Rushed in like a breeze, with a "wriggle" and bounce,
Just to ask whether *seventy* yards, more or less,
Were sufficient to ruffle her new summer dress.
Plain Mrs. Economy, slender and neat,
Thought *seven* would make her a suit complete.

There were Laura Le Mode and Delinda De Vain,
Disputing about the right length of a train.
The Camels, two sisters, have "got up their backs,"
And clamor for more goods to fill out their sacks.
"We must have larger 'panniers,' " I hear them contend,
"And more weight to carry, or how can we 'bend?' "
Some sit there with hands full of samples, and sigh
Because they can't make up their minds which to buy.

And others ask questions enough in a breath
To put all but Folly and Fashion to death;
While each says: "Do hurry! 'Tis true, I declare!
I must have my new dress, for I've nothing to wear."

The art of starching, though known to the manufacturers of Flanders, did not reach England till 1564, when Queen Elizabeth first set up a coach. Her coachman, named Baernan, was a Dutchman; his wife understood the art of starching, a secret she seems exclusively to have possessed, and of which the queen availed herself.

THE ORAN-UTAN

BY C. C. A.

IN the good old days of our grandfathers, a monkey was a monkey nothing more nor less; was a beast that perished, as the ox and ass; *et id omne genus*. But the age of improvement is one of marvellous taste in some respects; for now our *grandfathers* were men, but *their* great, very great, very greatly great grandfathers were—alas! that we should live to see it—monkeys! The finishing link of the chain of “development” was making a descendant of a chap, like him in our picture, *the first man*. We wonder if Mr. First, when he grew up, did love his poppy. Poor boy, we cannot blame him if he didn’t.

The oran-utan, a native of the Malay Archipelago, is one of those largest apes that in its anatomy much resemble man in his, and from this fact is called by naturalists “anthropoid,” or man-like. Possessing, in a

rudimentary way, memory and mimicry, in addition to their natural habits, which show something of human in them, these large apes are capable of domestication to a certain extent; but having fierce dispositions, and uncertain tempers, they are, to say the least, "dangerous pets." In their native "habitat," they live mostly in heavily wooded districts, and *in* the trees, as well as among them; being there as fully at home as man is upon the ground. Their food is almost wholly vegetable, fruits and nuts, with the vermin of each other's heads, which might be called vegetable too, being the *fruit* of their labor in searching them out.

Two naturalists, travelling in one of the larger islands of the Malay Archipelago, happened in one of the favorite haunts of the oran-utan, when one of the travelers was taken somewhat out of sorts, and concluded to return to their headquarters. Carelessly entering the bamboo hut, and throwing himself in his hammock, he was soon in deep sleep and oblivious of headache and other ills. But a short time before an oran-utan had entered, and quietly settled itself in a corner. After eyeing his sleeping enemy, as he lay in the hammock, for considerable time, the monkey concluded to reconnoitre; and unable to perch above our friend, caught hold of the ropes of the hammock and swung himself in also. The occupant was only half roused by the intruder, and giving his bed-fellow a push, grumbled, "Keep on your own side." Mr. Monkey clawed back, and spit in the traveller's face to boot; who, now slowly waking, murmured with a sigh, "*O, I'm to be pitied. My wife scolds me all day, and kicks me all night.*" Just then his fellow-traveller returned; and they laughed at least a little.

As every school reader, geography and elementary zoology has details of their habits, we need go no more into particulars; but would return to the so-called "development" theory, that really culminates in monkeys, especially the oran-utan and other anthropoid apes.

So much has been written of late on this theory—advocated, too, by men of acknowledged ability—it may seem presumptuous to offer any remarks; but *why we* cannot accept it as true, we will venture to state. Admitting the influence of surrounding nature upon life, and dependence of life upon its fitness to its surroundings; there is yet an insuperable barrier in the way, when we consider that the *more human* offspring of the ape, in its youth, would be *less* adapted to its surroundings than its parents, and if uncared for by a Higher Power, must inevitably perish. The absence of hair upon the body would make it less able to guard against both the chilling rain and scorching heat of the tropics; and so the miracle of Providential interference in its behalf must be called into play—but this is not in the programme of development; and why not as readily believe that God hath made man from new material, as to be forced to admit He must have nursed the infant of an ape?

A TRIP TO DIXIE.

BY CHANK.—NO. I.

“ONE ticket from Trenton to Washington: how much?” “Sixty-eighty.” All aboard! and on we go, by New York, Washington & Baltimore Railroad, *alias* Camden & Amboy. In one of Pullman’s elegant sleeping cars, over a solid, smooth road, we fly onward at the rate of forty miles per hour, retire for the night, and fall into a kind of rumbling sleep—sensible that we are rapidly traveling, but insensible of time, place or outward surroundings. Night has let in the day, and we have passed Philadelphia, and are at the capital of the nation—Washington. How much it means to an American—aye, to every man—there is no time to tell, or even think. But that you are surrounded by a rushing crowd of anxious, selfish men, seeking exit from those quiet palaces which, a few hours before, for all that you could see, contained only tired, sleepy travelers, going home, it might be; at any rate having no special business to disturb them. Now, all is hurry and jam and bustle and business; men with axes to grind, and upon the successful grinding of which hangs their failure or fortune. Just enough awake to know these things and see this crowd of politicians, office-seekers, lobbyists, carpet-baggers and gamblers safely out, we are quiet once more among a few sleepy ones who remain.

On we go, by the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, towards Richmond. Washington and Richmond, Grant and Lee, names of places and persons that history will never let die. Success and defeat, hope and despair, belong to their history forever. Coming into a part of our country abounding with associations of intense and lasting interest, all thought of sleep is gone, and we pass out to the platform of the rear car for a bird’s eye view of Manassas Junction. The engineer whistles down the brakes, and we are there just in the centre of the battle-field, where men fought till the earth was crimson and they were cold. Earthworks on either side, an unexploded shell or cannon ball here and there; on the right, Confederate earthworks, and on the left, those of the Union forces, and just in sight of the station, upon an arch over a gate-way that opens to a still, quiet field, where are ornaments and shrubbery, and hillocks six by three, upon some of which blossom sad flowers, in large letters you read, “*Confederate dead;*” and below, on a plate upon the gate, the words “*are here.*” And I am told that men now lift the latch with reverence, and enter solemnly, for the words “*Confederate dead are here*” mean to them more than loss of friends—mean loss of home and country and hope. Let us wish that time and gentle charity will soften and heal all these wounds. I was told that a woman raised a large sum of money to improve

this cemetery, and after using a little for that purpose, took herself and the money to the North; and there are those who are anxious to know her whereabouts.

Manassas is a little village; we are there but a moment; the train passes on and we are at Culpeper Court House. How familiar these names are: little stations, formerly of no significance to any beyond two or three hundred natives, now places that students of history will seek out and study with the greatest interest. A Union soldiers' cemetery is here maintained at the expense of the government, laid out handsomely and kept by a man who resides in a dwelling within the enclosure, over which the Stars and Stripes float mournfully. Under their shadow lie noble, brave men, beloved, who died willingly, that the Union they loved better than life might not be severed. Their glory is beyond the reach of envious tongues to tarnish.

Ten minutes for refreshments at Gordonsville, and an ovel way of serving them. Negro women pass along the platform by the car windows, balancing large servers on their heads. Temptingly laid upon a neat napkin is a variety from which you may choose without leaving your seat, and pass out your change through the window. Broiled chickens, sandwiches, coffee, cakes, pies, &c., nicely cooked, at a reasonable price, are hastily disposed of by the hungry passengers:

Game and fowls are very abundant in this section, at prices that make the stomach of a Northerner rapacious at once: splendid turkeys for one dollar, partridges two dollars per dozen, and so on. Looking at this point alone one would say, "Let me live in Gordonsville." Beef, however, is not to be compared with ours; and, after all, who wants turkey and woodcock and partridge when he can get roast beef? "The grapes are sour."

Change cars at this place for Richmond. Eating reminds me that drinking is an accompaniment; and drinking, we come to Brandy Station, but not drinking brandy. Only half a dozen houses here; and like nearly all other places on the line, prominent only by its war record. At Gordonsville, a gentleman takes part of our seat. "Going to Richmond, I presume?" "Yes." "Fine day?" "Yes, sir, remarkably fine winter, seems more like Fall than December." "It does so, indeed." "You got on here, I think. Do you belong in the place?" "I was born here, sir, and it has always been my home." "Did you take any part in the late war?" "I was an officer on Stonewall Jackson's staff, and served from the beginning to the close of the war in the Confederate army." Of course we were at once interested in this at first rather reticent gentleman, who soon grew earnest in conversation upon the subject of the late war. He said the South acknowledged and submitted to their defeat; were ready to bury the hatchet and be friends; thought their cause was just, and under similar circumstances would espouse it.

again. His remarks concerning Stonewall Jackson were exceedingly interesting. He said: "It was the custom of Stonewall Jackson to mingle among the soldiers, cultivating a familiar acquaintance and sympathizing with them. He generally wore the dress of a private, and could be recognized only by those who knew him personally. He shared their hardships and ate of the same food; he listened to their stories and received their messages. I remember that on one occasion he dismounted from his horse and put a poor wounded soldier in his saddle, going beside him on foot. It was his custom to gather those about him who were in the vicinity of his tent, for evening prayer. He would talk and pray with them, bid them to retire; and often, after seeing them asleep, mount his horse, and in the morning be twenty-five miles away to some other portion of his army." Speaking of Lee and Jackson, the officer remarked, "Lee we admired; Stonewall Jackson we loved. That Jackson was a sincere Christian, who loved even his enemy, was seen in his words and especially in his prayers. I once heard him use this language in prayer: 'If it be Thy will, Heavenly Father, that our arms are successful this day, give us charity and Christian love for our enemies; but if it is not Thy will that we should be successful, may we have Christian fortitude to bear up under the misfortune. May we not only be good soldiers of the army, but good soldiers of the cross of Christ.' With such a leader, how could we but love him?"

Stopping to wood and water at Knowles Station, we see a hut only a few steps away. Going to the door, we meet a large negro woman. "Have you any good drinking water? I should like some." "Yes, massa, out dar in de well." "Is it good?" "You bet, massa; no better anywhar in dis region." We draw down the old-fashioned bucket attached to a pole, which is connected to the sweep by a chain, and lifting it upon the curb are just enjoying the liquid draught, when a voice from the door reaches and somewhat disconcerts us: "Look 'ere, dar, 'twon't do to drink out o' dat ere bucket." Satisfied as to the source, we turned to finish the draught. "See here, dere, rooster, you get out o' dat;" and accompanying the words with a forward movement direct for us, we travelled in a straight line for the train, which was just moving away.

Approaching Richmond, everything about us recalled vividly to mind the stirring events of yesterday. The marks of devastation were everywhere visible, yet the restoring hand of peace was also manifest. The Ballard House is one of the finest and best managed hotels in the country, North or South. Hospitality is still a marked characteristic of the Southern man, as we found to our real pleasure in transacting the business which brought us to the city. In every instance we were warmly welcomed by the men with whom we had to deal, and acquaintances were made which we trust will ripen to friendships. Messrs. A. Y. Stokes &

Co., and Winston & Powells, of Richmond; Wm. T. Harrison & Co., Wm. Fallen & Co., Gwathney, Day & Powell, of Norfolk, are among the representative business firms of these cities, and their transactions are conducted on an immense scale.

My entrance into Richmond was signalized by a little event to others, perhaps; but an interesting one to me. Having business transactions that made it necessary according to a city law, of which I was ignorant, for me to obtain a license, I went on to see among others the parties before named, and was prosecuting my business successfully, when a city detective suddenly introduced himself to me and desired my company. I went as requested, and he led me to the office of Police Justice White, where I was charged and tried for a violation of the city law. My companion criminals, numbered about fifty in all, and I the only white man among them. My case was called at last, and I demanded a trial. I called my witnesses, defended myself, and was fully acquitted, upon which my new made friends in the city congratulated me heartily. Judge White is as considerate and upright a man as I have met. The only loss was to the detective in \$25.00, one-half the amount of the fine, which he would have received in case of my sentence.

Old Libby Prison is now a store house, grist mill and saw mill. Some of the "boys" will remember to have heard the name before, and perhaps some others besides, who loved the "boys." We go from Richmond to Petersburg, making a short stop; from thence to Norfolk, where the Northern element is quite noticeable. The city of Petersburg has marks of cannon ball and bomb shells upon its buildings still. In Norfolk part of some of the streets are occupied by cotton merchants as warehouses, and in them are stored hundreds of bales of cotton awaiting shipment.

The South is ready for business, only capital and enterprise are needed; the country is finer and more attractive than the West. We need to foster good feeling that there may be no North or South, no East or West in social business or governmental relations; but one country, and that the *United States of America*.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow—attend to the lessons of history, and be instructed by them.

"The best portion of a good man's life are his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

BATTLING AGAINST ODDS.

BY HELEN POWER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PROPOSAL AND ITS REJECTION—MUTUAL CONFIDENCE AND SYMPATHY.

“**L**ORD Westfield, this is indeed a surprise !”

“Almost as great a one to myself as to you,” said his lordship, smiling, as he shook Lady Waterbury warmly by the hand. “I little thought, a week ago, that I should have had the pleasure of seeing you so soon. But allow me to introduce my friend, Lord Carrington.”

His lordship, a pleasant-looking young man with fair hair and blue eyes, acknowledged the introduction by a graceful bow, and also those which followed to Miss Grey and Miss Courtenay. Emile, who was sitting by a window opposite when they entered the inn parlor, turned her head for a moment and then resumed her former position. Lord Carrington left the group at the farther end of the room, and stood beside her ; but she did not move, even when aware of his close proximity, until he said in a low voice :

“Miss Hoefenfels, Emile, have you no welcome for me ?”

She raised her eyes full of reproach to his face, while the crimson deepened on her cheeks, but without noticing his proffered hand.

“How can you ask the question, my lord ? It was unkind—nay, it was cruel in you to come here.” She rose : “I thought heretofore that Lord Carrington was too much the gentleman to take advantage of the unprotected situation of a friendless girl.”

She would have passed him, but he stood before her. “Emile, you pain me. I acknowledge that your reproach is deserved ; but let me plead, as an only excuse, my great love for you. I cannot live away from you.” She passed him without another word, and left the room.

It was near sunset the following evening that the party, mounted on mules, wound slowly up the rugged mountain road ; and Emile and Lord Carrington, who were a little behind the rest, were talking earnestly. It was not an arrangement to her liking, but his companionship under the circumstances had been unavoidable.

“Emile,” said Lord Carrington, after a pause, “I have asked the question once ; will you deem it presumption in me if I ask it again ? It is that which has brought me here. You have not known me long, and I could not expect you to love me as I should wish to be loved ; but I want hope. I know, too, how galling it would be to a nature like yours to enter into my family without a welcome ; and the more I thought

of our last interview the plainer it seemed to me—shall I say it?—that this might have been the principal cause of your refusal; so I could not resist the temptation of seeing you once more."

"You have had my answer once, my lord; why ask me to repeat it?" said Emile, sadly. "Even if I loved you, I could not force myself into your family, to bring contention and estrangement for you; for myself, scorn, hatred and contempt. No, no; if you knew what would really promote your own happiness, you would not ask it; even you yourself, in a short time, would begin to count the cost. What happiness could such a union bring? Your relatives would never become reconciled; and I repeat, you would count the cost and find that the sacrifice had been too great."

"Never!" exclaimed Lord Carrington. "I am my own master; no one has any right to interfere except my mother, and even for her I will not give you up. I have told my sisters more than once that I will marry no wife of their choosing; and, besides," he continued with a smile, "they all love me too well (I am the only son and representative, you know,) to nurse their anger long after the step is taken irretrievably, and will soon conclude to make the best of it. They will begin to discover, first, how beautiful and talented you are; then that your family is good (low birth would be an eye-sore to the Carringtons forever): but as there is nothing to fear on that score, I can safely promise that the clouds will soon blow over."

Emile's face flushed painfully, and she spoke as if with a slight effort "Suppose, Lord Carrington, I was to tell you that instead of being of good but reduced family, I was only an humble Bavarian bauer's daughters who, before her appearance on the stage, had been a buy-a-broom girl in the streets of London."

"Why suppose what we all know is not true?" Your face is enough to silence such a supposition."

"Lord Carrington," she answered, smiling sadly, "You are wrong; I have told you only the truth."

"You are but jesting," he said, with a start, fixing his eyes upon her face. Her look must have convinced him, for he did not repeat the question, but after a moment's silence said: "Whatever your parentage may be is of little consequence to me. It is for yourself I love you, and I can only love you the more for the confession you have made to-day. Emile, you are a noble woman; and the greatest blessing you can bestow upon me is to consent to become my wife. Don't speak hastily; think well before you answer."

They rode on in silence, and it seemed a long pause to Walter Carrington. Emile was tempted as she had never been before. What would Frank Linley think to hear she had become Lady Carrington? and oh! she was so lonely, so friendless and desolate: would she not find a haven

of rest in a husband's protecting love such as she had not known for years? Setting self aside, would it not be a poor return for such unselfish, generous devotion to give her hand to him, while her heart was wholly another's? Could she hope to be a good, true wife: would she do evil that good might come of it? No; her resolve was taken.

At length she spoke, with a varying color on her sweet face as she raised her eyes to his: "Lord Carrington, I am about to make a confession to you which I have never made, and would not make to any other living creature, because I feel I owe it to you after the noble generosity you have displayed toward me. I have been tempted, bitterly tempted, to wrong you. I am so desolate and friendless that I had almost made up my mind to seek a haven of rest in the security of your protecting love and care—"

"Emile, my darling, don't say almost; say that you will. I will shelter you. Come to me, Emile, and my life shall be devoted to your happiness."

She continued, without heeding the interruption—"to give you my hand, when I had no heart to offer. Lord Carrington, I loved another before I ever saw you."

What a change came over his bright face—such a look of sharp, sudden pain; and when he spoke his voice was husky: "Then why not tell me before that you were already betrothed to another?"

"No, no," cried Emile; "Can a woman make a more bitter, humiliating confession than to acknowledge that her love has been thrown away? He awakened to a sense of his folly in time to avert the evil, and I freed him from the engagement."

"Villain!" said Lord Carrington.

"Oh! no, my lord, he does not deserve the appellation. He was of high family, ambitious and poor; he was right; it could not be; and the same bar which destroyed my happiness, rises up between us also. Lord Carrington, it cannot be; after what I have said, you could scarcely wish it; our paths lie far apart; go, forget me and be happy; it is better for us both."

"Emile, is this your final answer?"

"It is," she answered sadly.

"Then I will go; but I cannot promise to forget you. The future is very dark; the light of my life has gone out, Emile, in losing you."

The next morning Lord Carrington left them, *en route* for London.

They were to separate in the morning, and Emile would fain have made this evening twice as long, if she could; it was so sad to think of parting with these new-made friends, who had touched so many chords of sympathy with her own heart. What was there in common between her and these grand people, members of English aristocracy? Had she not proved the folly of thinking she could be anything to one of these?

She had listened time and again to Mlle. Lefitte's ill-natured remarks; had heard herself called an upstart, street-sweeper, &c., who gave herself the airs of a princess, with scarcely a feeling, save one of cool indifference. It was only when her affections were called into question that the shafts went home, and she could feel now that the venomous darts of envy and malice had rankled uncorsciously about her heart to bear bitter fruit again and again.

It had been a pleasant evening, or apparently so, to them all. Emile had been in one of her gayest moods, and made herself the life of the little circle. The major, too, jested and laughed, seeming to forget that he was not quite so young as he had been twenty years ago. Even Julia was roused from her usual apathy into something of her old life and spirits, and it was pleasant to see how bright Lord Westfield's face had grown, watching the shadow flee away from hers. Little Blanche Courtenay, also, with her patient face upturned to Emile's seemed to be enjoying herself most thoroughly, and remarked once in an undertone:

"How well Julia is looking; she has been quite like herself these last few days, and I think it is all your doing, Miss Hoefenfels."

She sang, too, very sweetly, at his lordship's request, although she had not practised for a long time, and after she finished, insisted on Emile's following her good example, a request in which they all joined. She chose one of her old German songs. They all praised her voice, and Lord Westfield her pronunciation.

"You forget that it is my native tongue," said Emile, laughing.

"Almost," he replied.; "You speak English so well, and with such freedom from accent. I should think at least that you had been chiefly educated in our language."

Lady Waterbury alone said nothing, but with her eyes fixed upon the fair singer's face, seemed to drink in the words as they fell from her lips, with an eager, questioning gaze, very unlike her usual manner, and was quieter the remainder of the evening. It was only after they had all retired with the exception of herself and Lady Waterbury that Emile's spirits sank with a dread of the dreary future. Now, as she sat watching Lady Waterbury's sweet face, she could scarcely resist an almost uncontrollable impulse to throw her arms around her, and pillow her weary head on her bosom, feeling how sweet it would be to have such a mother. As it was, she could not resist the desire to go over and sit down at her feet, then, overcome by her feelings, she hid her face in her lap and burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. Lady Waterbury, with an expression of surprise and pain, tried to soothe her in her gentle way; and Emile calmed herself somewhat, at last saying, with an effort at composure:

"You must think me very weak and foolish; but oh! if you only knew how lonely I am, and how disgusted with life."

“My poor child,” said Lady Waterbury softly; “it is very sad to hear you talk so, you who were an hour ago so full of life and spirits. You are very young to become weary of life, too young, my child.”

“Oh! Lady Waterbury, I can’t bear to think of going away from you, I have been so happy with you all, that I feel as if I would like to travel on with you through life’s journey as well. If you only knew of the great craving in my heart for love you would pity me. Oh! I envy you, I envy you so.”

Lady Waterbury looked down at her in sad surprise. “Not me, not me, my child!” she cried with a kind of bitter, smothered pain in her voice; “may the hand of affliction never fall with as crushing a weight on your life as it has fallen on mine. You are going back to your childhood’s home, why not think of the welcome awaiting you there? why not think of that, my dear? I am only partially acquainted with your history, but I have been told that you were the daughter of a high but reduced family, which nothing is needed to confirm. I have heard gentlemen say that your face alone bespoke high birth, only that your cast of features would lead them to believe that you were of noble English rather than German origin. You have truly an English face. I do not mean to flatter you,” she added, observing the quick flush overspreading Emile’s features.

“They are under a delusion,” the actress answered in a calmer, clearer voice, fixing her eyes full upon her companion. “I never heard before the prevailing impression with regard to my birth, or rather, I should say, until very lately, and believed that my parentage was known to the world. I am only an humble bauer’s daughter, and I should indeed deserve the contempt of the world if I were ashamed of my parents. My poor father, with his great true heart, unswerving honor, and uprightness was a true type of his class, one of nature’s gentlemen; and my mother was his counterpart in excellence. If they had only lived, how proud I should have been to call them my father and my mother, to win fame and applause for their sakes; to be the stay and companion of their declining years, guiding their feeble steps when they grew old and helpless even as they have guided mine. How proud and happy I should be with such an incentive to exertion, instead of the lonely, wretched girl that I am; and bitterly I feel how true it is that we live not for ourselves alone. You say I am going home; I have none, and not a single relative in my native village to welcome me back; my mother sleeps in the church-yard there, and my father—was run over and killed by a nobleman’s carriage in London. I am going back with the faint hope of seeing or hearing from my tutor, the guide of my childhood and youth, dear, good Ernest Swartz.”

Lady Waterbury started, her face flushed slightly, and she repeated the name, then after a slight pause asked eagerly, “Did you know him?”

Checking herself, however, in a moment, she added quietly, "I had a friend of that name once, but it is not probable there is any connection between the two, although the one I allude to was a German teacher."

A sudden light broke like a flash over Emile's face, and she answered, without removing her eyes from her companion: "The Ernest Swartz of whom I spoke was minister of the parish in which I lived, a true Christian minister, not one in name only, and looked up to and loved by his flock as one might have loved an angel of mercy."

A slight shade of disappointment passed over her ladyship's features. "No, they are not the same, the one I allude to was a noble young fellow, but proud and impetuous, with little of the meekness of spirit requisite for a follower of our blessed Saviour. Poor Ernest!" and she sighed.

"I have a miniature of him," Emile replied, "taken years ago, which he gave me just before I left Bavaria," and detaching it from a chain she placed it in Lady Waterbury's hand. "Dear lady, they are the same, only that you knew him in the proud flush of early manhood, and I after sorrow had lain upon him heavily with a subduing, purifying influence."

Her ladyship opened it with nervous fingers, and gazed upon the handsome face with its lofty forehead, light waving hair, and glorious eyes, true indices of the great soul. It was taken years before, ere sorrow had dimmed the brilliance of his beauty, and tears welled into her eyes at the rush of recollections it recalled.

"My dear child, I did not know I was so weak," she said, putting the miniature into Emile's hand, and resting her head on her shoulder. "It has been so many years since I gazed upon that face in its proud beauty. Did he tell you the story of his youth, of the fatal love which darkened his life and hers?"

"I know all, dear friend," Emile answered softly; "how his love for you was the passion of his youth, and its memory the saddened light of later years."

"I am glad to hear from him after the lapse of so many years," said Lady Waterbury; "when he went I thought the darkest cloud that could fall upon a woman's life had fallen on mine. I do not think any one suspected my ill-fated attachment except my mother, and I let them make all the preparations for my marriage without a word of assent or dissent, remaining all the time in a state of hopeless apathy. I would rather that my bridal robe had been my shroud. Yet, after it was all over, and I accompanied my husband on our wedding tour, my spirits began to revive. I kept my secret well; so well, that I do not think he ever suspected my love for another. Heaven only knows, Emile, how hard I struggled to overcome it, and to give my heart where I had given my hand; but I could not love my husband, and I fear that my coldness at times grieved him. Time passed on, and I was happier than I had ever hoped to be again; my child was my idol, Emile, on her I lavished all the love which

my husband should have shared. Oh! she was a little darling, with her golden curls and beautiful blue eyes; indeed we both doted on her, she was such an affectionate little creature.

“One bright afternoon as I sat in my dressing room, with my little Emily in my lap, Jane, the nurse, came in to know if she could take her out to the park for an airing. ‘Not this evening, Jane,’ I answered, ‘I think she caught cold the last time she was out, it is too damp for her.’ Jane looked disappointed; ‘Oh! it is a beautiful evenin’ ma’am, and the dear little creature enjoys it so much.’ I would have said no again, but my child put out her arms and said, ‘Jane, Jane,’ in the sweetest of infantile voices. ‘Go, get her wrappings then, but you must not take her far, and be sure you do not stay long.’ Little I thought as I dressed her that day I should never see my child again, of the cruel, cruel blow in store for me. All other sorrows of my life were nothing in comparison to this, Emile, and it has rankled in my heart for seventeen years. I was not afraid to trust her with Jane, yet after the door closed I scarcely know why, I was sorry I had let her go. Soon after they went out, however, some ladies called, and insisted on my going with them to see a new and beautiful picture at the Royal Institution. I did not feel inclined to go out; but as Alfred had wished it, I went. The sun was down when I returned, it was growing dusk and raining heavily, a shower had come on quite unexpectedly with a little thunder and considerable wind. I sprang out hurriedly, bid my friends good evening, and ran up the steps. Jane was not in my room when I went in; I threw off my wrappings, then, unable to restrain my impatience any longer, rang the bell. ‘Tell Jane to bring the child here at once,’ I said, as soon as the servant appeared. ‘Not come home yet!’ I cried, repeating the footman’s answer; ‘Good Heavens! what is the meaning of this?’ I ran down stairs white with apprehension, and met Alfred just coming in to dinner. ‘My dear Emily, what is the matter,’ he asked, observing my agitation. ‘O, my child!’ I cried, wringing my hands, ‘Jane never stayed out so long before, something has happened to my child!’ Mr. Courtenay’s brow grew dark. ‘This shall not be repeated,’ he said sternly; ‘I will discharge her if it ever occurs again.’ He tried to soothe me by saying he supposed she had stayed gossiping in the park until obliged to seek shelter from the rain, and begging me not to distress myself, went to send the footman and butler in search of the missing, and then, after striding several times up and down the floor, went out himself. O, Emile! I never knew how I lived through that terrible night, as the hours wore on without bringing any tidings. All inquiries were fruitless, the throngers of the park had scattered long ago. The police were put on the search, but without avail, and Mr. Courtenay came home at last in a passion, vowing that Jane should suffer for her misconduct; but I did not say a word against her, for I had a dreadful

foreboding which I would not have dared to put in words. The morrow came, and still no tidings of my darling or her nurse, and all we ever learned was, that they had been seen, Jane and my little Emily, walking with a foppish looking man in the park on that fatal afternoon, nothing more. I lay for days in a darkened room, refusing food, and every one thought a brain fever would have been the result; but I did not become physically ill, at least no marked attack followed, though the mental agony wore me away to a shadow of myself; and it was months ere I could be prevailed upon to leave my room. Yet bitter as this trial was, it was not without its good. In my great sorrow I learned to appreciate my husband's devotion, and to cling to him as I might otherwise never have done; and in the saddened years which followed I learned to love him as he deserved to be loved, rousing myself from the crushing weight that overshadowed my life to be cheerful for his sake. But all this time I have secretly hoped against hope that I should some time at least know their fate. If I only knew that my child was dead; but I sometimes draw dark pictures which almost madden me. I think of her growing up somewhere in London, amid low haunts of poverty and vice, in rags, but worse than all, leading a life of infamy like those around her."

Emile wound her arms closer around her new made friend, and Lady Waterbury wiping the tears from her own eyes, kissed the sweet face upturned to hers.

"I have unburdened my heart to you, my love, as I have never done to any one before," she added. "Do you believe in bonds of sympathy that draw hearts together involuntarily?"

"Oh! I do, I do," exclaimed Emile, a beautiful light illumining her expressive features; "I have felt it in a few instances only, for during my sad life I have not met with many congenial spirits. Yet I think it has served to make my love for the few doubly intense; and in losing them I have lost my all."

"Then you will promise to give me a place in your heart, Emile," Lady Waterbury answered, drawing her head closer until it rested upon her bosom. "May I not make up to you in a measure for the loved ones who are gone?"

"Oh! you already have a place in my heart, and that is why I am so sorry to go away from you. I am nothing to you; you will go and forget me—you, who have so many more to love."

"My heart is large, Emile, and I shall ever keep a place for you. I shall seldom think of you as anything but what you have seemed to-night, a childlike, impulsive girl, ready alike to give or receive sympathy."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BREAK IN THE MONOTONY OF CONVICT LIFE.

"GET up, Doctor," shouted the captain, rushing into Frank's room one bright morning, soon after sunrise, and paused beside the bed panting and out of breath from over-exertion.

"What's the matter?" inquired Linley, opening his eyes. "Why, the sun is up! I seldom sleep so late, but I passed a restless night. What's the matter?"

"Matter!" answered the captain, "oh, only a little incident, got up, I suppose, to relieve the monotony of our solitary life, viz.: a party of convicts who were at work some distance from the barracks, have knocked down the guard and made their escape into the bush. By the way, No. 36 is among the missing."

"Made their escape?" echoed Frank, sitting upright.

"Yes; and a party under Lieutenant Selby have gone in hot pursuit. It is supposed their intention is to reach the sea coast; and once there, to make a signal to the first vessel that bears in sight."

"Poor devils! they have sealed their own doom, I fear," remarked the surgeon with a half sigh as he sank back on his pillow; "they will die of starvation in the bush."

"Ah! I fear so," replied the captain; "but get up, Frank, and make haste, for your services are needed instanter to sew up a broken head or something of that nature; one of the guard has been pretty badly hurt by a blow from a shovel."

"I will be with you in a moment," said Frank, springing out of bed, and after making a hasty toilet, announced his readiness to go.

"You are not looking well this morning," the captain observed, as they turned to leave the room; "why your hands and cheeks are burning; my dear fellow, you are ill."

"Only a headache, I hope; but any way, duty must be attended to you know."

"Nonsense; I insist on your going back to bed, you are really not fit to be up."

Frank shook his head. "When I have attended to this patient I will; come, let us go. Give me your arm, Captain, my head is a little dizzy," and they went out together.

The two weeks which followed were a blank to Frank Linley, during which time he had lain ill of a low nervous fever that seriously endangered his life. The officers, with whom he was a prime favorite, were all kind and attentive, but Captain Wilson in particular, proved a true friend and a kind nurse.

A good constitution, however, finally triumphed over disease, and Frank's first question when he became conscious was relative to the

escaped convicts. The consequences were what might have been expected. The two who survived, after their wanderings through the bush, were found by the soldiers in pursuit as they emerged towards the sea shore, in a terrible state of emaciation, torn, bleeding, and almost destitute of clothing, their wild eyes gleaming with the ferocity of famished tigers ; and the joy of these poor wretches at falling into the hands of those from whom they had been so anxious to escape a short time previous, was not surprising under the circumstances. But, horrible to relate, one of them had a kind of bag made of the remains of a shirt slung across his shoulders, which on examination was found to contain a human leg, accounting too well, as they themselves acknowledged, for the fate of their companions. Crazy with hunger, these men withheld by no moral restraint, having sunk already almost to the lowest depths of human degradation, had cast lots and like wild beasts devoured each other.

Frank's recovery was very slow, and it was some time before he was even well enough to answer his mother's letter, which he told her he had been prevented by indisposition from replying to sooner. She would have been shocked to see what an effort even this exertion cost him, and doubly so at his white face and hollow eyes.

Shortly after this, but before he was well enough to leave his room, as he sat propped up in an arm-chair with pillows one gloomy morning, a jailor put his head in at the door. "'Opes you're better, Doctor," he began, taking off his hat politely.

"A great deal better, thank you, Mullens," said Frank, looking up from a medical book with a smile ; "come in."

"You've 'ad a mighty spell of it Doctor."

"Yes ; but I shall soon be all right again, I hope."

"Hi'm sorry to worry you, Doctor, bein' as you're so hunder the weather, but No. 36 is been givin' us an 'eap of trouble. He wunt take the medicine as you sent, and we can't do nothin' with 'im no way at all, sir, me an' the cornet."

"How did you manage him ?"

"I was rather afeard to go in at first, sir, but we found him lyin' quite quiet, though he fixed them orful eyes on our faces and glared at us mightily. The cornet walked hover to the bed hin a very stiff, dignified manner, sir, lookin'—hif I may use the 'spression, sir—as hif he 'ad swallowed a poker. 'They tell me,' says he wery sternly, lookin' though at the table, to see if there were any cups and sarcers. He was much braver, I think, though, arter a good look at his face, for he seemed to be surprised at its 'maciated happearence ; hany way, he came right hup to the bed, and says he : 'Mullens tells me that you have been wery troublesome.' He stopped a minute 'ere to see what heffect his words 'ad produced, and then went on, 'and I have been commissioned to see that

you take the medicine which the doctor has prescribed, he being too ill to attend to it in person ; so I will tell you at once that I will have no trifling, and remember you haven't Mullens to deal with.' I believe them was his hexact words, sir. He turned majestercally on 'is 'eel, and mixed the powder in a spoon ; but hif he 'ad seen the look the convict guv 'im, I think he wouldn't 'av come so near hagain ; it frightened me, and I took a few steps towards the door, thinkin' prudence the better part of valor. Presently he come back hagain with the spoon in his 'and, and No. 36 yelled out with an horful hoath, 'I'll take none hof yer cussed stuff, and hif yer not hoff in a jiffy, blast my peepers hif I don't smash yer skull inter a jelly.' The cornet seemed taken aback mightily, sir, and I thought he was goin' to make for the door, but he didn't, though I think his 'and trembled as he 'eld hout the spoon. 'None of your blustering, my good fellow,' says he, 'take it instantly, or—' The convict fairly shrieked this time, sir, with rage, as he raised his skinny arm and shook hit fiercely, and hin hanother moment he 'ad sprung from the bed and wus hon 'im like a tiger. I didn't think myself the strength was in 'im, sir, he was so wasted and gone to nothing like. The cornet guv one yell and they fell on the floor together."

"The lieutenant and I rushed in, just time enough to prevent him from being strangled," the captain said, "and it was as much as we could do to make the poor wretch let go his hold. He was as furious as a wild beast ; but when we at last succeeded in getting him back to bed, he lay there panting and quite exhausted, gnashing his teeth with rage. As soon as the poor cornet was helped to his feet, and we ascertained that he was not seriously hurt, we both indulged in an explosive burst of laughter, much to that gentleman's indignation ; for lo ! and behold ! the crowning misfortune of the defeat was—what do you think ?"

The captain paused, his face indicating the most intense enjoyment.

"I cannot imagine," said Frank, laughing, "unless you allude to a black eye, or a nose a little the worse for the wear after the conflict."

"Worse than that," cried the captain, his laughter beginning afresh ; "one half of that beautiful moustache, which used to turn the heads of all the ladies with admiration, and of all the gentlemen with envy, had been plucked out by the roots."

If the unfortunate owner of that most unfortunate moustache had overheard the hearty burst of merriment which followed at his expense, his indignation would have known no bounds, so it was a fortunate circumstance that he happened to be in his own room, mourning vainly over its loss.

"Doctor, I came in to ask what you thought 'ad better be done hunder the present state of haffairs," Mullens began again, as he edged nearer to the door, "thinking mebbe you might 'ave more hinfluence hover him than the rest hof us—that is, sir, if you were well enough to go and see

him, fur hit's my hopinion he's wery badly in want of 'avin' somethin' done fur him at once, sir."

"You are right," said Frank, meditatively, and then rising with a slight effort, signified his readiness to accompany him.

"You will do no such thing, Doctor," said the captain. "You are not well enough to exert yourself at present, let alone trying to influence that imp of Satan. I will not consent to it."

"I was always said to be obstinate," Linley answered, smiling, "and you must, in this instance, allow me to be the judge of my own capabilities; at all events, I must attempt to do my duty, and if I am vanquished, like the gallant cornet, one consolation is that I have no moustache, although my whiskers might prove a painful substitute."

"You had better not come in," said the surgeon, as he released the captain's arm at the door.

"I cannot think of letting you go into that ruffian's presence alone; why, you are almost as weak as a child."

"I know it," returned Frank, quietly, "but if I conquer at all, it will not be by physical strength. Seriously, though, I would prefer being alone with him."

"Then, if you will have your own way, I will remain outside."

"As you please," returned Frank, as he opened the door and went in. Closing it behind him, he stood a moment with his hand upon the latch, taking a hasty survey of the cell, starting involuntarily at the sight of the emaciated figure propped up with pillows on the narrow bed. He was prepared for a change, but scarcely such a one as this; then, advancing to the foot of the iron bedstead, stood there in silence, with his arms folded across his breast. The convict started too—perhaps they were mutually shocked at each other's appearance—and his eyes quailed before the dark, earnest orbs that met his own.

It would have made a picture worth transferring to canvas, those two men face to face in a convict's cell, they who had first met years ago in a wierd, ghostly room where lamplight, falling upon the outlines of stiff cold forms or ghastly livid faces, threw frightful shadows into obscure corners. Did the student dream that their lives should connect themselves thenceforth? No; what connection could there be between him, the gentleman with soft hands and intellectual face, and this low coarse ruffian. He could not have realized it then any more than the convict did now, that the student whose face in the shadow he did not see distinctly that night, his fellow sackem-up in the dark alley, his supernatural antagonist on two later occasions, and the invalid surgeon were the same. An irresistible fate had impelled them together again and again, was it for good or evil? Even trackless miles of ocean rolled between only to reunite them. It was a gloomy day and the light coming in through the one barred window, fell full upon the tall, erect figure, the white calm face with its compressed

lips and black searching eyes, while grayish shadows rested upon the white walls and the pillows where the convict lay. His face too was in the shadow with its frame-work of grizzled matted hair, that terrible face with its sunken jaws over which skin hung loosely with its broad, low forehead and heavy projecting brows below which two burning restless eyes flashed out. One glance was enough to tell that the end was near, though the remnant of a giant strength was visible still in the gaunt muscular arms which supported his head, a strength which even starvation and illness had not yet wholly taken away.

At different times Frank had alluded to the buy-a-broom girl and other circumstances of like nature in a mysterious manner, observing the convict's superstitious awe of his unaccountable knowledge of his former life, and he felt now he was not mistaken in thinking he had gained some influence when he turned his head away and put his skinny hand over his eyes with a shudder. "Go," he said in a voice of entreaty, "lit me kick the bucket in peace. Take yer peepers hoff my mug. I see em hoften enough in my dreams without yer comin to mind me of em."

A fit of coughing, which convulsed his whole frame here interrupted him, and when he was a little quieter the surgeon approached the side of the bed, and took the unresisting hand of his patient. "You are feverish Sim," he said, feeling his pulse in his usual professional manner, "you have been exciting yourself too much, but I think the soothing mixture I am about to administer will have the desired effect."

"May I come in?" inquired the captain putting his head in at the door.

"If you like," said Frank who was supporting his patient's head with one hand and holding a spoon in the other; and the captain's face expressed the greatest surprise as the convict swallowed the medicine quietly and turned over on his pillow.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

It is claimed that no other country in the world has such natural advantages for the growth, cultivation, and manufacture of silk as California possesses. Large tracts of land are now being planted with mulberry trees. In Los Angeles alone nearly a million cuttings have been planted. In San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, a Mr. Hall is laying out a veritable silk-town. A portion of a ranch is laid out in lots of forty acres each, and subdivided into portions of ten acres, of which sales are made to those only who will devote themselves to silk culture. The purity of the mulberry-leaf grown in California is well known.

ITALY.

Let us with now "United Italy" send joyful greeting to the man who, amid her "groans" had faith to believe that—"Surely as He lives, the day of peace He promised should be hers." Besides this poem is given a most interesting sketch and illustration of the birthplace of the renowned poet.

A CROSS the sea I heard the groans
Of nations in the intervals
Of wind and wave. Their blood and bones
Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones,
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I dreamed of freedom slowly gained
By martyr meekness, patience, faith.
And lo! an athlete grimly stained,
With corded muscles battle-strained,
Shouting it from the fields of death!

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,
Among the clamoring thousands mute,
I only know that God is right,
And that the children of the light
Shall tread the darkness under foot.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,
That sultry skies the bolt will form
To smite them clear; that Nature must
The balance of her powers adjust,
Though with the earthquake and the storm.

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice!
I bow before His sterner plan.
Dumb are the organs of my choice;
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,
His praise is in the wrath of man!

Yet, surely as He lives, the day
Of peace He promised shall be ours,
To fold the flags of war, and lay
Its sword and spear to rust away,
And sow its ghastly fields with flowers!

J. G. Whittier.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

SOME months since Mr. C. E. Brainard visited the birthplace of Whittier, and furnished to the New York *Independent* the following interesting sketch of that most interesting place. We could not hope to improve upon Mr. Brainard's graphic narrative :

"In the parish of East Haverhill, in northeastern Massachusetts, three miles distant from the beautiful village of Haverhill on the Merrimac river, stands the old farm-house in which John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, was born, and in which he resided most of the time for nearly thirty years. Midway between the village and the locality made famous by Mr. Whittier's winter idyl of 'Snow-Bound,' lies that 'fair mirror of the woods and skies,' Kenoza Lake, formerly known by the prosaic name of Great Pond. Its present appellation, which was given to it by the poet, signifies 'Lake of the Pickerel.'

"It was on one of the last days in October, when the ripening leaves of the forest were just beginning to assume the gorgeous hues of autumn, that I found myself riding by this beautiful sheet of water, on my way to the birthplace of Whittier, with Thomas Hill, the painter of the beautiful picture of the Yo Semite Valley, for a companion. The trees which covered the hills on the opposite shore, and fringed the nearer banks, were reflected on its silvery surface ; and as we paused to gaze upon the scene, we recalled the lines of him whose genius had made it classic :

'Kenoza, o'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break, or noon-cloud sail;
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden vail.'

"The house in which Mr. Whittier first saw the light was erected in the year 1716, by his great-great-grandfather, a brave old Quaker, who was an uncompromising non-resistant, and who relied more upon the weapons of his faith than on those of a carnal nature in his dealings with the hostile Indians who infested the neighborhood. Bolts and bars were never used to secure the doors of his house, and he persistently refused to avail himself of the protection offered to him and his family by the garrison erected near by, as a refuge from the bloodthirsty savages.

"The old farm-house stands on a by-road leading from the main thoroughfare to Amesbury and Newburyport. It is a large two-story edifice, substantially built, and faces the east. Mr. Whittier has thus described, with almost photographic accuracy, the scenery which surrounds it:—

"The old farm-house nestling in its valley, hills stretching off to the south, and green meadows to the east; the small stream which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the oak forest, sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon; the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway; the grass-grown carriage path, with its rude and crazy bridge—the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within which I have borne with me in all my wanderings.'

"In 1840 Mr. Whittier disposed of the old homestead, and removed to his present residence in Amesbury, since which time the house and outbuildings have become sadly dilapidated and are rapidly going to decay. The entire premises wear an aspect of poverty and thriftlessness, although their owner is reputed to be one of the wealthiest farmers in the parish. The old oak forest which once covered the small hill in the rear of the house has fallen beneath his axe; and a magnificent and umbrageous elm, which stands by the roadside a few rods distant, would have shared the same fate, but for the urgent entreaties of the poet, backed up by a pecuniary consideration. The interior of the house corresponds with its external condition. As I followed its owner across the porch and into the kitchen so beautifully described in 'Snow-Bound,' I noticed its changed condition with feelings of sadness, not unmixed, I fear, with indignation. It has been divided by a partition wall, which runs through its centre. The fireplace has been 'bricked up,' and its place supplied by an ancient cooking stove, well coated with rust, by the sides of which lay huge piles of corncobs and brushwood. The day being cold and cheerless, I gladly seated myself in a chair with a broken back, and drew

nigh to the fire to warm my shivering limbs. As I sat there the forms of those who once gave life and beauty to this now squalid abode seemed to pass in review before me, and one by one, to resume their old accustomed places. Foremost in the train was Joshua Coffin, celebrated in Whittier's poem of 'My Old Schoolmaster,' who sat by the blazing fire, and varied his songs and stories by raids upon the doughnuts fried by Aunt Mercy—

' The sweetest woman ever fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home ;'

while Harriet Livermore

' Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light,'

and, sitting in the family circle with the pride and independence of an Eastern queen, issued her orders to John and Matthew, his younger brother, and sometimes enforced them with well-directed blows, and, not unfrequently, kicks and pinches.

" And here comes the poet laureate of Lord Timothy Dexter, Jonathan Plummer, ' Last Minstrel' of the Valley of the Merrimac, encircled to the wondering eyes of the incipient poet with the very nimbus of immortality. On his arm he carries a time-honored basket, containing pins, needles, tapes, soap, jack-knives and razors, together with verses of his own composing, coarsely printed and illustrated with woodcuts.

" It was hard to repress an inclination to indulge in a hearty laugh when I thought of the nocturnal visit of a gigantic ' Solitary Horseman,' during the absence of the poet's parents; who entered the house, and, seizing John by the hair of the head, led him from room to room in search of intoxicating liquors, and, discovering a jug which he was sure contained brandy, insisted upon swallowing a portion of its contents, despite the protestations of his unwilling guide that it was filled with sperm oil.

" In the lines ' To My Old Schoolmaster,' the poet alludes to the ' smoked and dingy room' in which the district school which he attended was kept during a part of the winter. This room is about ten feet square, with a low ceiling, the north side being occupied by an enormous fireplace. On windy days the smoke came down the chimney in clouds, blinding the eyes of teacher and pupils, and rendering a dismissal of the school an absolute necessity; at other times the youthful pedagogue and his pupils were disturbed and frightened by domestic squalls in the adjoining room, which were occasionally so violent that they were obliged to quit the premises and hurry to their homes. The landlord was a man of intemperate habits, and, when intoxicated, poured out the vials of his wrath upon the devoted head of his wife; ' who,' to quote the language of my informant, ' being human couldn't stand everything,' and therefore asserted her inalienable rights in tones more emphatic and sonorous than

elegant or sweet. For many years she has been a widow, and still occupies the home of her youth. She spoke of John as 'an amiable and quiet boy;' and of his brother Matthew as 'a roguish little chap, up to all sorts of fun.' Matthew, in humble imitation of the saint of that name, now 'sits at the receipt of custom,' and in his daily life and conversation, among those who know and esteem him, verifies the axiom of Wordsworth — 'The child is father of the man.'

"On a by-way which intersects the main road to the village, stands the little school-house in which the poet completed his primary training, previous to entering the Haverhill Academy, for the dedication of which he is said to have written an ode. This edifice closely resembles one of those shoemaker's shops, numbers of which may be seen on the roadside in almost every village in the eastern section of New England, and will comfortably seat about twenty scholars. The facilities it offers for intellectual culture, were, at the time of my visit, improved by nearly that number of flaxen-headed urchins, whose wondering gaze seemed to indicate that the face of a stranger was a rare sight in that secluded region.

"Returning to the brookside, where I had left the artist at work, I found him surrounded by a group of men and boys who were looking with intense interest and evident delight at an admirable sketch in oil colors of the house and barn, and the picturesque scenery of which they are the central points of attraction.

"To every careful reader of Whittier's poetry who visits his birthplace, it must be apparent that the scenery of the exquisite ballad of 'Maud Muller' is drawn from the poet's early surroundings. Here is 'the little spring-brook' 'falling through the wall' and crossing the road; a few yards beyond it are the 'apple trees' in the shade of which the Judge 'drew his bridle' 'to greet the maid,' and beneath them, though now choked with stones and weeds, 'the cool spring bubbled up;' while beyond all is the meadow where Maud, radiant with simple beauty and rustic health, raked the fragrant new-mown hay."

The large painting by Mr. Hill from his beautiful sketch has been reproduced in chromo-lithography, by the famous Boston art publishers, L. Prang & Co., and from this chromo our engraving is made. Mr. Whittier has examined the painting several times and pronounces it the most satisfactory picture of his early home he has yet seen. "He has made it look," says Mr. Whittier, "as it looked twenty-five years ago." It is eagerly sought for by all who love and revere the Quaker poet, who has impressed himself more deeply and vividly upon the popular mind than any American poet of the present day. And though *The Nation* (paper) may complain, the Nation (people) will never cease to thank these enterprising publishers for this and other beautiful things which they have brought within reach of almost every home, and thus done much to elevate and refine the people.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE CAUSES OF GOOD LOOKS AND DEFORMITY.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D.

SOME reference has been made in the preceding articles to the adaptability of the animal functions to surrounding influences, even to the extent, perhaps, of specific differences. That these considerable changes in construction would require a great extent of time, there can be no doubt. The pressure must be continued from generation to generation in the same direction. When a constant resistance is opposed to organs that are required for the support of the animal, these organs must be increased in their power, or he will dwindle and become extinct. Where the difficulties that had to be encountered, in some past period of a particular organization, have been gradually diminished, the strongly developed feature, or organism necessary at first to meet the requirement, is changed, so as to give the appearance of less power, but of a more evenly balanced construction. That is, all the parts of the animal are in harmony with all surrounding influences. Where a constant watch has not to be kept, and a constant encounter with some enemy expected, the restlessness and savage expression which must attend the primitive state is gradually lost. The slight irritation to which the caged lion is subjected by his keepers, to please the spectators in a menagerie, gives to this regularly fed and carefully protected animal but little of the expression of the lion of the desert, when crouching to seize his prey, or roaring defiance to his enemies. The partial civilization to which these animals are brought in zoological establishments, so changes their nature, that lions are paraded, uncaged and loose, upon cars in the streets. They obey their keeper, and, unconscious of their great strength, submit to his command. In this protected condition they have no need of their enormous muscles, never having had, from the time they were cubs, to forage for their own support. An arm that can prostrate an ox at a blow, and a frame that can drag so large an animal into the jungle, to be devoured at leisure, has no exercise of this kind, but passes through life, feeding at regular and stated intervals, on a sufficient supply of easily managed food. Had this treatment obtained in the beginning, there would have been no lions. Were it extended to all the race from this time, lions would become extinct. It is the necessity that makes the specific animal, and where that changes, the animal follows in humble submission.

Our race has had its varying forms, through the different periods and places it has occupied upon the earth. The Aztecs of Central America, with an antiquity that never will be known, after having left the evidences of power as a people, have dwindled into insignificance, and are almost extinct. Their buildings show that, at some former time, they could plan

and construct as men can only who have vigorous minds and strong muscles. The enervating influence of climate, with their isolated condition, and the ease with which food was procured, caused indolence and imbecility, and, being of but little use in the great scheme of nature, they are gradually fading away. They are now so deficient in brain, and so diminutive in size, and so slender in muscle, that temple building with them is out of the question.

As time and necessity work these changes in the general outline and characteristics of men, they also effect other changes, not so generally observed or acknowledged.

The expression of the lion may be altered by domestication : he becomes amiable, and his looks do not inspire the same dread as is felt on seeing the wild animal. The condition of the mind leaves its impress upon the face. If this is so in the inferior animals, moved only by what are called instincts, how much more must man, controlled by his various faculties, feel the pressure of surrounding influences, and adapt himself to their requirements. That he is thus controlled, races and classes, the world over, can bear witness. Not only is the shape of the body made to conform to this kind of modeling, but the face is outlined and touched up by these great artists.

The field hands and house servants of times past, in the Southern States, have been remarked as differing in personal form and expression of face. The character of their occupation impressed them. One set was more of slaves than the other. With less opportunity for instruction, and in more dread of the overseer, the field hand was far inferior to the house servant. Since slavery has been abolished, the forced deference that was demanded to their superiors has, in a great measure, passed away, and a kind of independent manner has been assumed by all, which changes the expression from dull servility to what is called impudence—a term, perhaps, not ethically applied. This changed condition, in time, must alter the whole expression of the negro. His improved thoughts will improve his looks and carriage, and, instead of retrograding, as the Aztec, a better future is in reserve for him.

The nations of Europe have physical characteristics that harmonize with their governments. Take from any of them examples from the peasantry and nobility, and a marked difference in form, action, and expression of countenance will be observed. Not only is this difference noticed by recent travelers, but all pictorial representations, for ages past, have certified the fact. The more stable the government, the more is this impressed upon the people, and transmitted from parent to child, so that Russian serf, Dutch boor, English peasant, all have that want of elasticity of body and intelligence of expression which different training and associations produce. Even in the naturally most favored of the human race, where climate and the past surroundings have for ages tended to the development of physical beauty, a lack of mental activity has converted

the pure, classic features of those who have been sought as the world's models, into a tame, stony expression, without life or interest.

All the conditions of life in which a man's free agency is taken from him, and he is made subservient to the will of others, degrade him, not only mentally, but physically. Some faculties of the mind, under such circumstances, may, from necessity, be exercised to an extraordinary degree for his self-protection, or to enable him to perform his appointed task, as may also some of the physical organs, for the same purpose, be greatly developed. But the whole, the most extensive operations of all the faculties of body and mind, such as would comport with the perfection of manhood, cannot, under such circumstances, be expected. Where the want of free thought and free action is felt, the physical organization, in time, will bend to the influence, and mark it upon the individual. Classes that are not intended by nature, are made by art; the noble and the serf, one in form and intelligence so admirable, the other dull, ill-fashioned and degraded. As the grub is fed and tended in the hive, it becomes a queen bee, or a dwarfed, degraded laborer.

The law of adaptation of form to pressure, requiring the animal to develop itself according to surrounding agents, causes a people also to express, outwardly and visibly, the character of their government. In a country such as ours, peopled originally by adventurous individuals from Europe, and since then and now largely supplied by constant additions of the same kind of men, the whole population has ever been intolerant of subjugation. They came here for personal freedom, and have, from the first, been untrammelled by distinctions in their social life, which could not, at any time, be easily overthrown. Thus living, the character of our institutions has, to a great degree, been impressed upon the whole nation, and will continue to develop more and more, in body and mind, the perfection of the human race.

As a people we are intelligent, active, and defiant. It takes but a few generations, under these influences, to mould the form to their requirements. Light and agile figures, and well defined features with intensity of expression, take the place of heavy, stolid bodies, and irregularly outlined, dull, inexpressive faces. The human mechanism changes, where labor-saving machines take the place of muscle, and where each individual contrives ways for his honorable support, independently of all oppression or dictation. The true estimate of labor is acknowledged by the small and healthful amount of muscular exertion required, the objects to which it is directed, and the intellect displayed in the pursuit. Our institutions favor this condition so decidedly, that any attempt to control society, by those in whose hands inordinate wealth happens to accumulate, will be as transient as it is ineffectual. For action and reaction are balanced in the moral as in the physical world, and they who oppose a barrier to human improvement, will finally be destroyed by the forces they attempt to control.

HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE ;
OR HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING.—No. 2.

BY W. ELMER, M. D.

THE PROCESS OF DIGESTION.

“What's house or land, or wine or meat,
If one can't rest for pain, nor sleep, nor eat,
Nor go about in comfort? Here's the question :
What's all the world, without a good digestion?”

SO WROTE some anonymous individual who must have had a feeling acquaintance with that dreadful but most common human ailment, dyspepsia. He evidently was a victim to its intolerable twinges, and knew whereof he spoke. And yet the sentiment he has here so tersely expressed is one that can be reëchoed by a great class of similarly afflicted mortals the world over; and his question readily adapts itself to many an one who would willingly give “house or land” could they only “go about in comfort,” and enjoy the bodily as well as mental repose accompanying a good, healthy, natural digestion.

And really, when we consider what a conglomeration is sometimes thrust into the stomach, and what an inordinate amount of work it is expected to perform, is it any wonder that it is incompetent to the task and rebels? No other part of the economy is so burdened, none other so imposed upon.

As a “help to right living,” as an aid to the better understanding of what the healthy process is, let us take a hasty view of the changes which food undergoes in its transformation from the crude material to the condition it assumes for forming the tissues of the body. Too many regard this process as something so mysterious in its action that, though it is daily performed and necessary to life, yet they are averse to knowing anything of the manner of its performance. Still, a little knowledge, practically applied, may save a deal of suffering, and perhaps relieve some poor dyspeptic of some of his troubles.

Healthy digestion is easy, quick, complete, and executed unconsciously. Unhealthy digestion is painful, slow, defective, and accompanied by feelings varying from slight discomfort to absolute torture. When the food is taken into the mouth the first operation performed upon it is chiefly mechanical. By means of the teeth it is minutely divided, if necessary, and then thoroughly moistened and diluted with the saliva. Just here is where too many lay the foundation of a life-long trouble. Their food is eaten hurriedly, the substance not properly chewed or broken up, no time is given for the diluent effect of the saliva, nor for its chemical action; and where this is deficient acidity and heartburn ensue. So that one of

the most important steps toward a comfortable and easy digestion is a thorough mastication of the food, and a complete admixture of it with the diluent salivary fluid. The quantity of saliva poured out from the different glands in the mouth, during mastication, varies with the nature of the food. Savory articles of diet—vinegar, pepper and other condiments largely increase the flow. It is really surprising that such small glands, weighing only a few drachms, should secrete, in the course of twenty-four hours, such a large amount of saliva, variously estimated at from one to three pounds. This, though largely composed of water, contains, in solution, a small amount of saline matter, and also a peculiar principle which converts the starchy articles of food into sugar, and thereby prepares it for the subsequent changes it undergoes in the stomach. After the mass is swallowed it meets in the stomach with a certain liquid called the gastric juice. This exercises a powerful and important solvent action upon the different ingredients, converting the whole into a pulpy state, of about the consistence of gruel, grayish in color, and of an acid reaction. Now begins the process of absorption. Part of this is at once absorbed through the sides of the stomach itself, and carried by minute blood vessels, spread over the whole internal surface like a fine net-work, into the general circulation of the blood; the rest, after a variable period of time, some substances requiring longer for their complete solution than others, is passed onward, and after leaving the stomach, meets, just a little below it, the bile, poured in through a small vessel from the gall bladder, and a thin, saliva-like fluid from the pancreas, or sweet-bread, whose special action is to reduce the oily and fatty particles of food into a state of emulsion, so as to render them capable of more ready absorption. The chemical effect of the bile is to restrain the tendency of the food to fermentation or decomposition, and thereby prevent flatulence and diarrhœa.

As the food, now reduced to a grumous, milky fluid, continues to descend, the intestinal juices are poured out and mixed with it. It is more and more digested, and at the same time the nutritious elements are continuously exhausted from it at every point of its transit, both by the liquid substance passing directly through the thin walls of the small veins covering the intestine, and so entering at once into the general circulation, and also by a set of numerous vessels whose function is to drink it in as it passes along the alimentary tract. Finally, these little vessels convey, like so many small streamlets, into a duct or tube emptying into the left jugular vein. Thence it is carried on to the lungs, becomes aerated and fitted for the formation of new blood, and for promoting the growth of the tissues of the living body.

Such, in the short space allotted to us, is a concise description of the process of digestion in a healthy state. How it sometimes becomes faulty, and to what disorders it gives rise, we will consider at another time.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

KEEP TRYING, BOYS.

WE suppose there are very few men or boys who did not begin the year with some new resolutions. It is very easy to sit down, on the threshold of the bright new year, where you can look back into the one just gone, with its disappointments and failures, and *resolve* to do better this year than last. It is always easier to resolve to do a thing than to actually perform it, and so, at this time of good cheer and happy hopes, we all make resolutions, and it is right. But "a good resolution," some one has said, "is like a fainting woman, it needs to be carried out." A month is not gone, and yet, if we should go back over the few days that have passed of 1871, what a multitude of broken promises and vows would be found, carried only a little way on the journey so promisingly begun. Now do not let us be discouraged, boys, (old boys and young boys, we mean,) at these failures made in going such a little part of the distance. Let us gather as much as we can of what has been lost and take more of those great elements of success—faith and perseverance. It is this holding on that wins.

A few years since, one of the large firms in a neighboring city were in want of a boy in their business. A paper was tacked up in a prominent place, where the boys could see it as they passed. It read, "Boy wanted. Call at the office to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and about fifty boys were there as applicants for the place. The proprietor was a little perplexed to know which was the best way of choosing from so many.

"Boys, I only want one, and here are a great many; how shall I choose?"

After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard, and driving a nail into one of the large trees, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with a stick, standing a little distance from the tree, should have the place. The boys all tried hard, and after three trials each, signally failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again next morning, and this time, when the gate was opened, there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" said the overseer. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said:

"You see, sir, I have a poor old mother, and I am a poor boy. I have no father, sir, and I thought I should like to get the place, and so help her all I can; and after going home yesterday, I drove a nail into the

barn, and have been trying to hit it ever since, and I have come down this morning to try again."

That boy took the position, and right nobly did his work. Years have passed since then, and he is now a very wealthy man. Hundreds of sufferers have been blessed by his large bounty, and multitudes feel his influence for good.

That boy had *faith* to believe he could hit the nail, and he persevered in his efforts until practice had made him perfect. It is these very qualities, boys, that will make us all successful in what we undertake, and enable us to carry to the very close of this year, and into the next, the good resolutions we made at its beginning.

You who look upon men of great attainments, or wealth, or influence, and think that, with their opportunities, it would be easy for you to realize their success, be assured that your chances are as good as theirs were. The qualities which are necessary to success are the same the world over, and in every kind of employment. If you have faith in your work, boys and young men, and perseverance in every effort, you will undoubtedly realize all your reasonable hopes.

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
We must build the ladder by which we rise."

Here is a grand example of the qualities that make greatness:

First, a noble impulse, then a firm faith, made powerful by long and patient practice; practicing all day, and probably up as soon as he could see in the morning, that there might be no doubt about his success. This boy was as true a hero as ever led a charge or commanded an army.

We cannot have too many such boys, nor urge too frequently upon the attention of all, such examples of the true principles of success. In these days, when so many young men want to begin where their fathers left off, and when even some parents want their babies to skip the bright, happy days and plays of children, and become young gentlemen and ladies, with as much formality as fashionables and as little heart as flirts, when to rise as their fathers and mothers did, by merit, would disgust and discourage young men and women, days when steps are despised and walking to fortune too slow, when principle is sacrificed to show, and small beginnings considered unworthy of respect or encouragement, in these and all other times, commend us to the good old principles, as good now as ever they were, and the only valuable elements of all worthy achievement. They impart a consciousness of right which gives inward and outward title of nobility. Boys, forget not that all is not gold that glitters. Remember that right is always right, and wrong always wrong. Look deeper than the surface and you will find that good principles, strong faith and steady effort will give you all this world is capable of giving any man, and what all men seek; that is the fullest measure of happiness it is possible to attain here.

FRIENDLY CHAT.

ANY one who can look upon the faces of those beautiful boys in our engraving, "The Brothers," and not be made better by it, must be hardened indeed. The engraving is after a photograph from life, and many a mother will study the sweet, intelligent faces and say, "How much like our boy they look." Possibly some may open a locket, with trembling hands, to look again at that little golden curl, separated from its beautiful companions long ago it may be, or possibly but yesterday. Some may go again, for the thousandth time, and take the tiny shoes and stockings from the drawer, folded away so nice and clean *now*. O! what would that heart give to see them all soiled and torn, if a little step could be heard in the hall only once more. But the little feet might have grown sore, and the innocent face hardened; so it may be that we shall find, by and by, that it is best as it is.

What more beautiful thing in the world than a bright, playful, healthy boy, before he has left his mother's knee, and when she is all the world to him? Who can help but love him—noisy, romping, affectionate fellow, at once the joy and tyrant of the household. Homeless are the homes without the children's voices; and sad, very sad, when they are hushed, to echo no more. If the beautiful portraits in this number do not get into little frames and find their way to the nursery, we shall be disappointed. That our readers may obtain some idea of the cost of the best style of steel engraving, of which this is an illustration, we will say that the cost of simply engraving "The Brothers," exclusive of printing, was one hundred and fifty dollars.

We have just published "The History of the First New Jersey Cavalry," by the Chaplain, Rev. Henry R. Pyne, a prospectus of which will be found elsewhere.

The surviving members of the regiment will consider this book invaluable, but the families and friends of those who fell upon the field, or died by wounds and disease received there, will prize it still more highly, as containing a record of the deeds of those whose names have become sacred, and whose valor and self-denial are, perhaps, all they left behind them. The history of any regiment, could it contain a record of all the noble deeds of all the brave men in it, would be beyond reasonable limits in size, but this work contains a very carefully prepared list of every man who ever served in the regiment, with a record of all promotions, compiled by the publisher from the official records in the Adjutant General's office. It also has a fine illustration (in colors) of the BATTLE-FLAG of the regiment, as it now appears in the office of the State Adjutant General, after passing through ninety-two of the ninety-seven battles in which it was engaged.

When the war broke out, there was at the head of the State Government of New Jersey a mild, genial, unpretentious, honest man, whom the people had chosen as their Governor, not at his solicitation, but because they judged him fit to be there at a time when danger threatened the State, and when clouds were settling down upon us. This man guided with a firm and steady hand the affairs of State, night and day standing at his post, asking, as reward, only the consciousness of duty done. When his term expired he left the office to other faithful hands. All things were working well and harmoniously, the State was safe, and he was satisfied. Quietly he came at the call of the people—quietly he retired when his duty was done.

“TO CHARLES S. OLDEN, the War Governor of New Jersey, this record of the brilliant services of one of her most gallant regiments is respectfully inscribed, as a slight appreciation of his continued and valuable aid in promoting the interests of his State, and maintaining the perpetuity of our National Union.” A beautifully engraved steel portrait—a perfect likeness of the man—adorns and honors it.

“Zell’s Popular Encyclopedia and Universal Dictionary.” The numbers 237 to 240 of this work have been received. By comparison with other books of reference, it will be apparent that Zell’s Encyclopedia is decidedly the most desirable work for persons of all ages and conditions. Embodying all the features of a Dictionary of Language, a Dictionary of Law, of Medicine, of Botany, Chemistry, &c., a Gazetteer and a Biblical Dictionary, and being comprised in two quarto volumes, it can be afforded complete, unbound, at the moderate price of twenty-five dollars. It is also made still more acceptable to persons of moderate means by being issued in parts at fifty cents each, and delivered weekly or monthly, as desired.

A specimen number will be sent by mail on receipt of ten cents, by writing to the publisher, T. Ellwood Zell, Philadelphia.

All of our subscribers will do well to look at the advertisement next to the last page, as they will find they can get from one to three beautiful steel engravings, with a portrait of Charles Dickens for each subscriber.

We have no hesitation in asking our friends (and all our subscribers are included among them) to do what they can to extend the circulation of this magazine.

We feel better satisfied with this number, taking it all in all, than any of its predecessors, although our ideal is by no means yet reached, and until it is we do not propose to lessen our efforts in the least.

A number of valuable publications are before us, which we hope to notice in the next number.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Under this head, sensible questions, upon subjects calculated to interest or instruct, will be answered when briefly and clearly stated.

1. "What is General Grant's real name?"
2. "What is the average height and weight of women?"
3. "Who was Cassandra?"

—*Serrab.*

Grant's name is *Ulysses Simpson Grant*.

From the statistics of a large number of observations, a mean height of 5 feet 6½ inches, and a weight of 144 pounds avoirdupois may be assumed for the average full-grown male. In females the average height is 5 feet 2½ inches, and the weight 122 pounds.

Cassandra (sometimes called Alexandria) was the daughter of Priam, King of Troy. She received the gift of prophecy from Apollo, who loved her; but refusing to fulfill the conditions upon which the knowledge was imparted, the deity was offended and deprived her of the power of commanding belief. She foretold the fall of Troy, but her words were discredited. Troy was taken and Cassandra dishonored at the altar by Ajax, and afterwards dragged away as the slave and companion of Agamemnon. She became the mother of the twins Teledamus and Pelops, and was afterward slain with her companion by Clytemnestra.

"Is there any connection between magnetism and electricity?"

—*Operator.*"

There is every reason to suppose that they are but modifications of one force.

"Who is the author of the common expression, 'A Christian is the noblest work of God?'" —* * *

It occurs in "Young's Night Thoughts," line 788; also, J. C. Hare, in his "Guesses at Truth," says, "A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman." We do not know who first uttered this sentiment, but such expressions generally belong to no one in particular. They are meteors of thought, sparks that fly from under the hammer and never go out.

"Had I better leave the farm for a clerkship in the city?—*Farmer.*"

That question has been asked a thousand times and answered in a thousand different ways, and remains just as interesting and important to-day as when it was asked first. Who will say that a young man should or should not leave the farm? We venture to answer conditionally. No! don't leave the farm *for a clerkship in the city*. Stay and make your calling more noble and honorable for your service in it. All there is of a clerkship in the city is "put on," unless it be used merely as a stepping stone. If you have an ambition to do and be something in particular, if you have a distinct purpose of life to accomplish by leaving the farm, leave it, as others have done; but if not, stick to it. "In general, don't leave the farm, boys." For further particulars, inquire of Mr. Greeley.

THE name of this month is derived from *februo*, to purify by sacrifice. It signifies the month of purification, so named by the ancients, from a custom they had of self-purifying, by sacrifices and oblations. It was introduced into the Roman calendar by Numa.

In our illustration, Cupid is leaving an affectionate missive for some fair lady, who doubtless is dreaming of the one who sent it, and expecting to send one quite as tender, if not more so. The fourteenth day of February is St. Valentine's day, named in honor of some real or imaginary saint by that name, who lived long ago. Shakspeare refers to the day as the time when birds begin to shape their domestic affairs, in preparation for the coming spring. Possibly the birds may be like some people, or some people like the birds, judging from the number of sweet and promising things that are so delicately said and sent on that day. We, however protest against the flagrant abuses of this pleasant occasion by those whose vulgarity and lack of refinement lead them to send out vile and foolish pictures, and trust that the day may be made to minister to things pure and beautiful.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Engraved from Prang's chromo of "Whittier's Barefoot Boy," and respectfully dedicated to our "country boys" by the Editor, who was one of them.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated,

Pure, Progressive, Practical, Popular.

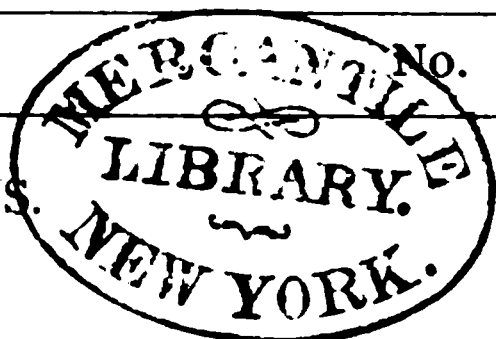
VOL. III.

MARCH 1871.

No. 15.

OUR COUNTRY BOYS.

BY THOMAS D. SUPLEE.



WHITTIER'S "Barefoot Boy" is a representative lad. The description, or the idea, as it has been embodied in the popular chromo by L. Prang & Co., of Boston, from which the illustration on the opposite page is engraved, might serve equally well as a portraiture of the boyhood of a large proportion of the most eminent men in American history. Only "change the name, and the fable applies" so aptly that we can say—behold this President—that Governor—or separating individuals everywhere from the great aggregate of men who are or have been in positions of honor and trust declare, this was the *boy* whose high qualities as a *man* we now so much respect and admire. And if the question was asked to day of our "great men"—what were the circumstances of your childhood?—a host of them would answer with Whittier

" 'I was once a barefoot boy!'

The plain farm house (the true home) was my shelter—the thrifty housewife and the sturdy farmer were my protectors; the village pastor and the district schoolmaster were my educators; children of the same simple habits and tastes my companions. That primeval simplicity which is stamped on the scenes of nature gave direction to all the influences that moulded my character and shaped my life."

That the "Roll of Honor" is highly creditable to our rural districts, any one will admit who knows anything about the matter. The United States never had a better President than Washington, who left the farm to fight our battles, and would have returned thither when our freedom was achieved. South Carolina never had a better Governor than Gen. Williams, who, like Cincinnatus of old, left his mule-team and came clad in homespun and unattended to its Capitol to preside in a stormy crisis over the destiny of a sovereign State. The barefoot boy of the "Slashes" was the stuff that the eloquent Clay was made of. A prince among American merchants found the "nest egg" of his fortune in the dusty

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country road as he trudged barefooted to school. And the most eminent of American journalists of the present day claims the country as his youthful "training ground," and proves it by being at once the best of farmers—theoretically and practically—as well as the most successful of editors!

It might be interesting and profitable to make our country boys the subjects of a careful investigation in order to account for a result which is by no means a necessity, as eminent exceptions have frequently proved. But time and space will not allow an extended examination of all the causes. In brief, the country boy is a true freeman from the time when he first stands with "turned up pantaloons" on the rock in the middle of the stream that skirts "father's meadow" and looking around him feels that he has more than the millionaire can purchase—

"In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine inward joy!"

He is free! Free as the breeze that blows through the valley, making flowers, grass and waving grain bow their heads as in the presence of a superior power! Free as the brooklet that ripples at his feet, leaping, dancing and sparkling in the sunbeams! Free as the notes of the songster that warbles its matin song on the branch overhead! Unlimited in his aspirations as the flight of the bird that sweeps majestically toward heaven! The country boy attends a free court in easy attire. Contrast his condition with that of the city lad, who is bound by the fetters of "society." While the latter is becoming more alive to the importance of a fair skin, nicely-fitting garments and the rules of "our set," the former is blissfully unconscious of the "cheek of tan," patched trowsers and torn hat, and is learning how "to keep poverty a day's march behind." In a word, the order is reversed and the country boy's education is first useful and afterwards, it may be, ornamental. The gem is shaped first and afterwards polished. The city lad is too often years in adapting his polished theory to the rough practice of the world. An eminent writer, in his biography of a contemporary senator, says:—"When I first saw him he was the very picture of a country boor. But when years afterward I saw him nicely dressed, in the Senate Chamber, bustling about among the members, with his papers in his hands, he looked like a gentleman and a man of business." The diamond is no more a diamond when polished than in its rough condition!

When Webster first entered Phillips Academy, at Exeter, he was made, in consequence of his country-like appearance the butt of ridicule. Weeks passed away; the end of the term arrived and the class was summoned to be arranged according to their scholarship. The rustic lad who had been sneered at, was so far advanced in his studies that his companions never saw him *as a class-mate* again. It would be interesting to know who

those city boys were who made the country boy an object of sport. What have they come to? What have they accomplished? Who has heard of the fame of their attainments?

Every year a large number of country boys enter our large cities. If individuals could be singled out for description, the picture would be something like this: A lad standing upon the last hill that commands a view of his childhood home. A great shadow comes over his heart as he takes one last look backward—but with the first look forward the sunshine of hope dispels the gloom. With little or no money in the pocket, and perhaps having no wardrobe larger than can be carried in his hand, but fired with a high and noble purpose, his honest heart beats time to the lofty aims that fill it!

And this is the precious leaven that enters the great lump of city vice and corruption, and which preserves us as a people from destruction. God send us many such country boys, and keep them from the whirlpool, that they may rescue many that are already drawn unto death.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

I.

Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
 From my heart I give thee joy—
 I was once a barefoot boy!
 Prince thou art—the grown up man
 Only is republican:
 Let the million-dollared ride!
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy
 In the reach of ear and eye—
 Outward sunshine, inward joy:
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

II.

O for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools,
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wild-flower's time and place,
 Flight of fowl and habitude
 Of the tenants of the wood;

How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of grey hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

III.

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond;
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

IV.

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread—

Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, grey and rude;
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wide-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamps of fire.
I was monarch, pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

V.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou could'st know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

J. G. Whittier.

VALUE OF A GOOD CREDIT.—A celebrated gambler, of great address but notorious bad character, meeting with a mercantile gentleman of the highest reputation for honor and veracity—one of that exalted class whose “word is as good as their bond,” observed to him: “Sir, I would give fifty thousand dollars for your good name.” “Why so?” demanded the wondering merchant. “Because,” replied the gambler, “I could make one hundred thousand dollars out of it.”

NOVELS, NOVELISTS AND NOVEL-READERS.

BY E. T. BUSH.

THIS is a novel-reading age. The great mass of its literature is of a fictitious character. It is of all kinds and qualities; novels good, novels admissible, novels bad; novels religious, novels sectarian, novels didactic, novels historical and novels that are simply novels. A large percentage of modern authors are novelists of one grade or another, from high-toned, pure and pleasing, to low, vulgar and licentious; and, partly as a cause, partly as a consequence, a large majority of the people, particularly the young, are readers of some class or other of these novels. Too often, we are sorry to say, of almost all classes; sometimes chiefly of the good, sometimes chiefly of the bad, and too seldom of the good and pure exclusively. People of good tastes and pure minds, frequently stoop to read novels of which their better judgment disapproves and at which their finer senses revolt. Characters which in real life they would think almost beneath their scorn, and with which they would feel disgraced to acknowledge the least connection or intimacy, in novels are accepted as heroes and readily admitted to their sympathies.

We too freely commune with low, vulgar and immoral fictitious personages who, unfortunately, are often ingeniously so constituted with double characters, or so situated in trying circumstances, perhaps with double functions to perform and unmerited penalties to suffer, that they almost unconsciously enlist our sympathies, gently lure us along their varied paths, and finally lead us, unresisting and unsuspecting captives, into the very dens of their half-hidden vices.

This, we think, is one very great objection to many fictitious works of a certain class that can be reckoned neither among the really good nor among the flagrantly bad; but belong to that extensive—perhaps we might say leading—class of modern light literature, which is designated by the comprehensive and not very fastidious terms, “tolerable,” “not bad” and “pretty good.” They have in them enough that is good, to gain them a place among the passing literature of the day, and enough that is bad to make their influence demoralizing; they are good enough to gain the favor or at least the tolerance of a better class of readers, yet bad enough to exert a pernicious influence on their minds.

There are novels that pass uncondemned—except by those fiction-haters and sticklers for facts unadorned, who would condemn even the parables of Christ if they dared—whose influence is, nevertheless, seductive and demoralizing. Though they can hardly be condemned as vulgar or licentious, yet they are unfit to enter any well-ordered household, and to be suffered to pollute the minds of moral and cultivated readers; though

their impurities are so hidden as to pass unnoticed, yet the mind of the general reader can hardly remain uncontaminated. The veil that obscures immoralities will not deaden their effect. The rose that overhangs the thorn will not prevent its sting.

We sometimes find novels with characters so mixed and so complicated that it is difficult to discriminate between the good and the bad, the false and the true. We can readily see that there is good in them and that there is bad in them; but the two qualities seem so intermixed that we are at a loss to know where to draw the dividing line. The same characters embrace so much of the different qualities that we hardly know where to place them.

It is true that there is generally at least one that is very good and one that is very bad. Sometimes the opposite qualities are represented by characters supernaturally good and inhumanly bad. These distortions we will notice in their turn. There are also indefinable mixed characters which represent in the same person at different times and under different circumstances, all the variations of the conflicting qualities of good and evil. It not unfrequently happens in novels of this class, that certain qualities of their mixed characters, or circumstances in which they may be placed, so claim the attention, interest and sympathy of the reader, that he either hurriedly looks over their failings and their sins, or else admits and excuses them, sympathizes with and apologizes for them. Their good qualities, or at least something about them, whether really good or not, perhaps some of those neither positively good nor bad yet pleasing and attractive, win the sympathy and claim attention at the expense of judgment and discrimination, and often serve as an excuse for baseness, deceit and villainy. This method of mixing and jumbling together is a very ingenious means of creating excitement, the real nature of which, happily for the writer, the reader is at a loss to understand; but the evil effects of which, unguarded as he must consequently be, fall all the more heavily on his mind.

Again, some novelists, or sensationalists, make it a large part of their policy to deal with deceit. The interest of their novels is largely dependent on the deception they weave into them. In fact, we sometimes see novels passing uncondemned before a novel-reading public, from which were the threads of duplicity withdrawn, the whole fabric would fall to pieces. The excitement, or sensation, which they produce is due to their baseness and deception, which fascinate by their skillful dissimulation. And yet such novels as these are eagerly swallowed, so to speak, by a large and respectable class of readers apparently ignorant of the fact that their blood is manufactured from the food they eat, and consequently partakes of its nature, or else apprehensive that nature carries this law no farther than the physical man, making, of course, a special law for the mental.

Sometimes the deceit and villainy are so gradually developed and brought before the mind of the reader, as to transform the character, almost before he is aware of it, and before his trust and sympathy have been withdrawn, or even weakened, into the very opposite of what he has all along regarded it up to the very time when the true is fully developed. Sometimes, again, there is no general development of the real character, but a sudden and unaccountable revelation of it at such a time as to astound the reader. It is kept so skillfully masked in deceit that not a glimpse of it is obtained until all its baseness and villainy are at once laid bare before his eyes. Perhaps his sympathies, perhaps his affections, and in either case his confidence, are first enlisted and worked up to the highest degree, then suddenly dashed to the ground. They are first borne in the novelist's balloon far above the sphere of ordinary mortals, almost among the stars, when lo! a leak—a break—the gas escapes—the ærial car comes down with a crash, and all is lost!

All this, particularly if the minds of the readers be not strongly fortified and carefully guarded, as the minds of those most likely to read such novels are not likely to be, must be fraught with dangerous consequences. It brings virtues and vices into too close relationship with each other, and throws a dark shadow over the better qualities of our nature. It presents human virtues in an unfavorable light, and tends to weaken confidence in human fidelity and honor, without which there can be little respect for virtue, and but little faith in man. He who has once been deceived by fair appearances distrusts them ever afterward. The child that has once been frightened by a serpent hidden in a bed of flowers is always apprehensive that the object of its innocent admiration conceals a lurking monster. It perhaps runs gleefully towards it, but on nearer approach caution is aroused; it suddenly stops, turns away, and with raised hands pointing its little fingers towards the object of its mingled admiration and terror, lisps forth a whole volume of childish apprehension in the single word—"snake!" We are only children of a larger growth. Impressions on our minds are made and act in the same manner as those on the minds of children. The degree only is different, the principle is the same.

With regard to the ultra-human characters which figure conspicuously in many novels, it is perhaps needful to say but little. Such distortions of character, whether unnaturally good or diabolically bad, can have, to say the least, no good influence: can have no good impression. They hold up false pictures of human life, and give false impressions of human character. The superhumanly good place their virtues so far above the reach of ordinary mortals that they are impossible of imitation, while the poison diffused by the novelist's brain, through his inhumanly wicked creations, must contaminate the minds of the greater part of his readers.

Even when the novelist keeps within the bounds of human probability,

we think that crimes and immoralities should be sparingly indulged ; that grossly wicked and villainous characters should be very cautiously used, and never introduced unless absolutely essential to a worthy purpose. Needlessly to parade before our eyes the worst passions of our nature and the worst phases of our frail humanity, certainly tends rather to cater to depraved tastes than to elevate and purify the mind. It cannot even be claimed for that interest which is dependent on the exhibition of human frailties and vices, that it furnishes healthy and harmless amusement, to say nothing of what should be the chief aim—to combine improvement, instruction and amusement. True, many of those crimes and villainies which we would condemn as part of the machinery of a novel, actually exist in real life. We cannot always bring the charge of misrepresentation. But to lay them bare before our minds is no way to effect a cure. No surgeon having a nauseating sore or deadly wound to dress, first lays it open to the public gaze. Such a practice could have no good effect either on the patient or on the lookers-on. Its effect would be positively bad. To have a filthy sore or mangled carcass laid bare before us might neither wound nor make us sore ; but it would certainly have an unhealthy, sickening effect which it were better to avoid.

In short, we condemn novels that are “pretty good.” *They are very bad*—the most dangerous class of novels that can be written. They are much worse in their effects than novels much worse in themselves, for reasons that we have already given—that a larger and better class of readers will read them, and, consequently, become subject to their pernicious influences.

We would not be understood to condemn fiction as such ; far from it. Fiction is, essentially, as pure as water ; but like it may receive certain qualities from the channel through which it issues. Water is an emblem of purity ; yet if the veins which conduct it to the surface run through certain mineral deposits, it becomes tinctured, and may be either sweet or bitter, poisonous or medicinal. We are but little more in sympathy with those who condemn all fiction because a part of it is bad, than we are with those who tolerate and uphold all grades of it. It is difficult to say who is the greater fool, he who receives alchemy and astrology as true sciences, or he who condemns geology and astronomy because alchemy and astrology were delusions.

The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. If we pitch our expectations high, if we are arrogant in our pretensions, if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life.

"LENORE."

BY CHARLES W. JAY.

I AM sitting alone, my deary—
Alone and the rain patters down,
The world on the outside is dreary,
And thick clouds hang over the town ;
My pencil goes over the paper,
My heart beats the bars of its cage,
And the light from the shade of my taper
Shows a tear-drop or so on my page.

A feeling of sadness comes o'er me—
A weakness of memories dear,
For the past, summoned up now before me,
Sets you by the side of me here ;
The light of your dark eye is gleaming,
In mine with the love it once bore,
And the years from the mist of my dreaming,
Loom up from eternity's shore.

Thy hand in my own, my once dearest—
Thy kiss once again on my brow ;
Come closer ; what is it thou fearest ?
The danger is passed with us now :
The faith you once swore is now broken,
And we in the world are alone—
And the words that can never be spoken
Die out in my heart with a moan.

But yet with the vision I linger,
Its shadowy form by my side—
The ring that I gave, on its finger,
With the bud in its hair of a bride.
It fades as my arms reach to clasp it—
It slowly dissolves into air,
And the hope that went out to grasp it,
Gives place to the gloom of despair !

I am sitting alone now, my deary—
Alone and the rain patters down,
The world in the darkness is dreary,
And footsteps have ceased in the town ;
My pencil glides over the paper,
My heart beats the bars of its cage,
And the glow through the shade of my taper
Reveals a tear-drop on my page.

The moody bittern on its reedy nest,
With restless eye doth scan the lonely marsh;
Fearful lest of it, prowlers are in quest;
And warns its foes with dismal boomings, harsh.

BITTERNS are nearly cosmopolite, being unequally abundant, but nowhere very rare, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Quite similar in their habits wheresoever found, their love of solitude has resulted, in Europe especially, in weaving about them a veil of superstition, through which alone very many people view the movements of this bird. Mudie, a writer about English birds, speaking of their "habitats," says "places which shed murrain over quadrupeds, or chills which eat the flesh off the bones, places from which even the raven, lover of disease

and battener upon all that expires miserably and exhausted, keeps aloof, are the chosen habitation—the only loved home of the bittern.”

This is rather too melancholy a manner of looking at the “home” of the bittern, we think: at least as we find these “homes” in America. The situation is not desolate—swamps are not really gloomy, unless we take no interest whatever in natural history, and if so, more’s the pity!

While our American bittern dearly loves to be let alone, it is frequently found at short distances from houses, but being nocturnal in its habits to a great extent, is therefore unnoticed during the day, and so supposed to be less abundant than is really the case.

To see the bittern in his glory, however, is to see him and her emphatically “at home,” guarding their nest and eggs, or young, as the bunch of grass upon the ground must be called “a nest,” albeit no one would know it as such unless occupied. A friend of ours once practically studied the bittern on his nest, when anxious to secure eggs for his cabinet. We will let him tell his own story. “The nest, I had been told, was in a tangled swamp, at the base of a pine tree that, standing alone, could easily be seen and approached. As I passed through the bushes I marked only the tree, and little heeded my steps. I supposed the tree to be between me and the nest, so had no special need to be careful—but I had been misinformed. Reaching a brook of beautifully clear water, I stooped down upon hands and knees to have a drink, when nip! I put my foot into it, verily. My first swallow proved a *bitter(n)* draught. A sharp stab in the calf of my leg, made me bellow like the bovine one. Very quickly, I assure you, I turned to go to the rear; but, alas, the bird went to the rear sooner than I could. With a wondrous hard slap, I left the spot, panting, leaving a piece of my pants with the indignant bittern. Just why I angered the bird, I never knew; but that egg-hunt was an incident *in my rear-ing* that taught me that if this bird is attacked, it may result in *bittern-ess* to the assaulter.

Frogs principally, snails semi-occasionally, and mice now and then, make up the bittern’s bill of fare. Stationed at some favorable point, usually on the banks of a ditch skirting woodland or swamp, the bittern watches, with a motionless body, but restless eye, the water below him, and ever and anon, with unerring aim, darts his sharp bill down, to the sure seizure and destruction of a frog, or possibly a tadpole or salamander. The voice of the bittern is a peculiar sound that has given to the tribe the scientific name of *Botaurus*, or “bull-voiced. All the world over their voices are the same. Just why, in New Jersey, we should call this bird “stake-driver,” we know not, but such is the case.

Labor is the law of the world, and he who lives by other means is of less value to the world than the buzzing, busy insect.

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

BY EMERY SHEPPERD BARRICK.

HEAVEN has no truer counterpart on earth than a peaceful, quiet and concordant family. It is a nucleus around which gathers all the real, solid and permanent enjoyments of life. It is society. It is government. It is a little world within itself. It affords opportunity for the exercise of every virtue, the enjoyment of every pleasure. Where else can we find so happy a combination of individual volitions?—the stern yet prudent father, the compromising mother, the subjected yet well-pleased children.

In the rearing and governing of a family—in fine, in everything pertaining thereto—great as is the responsibility devolving upon the mother, even greater is that devolving upon the father. He is the stronger—the stronger in bearing and will as well as in muscle; and though his duties call him from the household for days and even weeks in succession, his influence is a power there for good or for evil, for impressions of morality and obedience or for the reverse. He should mark out the boundaries of government and point out the way of discipline. It is his duty to occupy this position, not only with reference to and in the presence of the children, but also with reference to and in the presence of the mother. He will have a controlling influence over the whole household, over the children scarcely more marked than over the mother, if, indeed, he be a true man and she a true woman. But we are aware that a very great responsibility rests upon the mother, and in the matter of spoiled children she usually plays the first part. There is too much for her kind and loving nature to bear, when the child appeals to her from the rigid precepts and requirements of the father. She too often, without his consent, nullifies these requirements through pity and mercy, and thus these jewel virtues become a heinous vice, and culminate in a ruined child.

In bringing up children, we fear there is too much father breeding, or too much mother breeding. Children, to be well brought up, must receive breeding from the father as well as from the mother, and *vice versa*. They are each the complement of the other, and the two constitute an intelligence fit for bringing up children—the masculineness of the one modified by the feminineness of the other.

“Bringing up children” is scarcely more than commensurable with “teaching children.” For, notwithstanding the innate principle impelling us to the right and holding us from the wrong, we are born into a world of which we are ignorant. We are born ignorant of its principles of law and justice; ignorant of its notions of right and wrong; ignorant of its language. The imparting of these, with proper moral applications, con-

stitutes all, or at least a very great part, of what is included in bringing up children. We would not, of course, be understood as saying that children cannot be considered as brought up until they have learned and can comprehend all, or even much, of the things above mentioned ; but to bring up children well is to give them proper notions of law and justice, of right and wrong, and by no means least, to put proper language on their lisping tongues. Then, if bringing up children is teaching children, how important is it that the parents have passed through a course of studies themselves !

It is a hard fate for a child to fall under the protection of a guide who has never passed or thought out a way through the eventful journey conducting to the safer shores of fixed habits and abiding character.

Perhaps the most important trait, next to good morals, for bringing up children, is firmness. Not a determination on the part of the parent that they shall obey because it is his prerogative to rule, but an even and uniform temper, not at one time overflowing with indulgence, and in something which the children may be conscious is not strictly right, and at another strictly barring the doors against harmless indulgences and pleasures. There is a sense of reality in children which it is well to preserve, and which should not be overlooked in the breeding. Children may be brought up under the most stringent rules, or with the reins of government quite slackened, and in either case be well brought up, providing there is uniformity. And if we were asked which is the better way, we should give our preference for the slackened rein. But, by the slackened rein, we would not be understood to mean the giving up in the least of parental control. With respect to the restraint imposed on children, there is the middle course, into which it is generally best to steer. Certain it is that too much restraint naturally begets in children a disposition to throw off or avoid that restraint.

The question is certainly an ever-present as well as an all-important one, whether it is best to keep the eyes and ears of children closed to vice and crime. The general answer, we think, should be affirmative, but the specific one, negative. Children cannot well be taught to avoid what they do not know to exist ; nor can they fully understand the heinousness of crime unless they know something of its character. Of course we would not have them familiar with crime, especially if capital, which certainly has a brutalizing and demoralizing effect, even upon adults. We would have them never to come in contact with it, unless the occasion were made one of admonition against it.

Intimately associated with the question "How should children be brought up?" is the question "Where should they be brought up?" And to this question, no regards paid to sex, our answer is, on the farm. There are other places where children may be brought up, and well, too, but no other *as well*. Indeed, to bring up children well is not only to

bring them up with mental and moral, but, scarcely less important, with physical soundness. But it is not on the ground of physical health that we declare our preference for the farm, but on the ground of mental and moral health as well—on the ground of that superior manhood and mental pith that characterizes the farm-bred man and woman that have been brought up as a man or woman may be brought up on the farm. To prove that there is more vigor, mental as well as physical, in farm-bred men, we need only to recur to fame-recording pages, or to look to our colleges and the mentality of those who have thrown down the hoe or hung the scythe in the apple tree, for the strongest evidence. Farm life in general is not what it should be, nor what it might be. It is too much contrasted with town or city life. There seems to be the prevailing idea that farm life must be one of drudgery and toil. And in accordance with this notion the life is made very much such a life. As soon as the farmer, by some good turn of the wheel of fortune, has amassed enough to enable him to live in the town or city, he leaves, as he supposes, his hardships and toils, and his place is occupied by another, who follows him in the same mistaken path, instead of learning from his predecessor's folly that he now has only reached the point at which he may enrich and decorate his farm, and make it a place of profit and pleasure to himself and his family. The educational advantages of the town or of the city are unquestionably superior to those of the farm; but those of the farm need not be very inferior. The city is well nigh unavoidably more advantageous in books written by the pen of man; but the great book of nature, with its hill teachings and valley teachings, tree and brook teachings and cloud teachings, instructs in themes grander, and in eloquence sublimer than these.

Children cannot be well brought up, in the general acceptation of that term, unless they are brought up to manual labor. There is a correspondence between the hands and the head which should never be broken, and which never can be broken without serious damage. The soul does not have expression alone in the tongue, but in the hands, and it grows by the work of the hands. Who that has contemplated the beauties of architecture—the stately column and the splendid capital—will not agree that the hands are as eloquent as the tongue? Many a germ, miniature of some useful growth, has withered and perished because it could not find expression, because the hands were not in harmony with the head. Who that knows how to build a house, and can do the work, has not brought to sunlight some germ of his nature that otherwise would have perished in the frozen earth of unskillfulness? Who that has learned the art of husbandry—to plow and sow and reap tidily—has not acquired broader views and a wider stretch of soul? Many men, indeed, who, during their lives, have shone as lamps for the path of short-coming humanity, and at their death have left the richest legacies for the world,

have been men bred to manual labor—have left the field, the shop or the loom-shed, and gone forth to their work. And what better evidence can we have of the dignity of labor than these worthy associations?

Parents, bring up your children to work. This is training them up in the way they should go. When they are old they will not depart from it—they will retain that valuable something which it is the province of labor to give, though they choose intellectual and professional walks. To “train up a child in the way he should go” is, properly, to train him up in the way of his natural bent—to bid our wills be still, that we may hear the voice of nature speaking in him. But there are two things to which we are safe in the presumption that that voice will agree—manual labor and education. After these it is time enough to look seriously after the “natural bent.” All of us who have ever been boys, know that boys don’t like to work, no matter how industrious they become when grown up. Why is this? Why were we not as industrious then as now? The answer is very plain. It was because there was not created within us an interest in the work. The hands were not in harmony with the head. We labored as so many galley-slaves, chained to the oar. You who have children under your charge, and who would inure them to labor, if you would have that labor a pleasure and a profit to them, strive to create within them a mutual interest. Let your work be not yours exclusively, but yours and theirs. Mothers, if you would fit your daughters for that high calling in which it is their high privilege to act, teach them at least how to work. You need not make “Bridgets” of them by doing this. You can in no other way make of them what they are capable of becoming. She who has so much of His image, should remember that Creation is the “work of His hands.” “Callous hands” are not best suited to piano keys; but a heart, set to music by labor, outstrips the melody of keys and strings by all that is beautiful and charming in voices attuned to song, by the joy of alleviated wants.

Oh! what a weight of responsibility rests upon parents relative to their children, and through them, relative to humanity! Every father and mother is an Adam and Eve, with the destiny of a race reposed within their breasts. The home, natural dispositions kept in view, is very much what the parents make it. Who have they to blame if the children are not loving and obedient—if there is no “envied kiss?”

SAYING OF AN OLD MERCHANT.—A distinguished merchant, long accustomed to extensive observation and experience, and who had gained an uncommon knowledge of men, said: “When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him. Such an one cannot be trusted.”

BATTLING AGAINST ODDS.

BY HELEN POWER.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DEATH-BED CONFESSION.

TOWARD twelve one dreary night, as the captain sat alone in his room smoking, with all manner of queer fancies whirling through his brain as he listened to the sighing of the wind as it rose and fell at intervals, mingled with the sad tones of an Æolian harp, a rap at the door broke rather suddenly, though not disagreeably, on his meditations. "Who is there?" he called out through a cloud of smoke; "come in," and Mullins put his head in at the door.

"The doctor 'as sent for you in great 'aste, sir," said that individual, with the usual tug at his forelock. "No. 36 is habout breathin' his last, and he wants you to witness the signin' of a document uv some kind."

"Ah! poor devil!" exclaimed the captain, rising, "I'll be with you in a moment."

The convict lay quietly on the narrow bed, his face full in the light, and it was very evident that a change for the worse had taken place; the wings of the dread angel were hovering very, very near now, and already a film was gathering over the great, hollow eyes, and the blood had settled in purple spots upon the hollow cheeks. The surgeon sat between the bed and a small table which contained writing materials, and the chaplain was standing beside him, while the one candle burned dimly, throwing heavy shadows into the corners and upon the narrow walls.

Frank rose when the captain entered, and pointed to a chair. "I have sent for you and the chaplain," he said, "to witness the signing of a document—a dying man's confession," then, resuming his seat and drawing the candle closer, he took a sheet of paper from the table and read aloud in a calm, clear voice.

The convict's confession amounted to this: "One pleasant September evening, in the year of our Lord —, he had wandered with a pretty nursery maid, who led a little child by the hand, away from the crowded walks of Hyde Park to one of the most secluded parts of the Serpentine. He was a young man then, and flashily dressed, with a watch and chain and a superfluity of rings, and was looked upon no doubt by the pretty little girl at his side as a very stylish individual, although others, who knew more of the world, would have concluded after a glance that he belonged to the swell mob. The child, however, growing weary, they sat down to rest, and the nurse, taking it in her lap, hushed it to sleep in

her arms, glad, perhaps, to have an uninterrupted chat with her lover. Time passed on, and clouds obscured the setting sun: the short September afternoon had gone so fast that she had scarcely thought of the lateness of the hour or heeded the approaching storm until a large drop of rain falling upon her hand startled her. 'Mercy on us,' she cried, starting up, 'how late it is, and raining, too; what shall I do? Oh! my! Oh! my! I shall lose my place; my mistress will never forgive me; I promised to be home so early!' and she gathered her shawl about the sleeping child with increasing agitation. 'One moment, Jane,' cried her companion, who had risen also, and was looking over the bank into the water below: 'come here; lay the child down and come quick.' What followed was almost the work of an instant. Seizing the girl in his powerful arms just as she leaned forward to see some dark object in the river below, he gagged her securely before she had time to scream. It was usually a quiet spot, and the denizens of the park had scattered long ago to escape the rain, which was now falling heavily. Looking around once to see that the place was deserted, he let her down slowly over the steep bank, head foremost, into the water, and held her there until she was quite dead, then, concealing the body in a cavity of the bank, turned to leave the spot; but the child, awakened by the rain, lay on the ground sobbing violently, and he was obliged to turn his attention to it, for fear its cries might attract some one to the spot. His first impulse was to throw it into the river, as he caught it roughly in his arms, but fearing the discovery of the body might lead to unpleasant results, with a rough shake frightened the terrified child into silence, then, after waiting until the gathering twilight would admit of his going unmolested, wrapped it in his coat and made his way by back streets into the low parts of the city. But it was some time before he could make up his mind what he had better do with this new encumbrance, half inclined to strangle it more than once; then, suddenly hitting on a practicable plan, made his way to a cellar occupied by a woman who kept a kind of gin shop, who, after a careful scrutiny of the child and considerable parleying as to whether the handsomely embroidered dress and the string of pearls which looped up the sleeves would recompense her for her trouble, agreed to take it without going to the trouble of asking how he came by it. And that was the last he had seen or heard of it."

Then followed a minute description of the old hag, her appearance, directions for finding the locality, also the dress and appearance of the nurse and child.

"But what in the world was his motive for this horrid murder!" inquired the captain, when the surgeon had concluded.

"That he refuses to give," Frank answered, "and says his only motive for revealing the crime is the hope that the child may yet be restored to its parents; and I have promised to send this paper to the civil authorities in London as soon as practicable."

The convict all this time lay very still, scarcely seeming to notice anything that was going on around him; but when Frank raised him partly up and put a pen in his hand, he made his mark, looking at the others, as they signed their names below, with an expression of gratification, and said something to Frank, in an almost inarticulate voice, as he let him sink back gently on his pillow.

The chaplain glanced at the doctor inquiringly.

"He says he thinks he will die easier," Frank answered, interpreting the look.

"Horrible!" ejaculated the captain, when they left the room together. "I never, in all my life, heard of such a cold-blooded, brutal murder. It makes the blood run cold in my veins to think of it. Heavens! what a villain! I wonder what his motive could have been?"

"Death is a terrible thing to witness in a form like this," the chaplain remarked, sadly; "but I trust such death-beds are few."

"I have for some time observed," began Frank, thoughtfully, after a pause, "that his mind, in sleep, has seemed to revert to and dwell incessantly on one particular theme. From his first allusions during sleep or delirium, I could not tell what exactly, but soon became convinced that he had committed a dreadful crime many years previous. Sometimes he would start up, crying out, 'Take her away! take her away! I didn't murder it!' At others, I have heard him address some imaginary being by name, and say, in an agony of fear, 'Go away, Jane; your hands are so cold, and the water drips from your hair over me; go away, I haven't murdered the child.' But to-day he told me he had seen her again. It was the first time he had voluntarily broached the subject. 'She was here last night,' he said, raising one skinny arm and pointing to the foot of the bed; 'she stood there, all in white, with her long, wet hair streaming over her shoulders, and then, coming closer and closer, until her clammy fingers touched mine, she said in a low voice, 'The child! bring back the child!'' It made me shudder to hear him," he added; "what life-like images a disordered imagination can conjure up; indeed, I glanced around once myself, almost expecting to see a spirit-like form advance from the shadowy corner behind me. I'm afraid my nerves are not as strong as they once were."

"No wonder," exclaimed the captain, indignantly, "You have overtasked your strength, and exerted yourself far more than your health would allow. I'd be willing to bet you weigh less now, by thirty pounds, than when you came here; and I suppose you will be going back to No. 36, instead of trying to get some sleep?"

"Yes," said Frank, "I must; he will not trouble any of us much longer."

"You will do no such thing; Warner and I will sit up the remainder of the night."

"No," replied Frank with a smile, "I can't be sent off to bed like a schoolboy. Warner needs rest as much as I do, for he was up last night with No. 10. I am going back to my patient now, and will send Mullins if I need you. Good night."

About three o'clock in the morning, Linley roused Mullins, who had fallen asleep on the floor. All was over. The guilty soul had been summoned to render its final account before the dread tribunal of God.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOME AGAIN!

AS JULIA sat one evening in company with Lady Waterbury, a servant announced "a gentleman in the library, who sends up his card."

Lady Waterbury glanced at it with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. "Show Dr. Linley up into the drawing room immediately; say that the ladies are at home and will receive him without ceremony. Who in the world would have thought of seeing him to-night!" she exclaimed.

Frank, looking handsomer than ever, entered the room, and it cost Julia an effort to appear composed. Lady Waterbury welcomed him most cordially, and after much questioning, she observed:

"We shall expect quite a history of your travels the first opportunity. How long have you been in England?"

"Only a few weeks," he replied; "I went first to Birmingham to see my mother. You can imagine our meeting after a weary separation of years."

"Oh! I can," answered Lady Waterbury; "I can imagine a re-union with an absent or long lost child," she added with some emotion.

"Were you at Botany Bay when those convicts escaped?" asked Julia, suddenly looking up; "I read an account of it some time since; it was very horrible."

"I was very sick at the time," said Frank; "It was a most unfortunate attempt; the poor fellows' sufferings were dreadful beyond description."

"And they all died of starvation, or were eaten by their companions with the exception of two," remarked Julia with a shudder.

"Yes; and one of them has since died. If I were an artist I should have doubtless made a painting of that man's face, as it is I would fain forget I had ever seen it;" and Frank gazed moodily into the fire.

Frank then went on to describe the death-bed scene of the convict Sim, and as far as his recollection served, related the substance of his confession. At the close of his narration, Lady Waterbury, who had been listening attentively, uttered a loud scream and fell fainting on the

floor. When she returned to consciousness her eyes rested on Frank, and she requested more minute particulars, which Frank gave; and convinced that the lost child of her ladyship and the child mentioned in Sim's confession were one and the same, he promised to leave no stone unturned in tracing up the connection and if possible restoring the lost darling to her mother, stating that he had already placed the confession in the hands of the authorities.

Weeks passed by and Frank was a frequent visitor at the house of Lady Waterbury; but although detectives were set to work and diligent inquiry set on foot, for some time he could give but a poor account of his success. At length he discovered the whereabouts of the old hag in whose charge Sim had left the child, and she stated, after much questioning, that she gave the child away to a foreigner, and there the clue seemed to be lost.

One evening, after almost giving up the matter as hopeless, and the long suspense had begun to tell on the health of Lady Waterbury, a gentleman was announced who wished to see her ladyship. On being ushered into the room, where she was resting on a sofa, the tall form of Ernest Swartz stood before her. Both were somewhat embarrassed as may be imagined; but Ernest, apologizing for his intrusion, requested the invalid lady to be calm, as he had something of the highest importance to communicate, proceeded by degrees to prepare her mind for the disclosure that the Miss Hoefenfels, Emile, the beautiful and talented actress was no other than the long lost Emily. He gave an account of Emile's journey in search of him, her tracing him from the Bavarian village, her former home, to Florence, and of his having read in the English newspapers of the inquiry made by Lord Waterbury, and that he had hastened to London to restore the lost darling to the arms of her mother.

"She lives to be a blessing to you all the days of your life," he said.

Lady Waterbury was too much overcome to utter a word for some time, and when she recovered she yet seemed to doubt the possibility of such good news.

"She told me her history once, or at least a portion of it. Emile cannot be my child, my long lost Emily."

"There is no doubt at all about it," said Ernest; and he went on to explain the connection between Emile and the poor bauer whom she had always considered as her father; and this explanation, coupled with the account given by the old woman, at last entirely convinced her.

An hour later, a handsome carriage, with the Courtenay arms emblazoned on the panels, drew up in front of Lord Waterbury's town house, and a blaze of light flashing from the front entrance lighted up the pillars of the marble portico, as a gentleman springing to the ground assisted a lady to alight; a footman in livery ushered them up the massive

steps into the hall, and Emile found herself encircled in Julia's arms, and a minute later Emily Courtenay was in her mother's arms.

The door opened, and Lord Waterbury entered the room, followed by his nephew.

Lady Waterbury raised her head, with a cry of joy: "Alfred, our long-lost darling is restored to us at last. Emily, my love, go to your father."

Emily rose from her kneeling position at her mother's feet; her bonnet had been thrown aside, although she had not divested herself of her wrappings. How beautiful she looked, with her curls thrown carelessly back, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes swimming with tears. Ernest Swartz, who stood a little in the background, gazed proudly on his darling. He was proud of her talents, her beauty, and happy because she was happy and he had helped to bring this happiness about; and yet a half-smothered feeling of envy mingled with his other emotions; and as he watched Lord Waterbury clasp his daughter to his breast, calling her his daughter, his beloved Emily, he, Ernest Swartz, the German professor, turned away with a bitter pang, feeling as if in that embrace she was shut away from him forever.

It was a seven days' wonder of the London world when it was announced in the *Gazette* that Lord Waterbury had recovered his long-lost daughter; and the fact of her being no other than Miss Hoefenfels, the actress, increased the general interest twofold. Everybody had been horrified at the time of the disappearance of the nurse and child years ago; had indulged in numberless conjectures as conflicting rumors flew in all directions with regard to their uncertain fate; and now she had reappeared after a lapse of eighteen years, lovely in person and manners, a fit representative of the grand old house of Courtenay, whom none of its members need blush to own.

But all this time, where was Frank? Busy with his patients, no doubt; for he had established himself in London, and Dr. Linley was now one of the most promising physicians. Still, to his mother, he seemed troubled; and when questioned by her as to the cause, he would invariably sigh, and speak of difficult cases he had on hand; but this did not satisfy the watchful mother, who questioned him so closely that he felt obliged to tell her all about that unfortunate note, the newspaper rumor, and the consequent estrangement between him and Emily."

"It is not too late," said Mrs. Linley; "you will explain."

"No; it is better as it is,—at least for her, as she will all the sooner forget me, if she has not done so already," he answered, moodily.

A few days after, Frank was suddenly called to Brighton to attend a patient, when, on returning from one of his visits, he was hailed by a well-known voice:—

"Frank, old boy, how do you do? What have you been doing with yourself all this time?"

Frank turned to see where the voice came from, and at once stood face to face with Charley, who was in company with his cousins. After he had greeted Blanche, and complimented her on her improved health, Charley observed: "I believe you are acquainted with my cousin."

"Yes, we are old friends," said Emily Courtenay, holding out her little gloved hand timidly, and blushing.

"It has been a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you, Miss Courtenay; and I am sure nothing was farther from my thoughts at present, as I understood that Lady Waterbury and family had gone to Boulogne for the season."

"Such was our first intention," said Emily, "but Ma changed her plans, and so we came here."

"I have brought my mother down, as she is somewhat of an invalid, to try if the sea breezes will not be beneficial," observed Frank, after the conversation had become general.

"We shall be delighted to see her," said Blanche; "tell her, Doctor, she may expect frequent visits from me."

"I am the only member of our family who has not made her acquaintance," said Emily; "but if she will accept a call from one who is under such obligations to her son, it will give me great pleasure to accompany my sister."

"The obligations are all on my side, Miss Courtenay," said Frank, "and you and your sister may be assured that my mother will accept your kindness in the spirit in which it is offered. I shall see you again before I leave," he added to Charley; and after giving him his mother's address, he bowed to the ladies and departed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CHANGE OF PROSPECTS—CONCLUSION.

THE funeral was over; the long line of carriages had rolled away, leaving Sir Walter Linley to his last sad sleep in the family vault in Derbyshire; and Frank was pacing up and down in the library. One week ago he was Frank Linley, M. D.; to-day Sir Francis Linley, Baronet, of Linley Hall, Derbyshire. He thought of this great change in his fortunes with a feeling something akin to joy as he saw himself thus placed in a position which many might envy, and upon which none could look down. In the midst of his reverie he was interrupted by a servant in mourning livery.

"Sir Francis, I have a letter for you. It came last night," he added, apologetically, as he handed it to his master, "but in the hupset condition of the 'ouse it was forgot till just now."



Frank looked at it two or three times before opening it, then broke the seal impatiently. The words were few, in a delicate female hand :—

“BRIGHTON, Sept. —.

“SIR FRANCIS LINLEY: Come without delay. Your mother is dying. She has been delirious for some hours, and repeats your name continually. We wrote for you several days ago, informing you of the alarming change, and have been expecting you hourly since.

In haste, I remain

Your friend,

EMILY COURTENAY.”

Frank was thunderstruck. Dying, and he not near! The fond mother who had mourned his absence three weary years; and now, when it seemed as if he had reached the pinnacle of which he had dreamed in by-gone days, she was about to leave him forever. He hurried, with all possible speed, to Brighton. She was not dead—no, she was living and better, so Miss Courtenay told him; and as she was now asleep for the first time for weeks, Miss Courtenay requested that he would not at present disturb her, as with his pale face and almost haggard appearance, it might bring on a return of all those violent symptoms which had so nearly proved fatal. A half-hour later he sat at the table opposite Emily Courtenay, and they were talking quietly.

“If it should please God to spare her, the remainder of my life shall be devoted to her happiness. There are some lives,” he resumed, “which pass in alternate sunshine and gloom, others for a time, perhaps for years, through shadows so dark that no ray of hope is visible, and yet they emerge at last into brighter days, leaving the darkness behind forever. Such as yours, Miss Courtenay; you have suffered much, but such sorrow leaves no sting; your future is all sunshine; as fair a prospect for happiness lies before you as we are likely to attain in this world. As for myself, the less I say the better; I fear I shall linger among the shadows until the end.”

Emily sighed, and after a little pause he continued:

“May I congratulate you on your approaching union?” He carefully scanned her face as he spoke. “I respect and admire your choice, Miss Courtenay; may your walk in life be a pleasant and happy one. Lord Westfield is a true-hearted English gentleman, and well deserving of your love. But forgive me,” he added, seeing the expression of surprise and even of displeasure on his companion’s face, “if I have taken an unwarrantable liberty in speaking thus, or presumed too much on our former friendship.”

“No, no,” she said quickly; “I must acknowledge you took me by surprise; I thought it was a secret, as the event will not take place until the twentieth of December.”

"The twentieth of December! so soon? On that auspicious day the Hon. Miss Courtenay will become Lady Westfield. Happy destiny!" He spoke a little bitterly.

"Thank you, Sir Francis; on that day, indeed (by the way, the ceremony will be performed by my tutor and friend, Ernest Swartz, who is now rector of the family living in Dorsetshire), my cousin Julia will become Lady Westfield."

They looked at each other a moment or two in silence, then Emily, smiling mischievously, added: "So your congratulations, Sir Francis, were a little premature."

"What a mistake! Yet such is the prevailing impression in London circles," he answered, smiling too. It seemed as if the reserve was melting away between them.

"I am about to broach a subject," he began, with some hesitation, after another pause, "which a short time since I would have died rather than allude to. Do you remember, looking back through the past, a hazy night, when a student, proud and poor, asked you if you were willing to wait for him—to wait until he had made his way up in the world and could claim you as his wife—and the answer you gave him?"

"Forbear," said Emily, whose cheeks were glowing, "that night is with the past; I have swept it aside; there let it stay and be forgotten."

"One more question," said Frank, "and let the episode I allude to be forgotten. How have you kept that promise? and another, What motive prompted you to break the engagement?"

"Ask yourself that question, Frank Linley, not me. Who was it that grew weary and wished to be free? I have never reproached you."

"Our estrangement, Emile, has been the result of a mutual misunderstanding. Little I thought of the effects of that fatal letter. I was in a wretchedly morbid state of mind at the time, disappointed in my profession, as well as involved in pecuniary difficulties. Even if I told you that it was folly to waste the best years of your life in waiting for me, I trusted you so implicitly that I had no doubt with regard to your answer."

"I see it all, now," she answered. "O, Frank, Frank, what must you have thought of me?"

"May we not renew that broken promise? I place my heart, my fortune at your feet, Emily Courtenay, as I would do if you were Emile Hoefenfels, the Bavarian actress still. Will you let me atone for my share in the past by devoting my future to your happiness!"

How very pretty she was, with her crimson dyed cheeks, as she raised her eyes to his.

"My answer then is my answer now," she said quietly; "I have ever been true to you."

So this strange betrothal was renewed, and what could have been more matter-of-fact than the manner of it.

"How much we have suffered uselessly," Emily remarked after a pause, with a sigh of regret. "O, Frank, if we had only had faith in one another."

"Yes, we have suffered much, Emily; but I trust not uselessly. Let us try to think that all things happen for the best, and that our trials, though hard to bear, are for our own good. Have you not found it so? and if in a bitter moment of affliction when human love and faith seemed but mockery, you turned to the one true Source for consolation, sought it humbly, and found it as I have done, you will not say that such a boon is not worth the price, though gained in darkness, bitterness and tears."

"I thank you for your well merited rebuke," she answered sadly; "Yes, I have found it so. When friends, fortune, and all we hold dear in this life fail us we turn to our Heavenly Father for support, yet forget Him and His love in our prosperity."

"Then, Emily, if it shall please God that we shall walk through life together," Frank answered, laying his hand on hers, "let it also be in the narrow path that leads to life eternal."

Both were silent for some time, but strange to say a shadow seemed to be creeping over Sir Frank Linley's face, which chased the brightness away from hers, as she sat pensively watching him, while the fire burned cheerily in the grate and the lamps cast a mellow radiance over the apartment. What phantom of the past had arisen to mar the joy of this hour?

"Come Frank," cried Emily, shaking off the presentiment of evil which for a moment had taken possession of her, and smiling brightly, "you shall not conjure up any sad thoughts to-night. The shadows which darkened my life have all departed, truly they are all gone; I have not been so happy for years. I only regret that I ever doubted you."

He turned, nay, shrunk away from her, as if her words had stung him to the quick, left her sitting there in mute surprise, and paced in his old fashion up and down the room in silence, then paused and stood at the window, apparently looking out into the night. The wind had risen and went sobbing past, dashing great drops of rain against the panes, and the lamps without shone dimly through the gloom. Thicker and faster fell the rain upon the wet pavements, sadder and louder moaned the wind around housetops, down dark alleys and wide chimneys.

But he heeded not, because of the tumult of conflicting emotions within. How great the struggle or how bitter the temptation, none ever knew, but when he turned, his pallid face, full of resolute calmness, told of a fixed purpose. The struggle was over and he had conquered. He

crossed the apartment to Emily, who sat regarding him with an expression of surprise and dread mingled.

"Emily," he said at last, in a calm, sad voice, "you cannot know how your last words pained me. You said you only regretted that you had ever doubted me, and yet I am about to make a confession which must shake your faith to its foundation. A husband and wife should have no secrets from each other, but I for years have kept one hidden from every eye. 'Tis said that 'sin brings its own punishment,' and sad experience has taught me that it does, even in this world. More than once it has risen up, darkening my happiest moments, and even now may form a barrier between us. Once I should not have hesitated to lead you to the altar, and keep my secret from you all my life long; once I would not have paused to ask myself whether it were right, knowing that my future happiness was cast in the die. But since then I have learned, I trust, to see things in a clearer, truer light; and even though my confession be the means of separating us forever, I shall never regret that I have chosen the right in an hour of dire temptation."

"Frank! Frank!" cried Emily Courtenay, with a face of ashy whiteness, "one question only answer me, then I can wait to hear the rest. Is there blood on your hands?" and she hid her face with a shudder.

"No, thank Heaven, no, it is not so bad as that. Have patience and you shall hear all. I shall not try to extenuate my conduct; it admits of no extenuation. You remember the night I confessed to you that I was ruined, had lost every farthing at the gaming-table? even then I in part deceived you by leading you to believe that my loss was recent, when months had elapsed since my first horrible awakening to beggary and ruin.

"It was between midnight and day; I had been wandering about the streets in a stupor of despair, when, impelled by I scarcely know what strange impulse, I found myself at the college, and, on being admitted, made my way to the dissecting room. What I accidentally saw there, laid the corner-stone of my future life. I can see him now, as he came in from the dark alley, with slouched hat and slouching gait, the long sack thrown across his shoulders. Shall I say more, or can you guess my secret? The following night, as I stood alone on London Bridge, in a half-crazed, suicidal mood, a thought came to me. Is it strange that I did not overcome the temptation, when it sent the blood tingling through my veins with renewed hope? 'Twas the only avenue through which I could return to my former life. Ambition urged me not to turn from it; every worldly interest plead for it. I might have withstood such motives, I could not the other—the only unselfish motive of them all—the bitterness, the agony of grief, it would spare my mother. Yet even in this I was selfish, for her love and confidence were dearer to me than anything on earth. So, from that night, I became a member of the fraternity so

justly abhorred, a body-snatcher, and a rival of the one I had already met at the college. O, Emile, it was a strange, feverish life. I, the student, hugged my secret closely, and none dreamed of it. Much more I might tell you of that portion of my life, but it is not a subject on which I care to linger.

"The night you saved me again from ruin, my hated profession had failed me, as the colleges would receive no more subjects so near the close of the term, which I did not know in time to remedy the evil.

"Emily, my secret is yours. Had it never been mine, I should not have known you. How strange it is that this man, the resurrectionist of whom I spoke, should have been so strangely connected with both our lives. He was the ruffian who attempted your murder, the convict whose dying confession was ultimately the means of restoring you to your parents, the murderer of your nurse and the cause of all your misfortunes."

He paused, and stood with his arms folded, facing her.

She looked at him for a moment sorrowfully, without speaking; then, leaning her head upon her hands, sobbed bitterly.

How long she remained in this position he scarcely knew, but she had ceased sobbing before he spoke again. "Emily, won't you speak to me?" he cried, almost in a voice of anguish. "Speak, if it is only to say how you detest the deceit practiced for years by the man you thought so worthy of your love and confidence. Can the affection of years be turned from its channel by the confession of an hour? Think of the wretched years that are past. Think how weary the future will be without you."

She raised her head, revealing a face sad and calm, but disfigured by traces of recent tears. "I have thought," she said quietly, "bitterly and with tears, of the idol dashed from its pinnacle, now lying in ruins at my feet. Is it strange that I could not look on calmly and see it fall? Perhaps you think such a burst of feeling unnecessary and uncalled for; if so, I plead my woman's nature, which finds relief only in tears; but rest assured they are the last. As for my decision, Sir Frank Linley, 'tis already made; after what has passed between us, I could have but one answer: it is—

He interrupted her. "I know what you would say, Emily, and I cannot blame you. The shadow of my one great fault has darkened my life so far, and will follow and curse it forever. Let this parting be our last. 'Tis better so. Good-by."

He opened the door as she sprang forward and laid her hand upon his arm. "O, Frank, if you had half the faith in me that I have in you, you would not doubt my love. Though the whole world turned against you, I would be true. Though your name was a by-word among men, I would cling to you. When I had neither father, mother, friends, fortune or name, you offered me the shelter of yours. I *then* esteemed it a blessed privilege; and all I ask now is to be your companion, your comforter, your wife."

“Then come, Emily: come to the arms that will shelter you—to the heart that will cherish you, all your life long.”

He put his arms around her, and drew her to his breast, adding softly, “The shadows are all gone now, Emily, my beloved.” And with her happy, blushing face upon his shoulder, she put her hand in his, repeating in a low voice those beautiful lines: “And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whithersoever thou goest I will go, and whithersoever thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

THE END.

ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE.

SOME unknown friend sends us the following poem, which shows ability of no mean order. It was accompanied by this note:—

TRENTON, February 5, 1871.

DEAR MR. BEECHER—I send you a few lines that came to my mind unsought as it were, but which are a perfect exponent of my unfortunate self. Being one of this world's unfortunates in many respects, I am *here* now, working under an assumed name; and to-morrow I may be wandering—wandering, fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless: I'm alone on the streets, and never more so than this chill day, as I mail this to you, wondering if it will ever see light, or be but another of this life's defeats.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES H. P——.

ALONE IN THE STREETS.

What though the tramping of crowds greet my ear?
 What though the sky overhead is so clear?
 There's not a responsive heart now to me near—
 Nothing in friendship's kind manner me greets,
 I'm alone, I'm alone in the city's wide streets.

Tossed on the ocean's broad, boundless expanse,
 The stars seemed to answer the prayer in my glance;
 My faith in my God was as lover's sweet trance,
 When after long parting his loved one he meets—
 But here in the town, I'm alone in the streets.

My brain seems to slumber as daily I toil,
 Or work doth the plans of my enemy foil;
 But even at last doth hush the turmoil;
 And pictured to me is my life of defeats,
 While sympathy, knows not the crowd in the streets,

I would I could wander forever away
 From the town with its thousands of happy and gay,
 Alas! I was once full as merry as they,
 But now in my breast my heart tiresomely beats
 As I wander, uncared for, the city's wide streets.

Alone in reality, God might reveal
 That right was what now He sees best to conceal,
 But contrast doth shake the firm faith I would feel,
 As I hear the heart phrases that friendship repeats
 When friendless, unsought, I'm alone in the streets.

The lone watches of night, these all are so long
 As I hum to myself of an old home time song,
 And weaker than ever, when I should be strong—
 When *friends* seem those coming—the fancy retreats—
 As strangers pass by me, alone in the streets.

But there's a time coming, when rest will be mine;
 In peace my soul's keeping then will I resign,
 Trusting my tired self will ever be thine;
 And friends, none but friends, will my gladdened eyes greet
 As I walk in the Beautiful City's wide street.

We sympathize with our friend whoever he may be, and should his eye fall upon this and the lines he has written, probably in a moment of extreme dejection, we would ask, not to censure, not even to reprove him for the past, but to suggest a remedy; is it not by your own acts that you are friendless in the streets? If so, then by your own acts restore yourself to lost confidence, and make new friends.

At all events "rally your forces for another and more desperate assault upon adversity. If calumny assail you, and the world—as it is apt to do in such cases—takes part with your traducers, don't grow moody and misanthropic, or, worse still, seek to drown your unhappiness in dissipation. Bide your time. Disprove the slander if you can! if not live it down. If poverty come upon you like a thief in the night, what then! Let it rouse you, as a real thief would do, to energetic action. No matter how deeply you may have got into hot water—always provided that you did not help the father of lies to heat it—your case, if you are made of the right sort of stuff, is not desperate, for it is in accord with the divine order of things that life should have no difficulties which an honest, determined man through Heaven's help cannot surmount." It is easy to say these things, and we believe them; but who will dare to say, "I am sufficient for them."

J. A. ROEBLING.

THE above portrait represents the first bridge builder of his time, and by many high authorities he is put down as the best civil engineer; certainly he had no superior as an engineer and no equal in bridge building, and it will be a long time before any man in this country, or indeed in any other, can gain a position in public confidence equal to that which he held at the time of his death. This sad occurrence took place July 22, 1869, as the result of injuries received while superintending the surveying for the foundations of the great East River suspension bridge, to connect the cities of New York and Brooklyn.

We do not know of any death among scientific men that has occasioned a more profound sense of national loss, or been the subject of such universal regret by the press at home and abroad. His plan for bridging the East River was at once so grand in design and commercially so important in the results it proposed to accomplish, that the attention of the scientific and commercial world was at once directly turned to the man and his enterprise. But when that plan was presented to a corps of the best

engineers of the country, subjected to their most critical examination, and passed upon by them as being absolutely perfect to accomplish the purposes designed, Mr. Roebling at once deservedly became one of the greatest men of his time. It is very far from our purpose in any way to revive the sense of loss suffered by the scientific and business world in Mr. Roebling's death, or to increase in our own city the painful consciousness that one of the most valued and valuable citizens is no more among us to stimulate others by his example, to bless the unfortunate by his charities and to lead forward by his great zeal, enterprizes for the good and growth of our community. But there are valuable lessons in the lives of such men as they come upon the stage of human action and pass from it which all are eager to learn.

J. A. Roebling was born the 12th day of June, 1806, in the city of Mulhausen, Thuringia, Prussia. After the usual academical course, he attended the Royal Polytechnic School, at Berlin, and received the degree of Civil Engineer upon the completion of his studies. This obliged him to remain three years in the service of the State, most of which time was spent in superintending public works in Westphalia. He emigrated with a brother to the United States, in 1831, and settled upon a tract of land in Western Pennsylvania, near Pittsburg, at that time almost the extreme Western frontier. He devoted himself to reclaiming and improving the wild land and building up a town around him. Although Mr. Roebling never lost his love for agriculture and horticulture, yet a mind like his could not from its natural constitution as well as education, be satisfied with farming, no matter upon how grand a scale. Genius does not copy, it creates; Mr. Roebling's mind did not imitate even itself; all his great constructions are essentially different from each other in general design and the detail of execution. The fertility of his mind in resources was pre-eminent; the question with him was never *how* to do a thing; but which method to adopt of the many that occurred to him. He created great designs, and unless allowed to execute them his mind would have consumed itself. He was always sanguine of his enterprises—more, he was enthusiastic of success. When he undertook a thing his whole soul was engaged in its prosecution; but it is a well known fact that all he expected was always fully realized.

No one can properly estimate the power of the human will until they have seen it in the highest exercise. Not a will that is stubborn, but the index of brain power; a will that defends what the mind knows to be right, checking, or bearing down all unjust opposition. This will power Mr. Roebling had in a wonderful degree. Possessed of a mind the most penetrating, he searched into the very heart of things, and when fully satisfied that he had arrived at the truth—the whole truth—he was ready to defend it against all opposition, and whoever assailed him upon any question upon which he would give a positive judgment, generally found

themselves ignorant where he was learned, and weak where he was strong. It was this thorough investigation that made him master of a subject, and an indomitable will that could not be shaken when his judgment approved it; that built our suspension bridges, which are among the grandest triumphs of science the world has ever seen. Opposition, powerful and long continued was brought to bear upon the man who would span our largest rivers with a swinging bridge; ridicule, sarcasm, science, influence, experience, all at one time or another were directed against his enterprises and plans, but they met a mind so clear and determined, an executive power so masterly, a knowledge of his subject so thorough and complete, even to the minutest details, that like the streams he bridged these currents swept entirely beneath, and he towering above them looked calmly down upon their attacks with the confidence that belongs to conscious power.

One week before the first steamship crossed the Atlantic and arrived in safety in an American harbor, Dr. Lardner pronounced ocean steamship navigation a failure. And while Mr. Roebling was building the Niagara bridge, Sir Robert Stevenson, at a banquet, declared that no suspension bridge could ever be built that would carry a railroad train over it. In a few weeks after, the first train crossed Niagara bridge; and since that day to this trains have traversed it with perfect safety.

Mr. Roebling was not a man to overlook difficulties, but on the contrary, he saw they must inevitably arise. One element of power in him was that he foresaw and prepared to meet them. That wonderful foresightedness and penetration which characterized him, enabled him to forestall an untoward circumstance. He saw it before it actually came, and his ingenuity and skill always remedied the evil when it appeared. The following incident illustrates some of the prominent characteristics of the man: While building the Niagara bridge the cholera broke out among his laborers, and ravaged fearfully for some time. Every doctor left the town, and terror prevailed among the inhabitants. Mr. Roebling and a large German in his employ, were the only ones who remained to care for the sick. As fast as the disease broke out in a family the houses were burned with all that was in them, to prevent its spreading further, and the inmates sent into Canada or the surrounding country. Mr. Roebling would undoubtedly have been brought down by the disease, as he was constantly exposed to it, had it not been for the exercise of his powerful will. He determined he would not have it; but on one occasion he walked his room all the night long, fighting against symptoms which threatened to make him its victim. The gentleman who related the incident to us said it was the most striking exhibition of the power of mind over disease that he ever witnessed, and probably saved this valuable life. Mr. Roebling offered two stout Germans two hundred dollars to go and set fire to a house where the disease had broken out in a very malig-

nant form. They went, and both took the disease, of which they died. It was by such means only that the ravages could in any degree be lessened. During this time the work on the bridge was carried on under the direct supervision of its designer.

Mr. Roebling never allowed any part of a structure to be finished without his own personal inspection, even of the minutest details. It was not enough that those who did the work said it was well done, his own keen eye must examine and pronounce it satisfactory. This accounts for a remarkable fact, that none of the works he has constructed have ever given way or been found defective in any particular. While building the Niagara bridge he did not see his family for more than a year, and the same was true of him while constructing many of his works. Few know the self-denial and exposure he underwent to accomplish his magnificent undertakings.

In his family, during the little time he could devote to them, he was exceedingly entertaining, and it was their delight to gather around him evenings and listen to his talks on the different sciences, with which he was perfectly familiar. His business however, permitted of this only at brief intervals, until within the last few years of his life. His time was too valuable to devote to a few even though they were his own, when matters of national importance demanded his time and energies. Mr. Roebling had a very kind heart, and though his moments were all precious, he heard with attention the plea for charity though it came from the humble. Thousands bless his memory for that unostentatious charity which was dispensed almost as widely as he was known. Besides the many gifts unknown except to those who received them, he gave among other public charities, \$10,000 to the Orphans' Home, in Zelinople, Pa.; \$10,000 to the Pittsburg Infirmary; \$10,000 to the Orphans' School, Wartsburg, N. Y.; \$30,000 to the Orphan Children's Home, of Trenton, N. J.; \$30,000 to the Widows' Home, of Trenton, N. J. These are a few of his public charities, but they are by no means the measure of his benevolence, which was a subject he never liked to have spoken of.

J. A. Roebling was one of two or three originators of the Board of Trade of this city, its first president, and the man who more than all others made the body powerful and aggressive against the great railroad corporation that ruled the city and State regardless of any interests except their own. Under the presidency of Mr. Roebling, this corporation was unwillingly compelled to yield to the demands made for reduction in freights, and the manufacturing interests of the place were benefitted many thousand dollars by the operations of the Board.

Mr. Roebling was the friend of the working man, and one of his most earnest desires was to promote harmony between the employer and employed, and in order to do this, he said, educate every child in the land, compel them to be educated at the expense of the state.

We give the following brief sketch of his principal works in this country, from the time he resumed his profession in 1835, after abandoning his farming operations in Pennsylvania. During the first few years following this period he was employed on various works connected with bridge building in Ohio and Pennsylvania. In the year 1842, he proposed to the Canal Board of Pennsylvania to substitute wire for hemp ropes on the inclined planes of the Alleghany Portage Railroad, which in those days connected the eastern and western divisions of the Penn. Canal. The annual expense for hemp ropes was about twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Roebling succeeded in his experiments; his wire ropes were adopted, and since that time have been gradually introduced on nearly all the collieries and inclined planes throughout the country. In the year 1850, Mr. Roebling removed from Pennsylvania to New Jersey, and erected extensive works in Trenton, which are now capable of manufacturing two thousand tons of wire rope annually. The process of manufacture begins with iron in the bar or bloom, it is then rolled down into rods which are drawn into wire and laid in rope.

In 1844, he contracted with the city of Pittsburg to erect a wire suspension aqueduct over the Alleghany river, in place of the old wooden structure. This was a novelty in civil engineering, but it proved quite successful, and upon its completion he contracted with the Monongahela Bridge Company, for rebuilding their bridge in accordance with a plan which he originated. He next erected four more suspension aqueducts on the Delaware and Hudson Canal, New York. Mr. Roebling began operations on the Niagara river in 1852, and laid the anchorage of the railroad suspension bridge which connects the Great Western line in Canada with the New York Central. The lower floor of this work was opened for common travel in 1854. The upper floor was opened for the passage of trains in 1855, and no interruption has occurred since. The complete success of this bridge over the Niagara settled the question of the practicability of railroad suspension bridges. A suspension bridge of one thousand two hundred and twenty-four feet over the Kentucky river, on the Kentucky Central Railroad, was his next enterprise, which, however, was stopped when half completed by the failure of the company that undertook its construction. This work will be resumed and completed at no distant day. In 1856, Mr. Roebling laid the extensive foundations for the towers of the Covington and Cincinnati suspension bridge over the Ohio river. This work was interrupted in 1863, but resumed and completed in 1867. This is said to be the largest suspension bridge in the world, and no doubt is the best built and most substantial. It cost a million and a half dollars. During the years 1858, 1859 and 1860, Mr. Roebling superintended the erection of the fine wire bridge over the Alleghany river at Pittsburg. The Cincinnati bridge is the tenth public work of this description which he has planned and executed.

cause more or less disturbance in the system. There is no doubt that too often we rather eat to gratify the appetite than simply to supply the necessary demands of the body; and that more is eaten than the body can with comfort appropriate. "Always leave the table hungry"—*i. e.*, not in a state of dull satiety—is a maxim embodying both prudence and common sense.

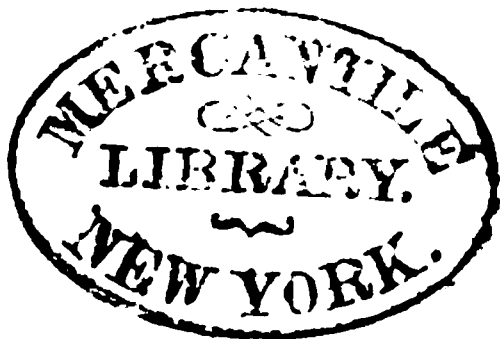
Also, eating heartily after a protracted interval is overburdening the stomach, and therefore injurious.

Another cause of faulty digestion—one which we need not dwell upon, since it is patent to all—is the incongruity of the viands taken; articles which, from their very nature or mode of preparation, disagree with each other, resulting generally in their ejection.

The effect of very cold water or ice, taken in large quantities with or soon after a meal, also is to retard digestion. The temperature of the stomach during digestion is about 100 degrees. If, by draughts of ice water, it be temporarily cooled down to 80 or 90 degrees, the circulation of the small blood-vessels over its inner surface is retarded, and digestion therefore partially suspended, until a normal temperature is again attained. Drinking largely at meals is in itself inadvisable, since the gastric juice is thereby diluted, and the water requires to be almost entirely absorbed before the nutrient principles can be converted into a condition for absorption.

Severe bodily or mental exercise too soon after eating likewise hinders digestion. For the proper performance of its function the stomach requires an increased supply of blood, and during the act there is always an afflux to those organs concerned in the process. But if, when this is most in demand, the blood be by physical exertion determined to the muscles, or by mental work to the brain, the adequate supply is diminished and digestion is thus impeded and prolonged. Therefore, after eating, rest.

So, too strong mental emotion influences the process by suppressing the excretions. We are all aware how dry the mouth becomes, sometimes, in case of strong nervous excitement—as in fear, grief or anxiety—how the tongue cleaves to the roof of the mouth, and what an absence there is of all salivary flow; so much so that the "trial by rice" in India is founded upon this well-known physiological fact. Persons suspected of crime are ordered to chew and swallow a certain amount of uncooked rice in a given time. If any one is incapable of doing it, from failure to properly moisten the bolus with saliva, it is supposed that the fear of detection has dried up the salivary flow, and he is therefore adjudged the guilty man. Erroneous as may be their deductions, yet their mode of reasoning is based on the well-established law of the nervous sympathy between different organs, and that whatever painfully affects the mind to an inordinate degree takes away the appetite, and diminishes the power of digestion.



POPULAR SCIENCE.

CAN THE HUMAN LEG AND FOOT BE IMPROVED?

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D.

THE upright form of the human being is maintained by an arrangement of bones and muscles different from other animals. Whilst some may take the erect position for a short time, it is by a great effort that it is accomplished, and this position, when assumed, is so easily overcome by the slightest application of force, that it cannot be regarded as the natural position of any other animal than man. The foot, the leg, the thigh, the hips, the spine, and the head, are so arranged with respect to one another, that the erect posture for standing, or for locomotion in man, is inferred from his mechanism. Such animals as make the nearest approach to men in their figures, progress on all fours. When erect and standing, the center of gravity is maintained, for a short time, within the bounds of their hind claws or feet, with great difficulty, and when they progress, it is by a kind of pitching forward motion, difficult to maintain. Their natural and invariable method of progression, when not disturbed, is after the manner of quadrupeds.

For the perfection of mechanism, the wonderful adaptation of means to the end, next to the arm and hand of man, comes his leg and foot. Whether it has grown out of the idea of man being the perfection of animals, that we consider the outline of his locomotive apparatus as the most symmetrical and graceful that can be imagined for the purpose intended, there is much besides this, to claim the attention of the philosophic engineer, in the shape and proportions of the various parts of the construction.

From the hip to the foot, the line of support is through bones placed nearly vertically upon each other, and the joints are so arranged, as to take the pressure at the greatest mechanical advantage. Around these bones muscles are placed from hip to thigh, from thigh to leg, and from leg to foot, tapering as they proceed downwards, so that by their size, the points at which the greatest power is required may be readily told. At the hip, where the greatest power is needed to command the trunk, and upper portions of the body, and prevent a lurching sideways, or falling forward or backward, and where the power has to act through short levers, the large, coarse, and strong muscles of the hip joint are placed, rounding the part, and tapering downward upon the thigh. The muscles to move

the leg, arising about, and below the hip joint, on the sides, front, and back of the bone, taper downwards, and by their terminal cords, pass over and on the sides of the knee joint, and fasten into the upper part of the leg. Below the knee, the muscles that move the foot swell out. On the back part of the leg, the grand symmetrical muscle that operates the heel, by means of its tendon, is developed apparently to the dwarfing of all the others of the leg. This is no more so than is indicative of necessary power. The entire body, weighted as it may be under every circumstance, has to be lifted by this muscle. The others are merely to adjust the foot to the position it is to occupy, to work it from side to side, and lift it clear of obstructions, or to command some of the movements of the toes. These are situated between the bones of the leg, on the outside of the main bone principally, and make but a small part of the mass between the knee and ankle. Thus constructed, with foot and upright bones adapted to a standing position of the body, and these braced and protected by muscles, it has the strength of a column upon its base, and the resistance of the tapering mast with its shrouds and stays.

Whether in standing or walking, the direct line of the limb, or in the flexures that are required for motion, every bone, and joint, and muscle plays its part as an agent in this one acknowledged position of man, an erect figure, having no other base than the foot. Had any alteration been made in the form of the limb, this stature could not have been assumed with the ease now manifested, and, for continued exertion, the attitude would have been impossible. Mechanical ingenuity cannot suggest any change in the shape or length of a bone, the position, size and arrangement of a joint, or the outline, and various parts of the foot, that would not render the mechanism worse for all the purposes intended by nature. The only improvement, seriously suggested, was by a negro, who said if the calf of the leg had been in front, it would have been of some use, for it would then protect a very tender part. This change for the better, according the wisdom of the negro, was but a slight step beyond what we see daily practiced. He did not know the use of the calf of the leg, how admirably it was placed, and out of danger. Neither did he know the value of the extreme sensitiveness of the covering of the shin bone in front. The great engine to lift the body upon the foot needs protection, and the sensitive defence in front guards it doubly from danger.

Almost equal to having the calf on the front of the leg, is the artificial elevation of the heel above the level of the ball of the foot. The ankle joint, with its center of bearing perpendicular to a line drawn from the heel to the ball of the foot, has all its ligaments, length of tendons, and circles of motion, adapted to this line. If, in going down an inclined plane, the leg bone is thrust forward upon the foot for a short time, the ligaments become stretched, and painful. If the movement be attempted

in an opposite direction, the same difficulty occurs with the ligaments of the joint, besides the tendon at the heel being unduly stretched, the effort becomes harassing, and has to be discontinued. Climbing and descending hills, soon cause the limbs to become weary, mainly, because the position of the foot, in relation to the upright body, is not calculated for any considerable amount of this kind of exertion. Quadrupeds, or rather quadrumana, are better mountain rangers. Man's best movements are on the level plains. It is here he has the freedom of step corresponding with his construction, and it is here his limbs will be developed in their best proportions. The thick ancles, and clumsy knees of the mountaineer, will not be induced by the twists, and distortions of an uneven, and precarious foothold, nor will the long heel of the tramper of the desert, be cultivated to a still longer growth, to furnish a greater leverage for lifting the body from the sand. Accustomed to the level surface, the leg will be symmetrical in all its arrangements, if not interfered with by art. But art does interfere. It contrives, in the shoe, a downward movement, by raising the heel an inch or more above the ball of the foot, and changes the bearing of the ankle joint. It gives, whilst the shoe is worn, a pressure forward upon the structures of the foot, which if long continued, will change their organization. The ligaments of the ankle will be puffed and thickened, the toes cramped and deformed, the calf emaciated, the knees bent forward to adjust the center of gravity of the body, and finally, should the elevation of the heel be continued from generation to generation, for centuries, it would bring our species down on all fours, back perhaps to the primordial starting point.

In a scientific point of view, it is rather interesting to notice how much individuals distort their forms. Without being exposed to censure for making cruel experiments, all the inquirer needs is to watch the doings of the self-immolators. Forms made perfect for the spheres in which they move, are by art twisted, distorted, dwarfed, and paralyzed, almost changed in their specific character. The Flat Head Indian, the slit nosed Carrib, the mutilated African, the high heeled Caucasian, with their various modes of fancied improvement, illustrate in various ways, that man, savage or civilized, strives after some ideal perfection, which, as he thinks, nature has not yet reached, whilst brutes, not having this aspiring notion, are satisfied with their normal condition.

A man who is allowed to grow up with his mind entirely neglected has inflicted upon himself a grievous wrong. He is cut off from the surest and noblest sources of happiness, and if he is regarded simply as an agent for the production of wealth, he is made by ignorance comparatively useless.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE FALL OF PARIS.

FOR the moment mob rule and despotism is the law in France. This once proud and powerful nation is the prey of a noisy, turbulent and unprincipled crew. In the presence of the enemy, during the siege of the capital, while the armies of France were in the field, or in the early days of the Republic, we had few evidences of the conflicting forces ambitious of controlling power in France. That they existed we were well aware; but the severe lessons which the nation had experienced by the German invasion, it was considered, had taught the French a lesson which would not be altogether lost upon them. But the devastation of war has had little or no effect upon the wretched desperadoes who now influence or attempt to, public opinion throughout the nation. The effects of the conflict upon the future of Europe and of the world cannot be overestimated. Every war in the present day in Europe tends to the ultimate elevation of the subject into a citizen, and while governments are wrangling, the uneasy people take advantage of the situation to toss off their burdens. We have seen a proud country and a beautiful capital prostrated, but we have also witnessed the expulsion of the Bourbons from Spain, and in consequence of the withdrawal of French support, the overthrow of Papal authority, the union of Italy, and the restoration of Rome as its capital. Austria has been strengthened; England *frightened*, and Germany transformed from a "straw-rope union" of suspicious states into a grand confederation! Russia dictates grave policies to the continent, and even Turkey plucks up courage to say that she means to manage her own affairs hereafter. But while very much has been gained, something also has been lost. The aggregate of the losses, direct and prospective, incurred by the people of Germany and France since the beginning of the war, is simply incalculable. Apart from the irremediable destruction of life and the waste of war material, the depreciation of values and the utter annihilation of certain kinds of property, it must be remembered that food has been taken out of millions of mouths and clothes off millions of backs. Hunger and nakedness cry aloud to us for relief from the desolated plains and bombarded cities of France.

Everybody has believed that the moment the war was over the elasticity of the French nation would bring her to her feet again. Few people in existence have resources like theirs; but destiny and Germany united are too strong for them. Their strongholds have been taken—their towns ravaged, and their cities lost by repeated disaster. The war closes upon a nation whose sufferings, whether expressed or not, appeal to the charity of the world.

THE AGE OF BREVITIES.

BE CONCISE," is the maxim of our day. In the Loitering Ages which preceded the present Rapid Era, the art of condensation was comparatively little cultivated. Men moved deliberately to the accomplishment of their purposes, not seeming to recognize the importance of making the minute-hand instead of the hour-hand of the clock the guage of their daily toil. We have converted every "walk of life" into a run, and are too earnest in the race to bestow a thought or a glance on the flowers that grow by the wayside. Conversation is no longer what it was before steam had screamed its "hurry up!" and lightning had become colloquial. If you meet a friend in the street he shakes hands with you hurriedly, and then pulls out his watch to see how many seconds he can devote to civility, without permitting Time to get ahead of him. Formerly business was "transacted"—now it is "despatched!" Even in our amusements we insist on the principle of compression. At the theatres people are not willing to allow the players time to recover their breath between the acts—they want the performance to be continuous. It is the same at church. Out come the watches of the congregation if the sermon lasts over twenty minutes. The homilies with "seven heads," and "sub-heads" in proportion, to which our meek ancestors listened patiently, would not be tolerated by this curt generation. They would rather encounter the beast with ten heads mentioned in Revelation than a many-headed discourse. Long letters, too, have gone out of fashion. Even when intimate friends address each other by mail, there are seldom more than a dozen lines between "Dear Jack" and "Yours faithfully." The days when sheets of foolscap paper were crossed and recrossed with a close-woven warp and weft of pleasant gossip, have passed never to return. Note paper suffices for the most fluent pen, and a correspondent who fills "three sides" is considered prolix. We are credibly informed that love epistles are no longer the gushing affairs they used to be. Sentiment has been razed down to meet the exigencies of a generation pressed for time, and as phonography is taught in boarding schools, declarations, a few years hence, may possibly be made and accepted in "short-hand!"

Except in Government offices—where the usages of the Age of Drawl are religiously adhered to—the grand object of almost every body seems to be not merely to take Old Chronos by the forelock, but to distance him. We have no fault to find with the pushing spirit, nor with the brevities that result from it, so long as it is kept within rational bounds. But there is such a thing as being too fast. A whip-and-spur life, without any pauses for rest and refreshment, is neither a natural nor a wise one. Let us travel on our muscle vigorously, but let us have some fun on the road.

FRIENDLY CHAT.

ONE of the most able and prominent men in New Jersey will reply next month to Prof. R. K. Watson's article, in the February number, entitled "Shall I go to College?"

Our next will contain a very fine steel engraving. We intend to give one every other month. This outlay on our part ought to be responded to in a tangible manner by the public for whom it is done.

We think a great many of "our country boys" will give us their hand for the leading article and illustration in this number. Who has not seen that barefoot country boy—

"With his turned up pantaloons
And his merry whistled tunes,"

and felt the better for it.

In the next number we shall give a story from the pen of a popular and well-known writer, a favorite among our readers. As a general thing each number of the magazine will be complete. No story will be continued in more than three numbers, and generally they will be concluded each month. We shall introduce new features of importance and interest in the next number.

Will those of our readers who know any who were members of the First New Jersey Regiment of Cavalry Volunteers, please inform them that we have just published the history of that regiment, and can furnish it by mail at \$2.00 per copy. By so doing they will confer a favor on them and us.

We regret, and think our readers will, that Mr. George Harrison Kent, author of "Recollections No. 1," in the last number, did not send his MS., No. 2, in time for March. It will appear next month. Mr. Kent is a very pleasant and able writer, and will make himself popular with our readers, or we are mistaken.

"Chank's" "Trip to Dixie" proved popular, far beyond our expectations. It was copied by the leading Southern papers, and to our knowledge, by a number of Northern editors. "Chank" will write occasionally, and probably for the next number.

"Ide Willis" says: "We are quite enthusiastic over the February number of the Magazine, which, considering the beautiful engraving, the variety of the articles, the fine quality of the paper, and its cheapness, is altogether a marvel of its kind." That sounds well. Such words as those are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," besides the good it does one to be told once in a while that he has done well. Ide, you shall be remembered in our will.

We repeat what has been said, that MSS. must be in our hands by the first of the month preceding that of publication.

CHEERFUL CHIPS.

UNFEELING YACHTMAN—"I tell you what it is, Byles, this is glorious, aint it? Have a cigar, and *sing something lively!*"

"JEFF, why am you like de cedar?" "I guvs it up Sam; I can't tell ye." "'Case he stays green both summer and winter."

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.—*Mamma*—"Ah! you cruel, cruel boy, how could you frighten your dear little sister so?" *The incorrigible*—"I—I only wanted to see if her hair would turn white."

A LITTLE negro boy came bounding into the house to tell, "Massa, one your oxen's dead, tudder too; dasn't tell you bof at once, 'fraid you couldn't bore it."

SCENE—Sleeping room in a Chicago hotel, late at night, husband and wife about retiring; husband attacked by colic; wants mustard plaster on his stomach. Wife goes for it; halls dark; wife gets it and returns; gets into the wrong room, turns down the clothes, puts plaster on the wrong man. Exclamations, confusion. Exit wife in search of her husband.

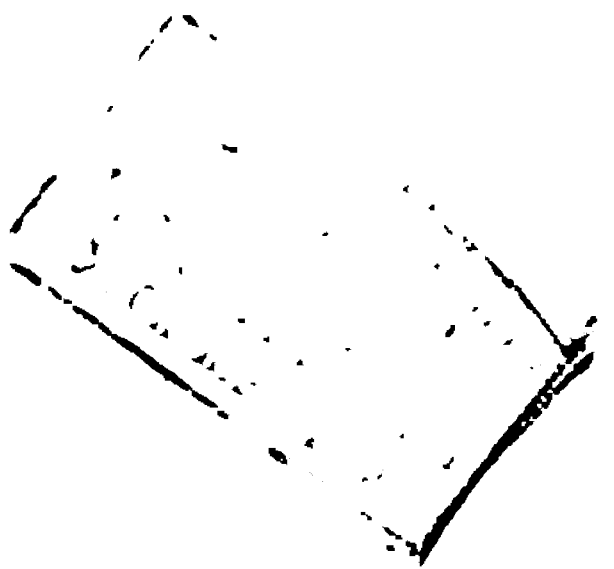
ALTHOUGH the appearance of a man under the influence of liquor is a sad sight, and calls up many grave and serious thoughts, yet there is a ludicrous side to the picture. For instance, during the heated term, in New York city, last summer, an individual was observed cooling himself upon the curbstone of one of the avenues, through which a line of horse cars ran, and as he looked down the street, saw two cars passing, with red and blue lights in the front and rear. His fuddled brain comprehended the colored lights, and he was heard to say to himself, "Mush be putty sickly (hic) in New York now (hic); they're running little (hic) drug stores round' on wheels."



Scarce murmured promise of good things to come ;
How faint the vernal feel of thy chill breath !
Yet of the future, March, thou art not dumb,
Thy lengthening sun-light hints of winter's death.

OUR Jersey Marches are usually in such a state of betwixt and betweenity, that to say anything about them beforehand is a risky matter. Sometimes magnificently Spring-like ; at other times, detestably so, when the winds *spring* up. In town, with this wind whistling around corners, so that you are cut by it more sorely than a friend could cut you, March is nothing to boast of ; but out in the country, it has one redeeming trait, for well muffled up, what fun, with a bevy of girls, to inaugurate picnics, when in the hollow of the woods the unsunned snow is lingering still, by gathering, in sheltered nooks, the pride of Spring—the beautiful trailing arbutus.

March is named after Mars, a mythological chap, chief engineer of bellicose proceedings ; and if all things are considered, it is not a misnomer, for there is a tussel going on between frost and fire that rages day and night as the moon waxes and wanes ; but Winter is old, and finally succumbs, but not before Spring has wasted many days, leaving her enough, however, and to spare, to see the farmer through seed-time.



Chas. J. Alden

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated,
Pure, Progressive, Practical, Popular.

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APRIL 1871.

No. 16.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY THOMAS D. SUPLEE.

“SARAH, what does that long face mean?”

Sarah Maitford looked up into her husband's face, and after one or two vain attempts to smile, she bowed her head; and in a moment more a dewy drop fell upon the hand that lay idly toying with the work upon her lap.

They were young—George and Sarah Maitford—and had been married not quite two years; and it would have been difficult to find two beings who loved one another more truly and devotedly than did they. George was a handsome, gallant fellow; free and generous; bold and outspoken; despising falsehood and hypocrisy; and truthful to such a degree that those who knew him well would as soon have doubted their own existence as to have thought of doubting him. He was a strong man too—strong morally and physically—and it must have been a heavy blow indeed that could have staggered him from his wonted course of calm and tranquil self-possession.

Sarah Maitford was one of those rare and beautiful home-blossoms which need to be dearly loved and tenderly cherished; giving out joy and blessings beneath the influence of warm sunshine; and able to bear bravely against the clouds and the gloom that came in the natural routine of Providence, as night follows the day, and as the clouds and storm come to purify the air; but the cloud that came of neglect rested heavily upon her; and the biting frost that resulted from unkindness fell with a blighting touch upon her joy and gave her heart-pangs of keenest agony. She was not a weak woman—far from it; but she was painfully sensitive; and as we find it in nature, many a frost that might fall harmless upon frailer blossoms touched her heart with a chilling blight. And yet she was strong—strong in love and faith; and never yet had she failed to find the comfort she needed, when she knelt in confident prayer before

the throne of the blessed Son of God, in whose redeeming power her faith was as firm and enduring as was the native truth of her soul.

“What! and crying, too, my little pet! In mercy’s name, Sarah, what is it? What has happened?”

“It is nothing, George—nothing.”

“But there must be something; my little wife doesn’t cry for nothing. Now, tell me, Sarah, are you feeling in this way because I spoke as I did about your going over to your mother’s?”

The wife was silent, and George knew he had hit the truth. He reflected a few moments, and then he said, laying his hand upon his wife’s head as he did so:

“I declare, Sarah, I am surprised. You must have known that I did not mean anything. You know me well enough to know that I could not have meant to wound your feelings.”

“And yet, George,” replied the wife, looking up through her tears, you did wound me deeply.”

“Why,” exclaimed the husband, in pure surprise, “what did I say? I only said that you were your own mistress.”

“But, George,” said Sarah, with an earnest look, “you know that your tone meant much more. Indeed I would not have cared for the words alone.”

“And the tone, my pet—what did that mean?”

“It meant that my request fretted you; and for the instant, you showed to me that you wished I had no mother.”

“Sarah!”

“Hush, George! O, I don’t mean that you held any such sentiment in your heart. No, no—I know you did not; only at the moment the feeling came upon you, and you exposed it. I could not help it, George, indeed I could not.”

George Maitford gazed upon his beautiful wife a little while in silence, and during that time he was evidently acknowledging to himself that he did sometimes speak rather hastily, and, perhaps, harshly; though he never meant to do so.

“Sarah,” he said, at length, in a softened tone, “I wish you could know how much I love you.”

“O! I do know it, George! I do know it!” she cried, starting forward, and throwing her arms around his neck. And as she resumed her seat, she added: “If I did not know how fondly you loved me I should not suffer so much from these little things.”

“My darling wife,” returned the husband, soberly, “you must pardon me if I say you are really foolish.”

“How, so, George?”

“In noticing these little things.”

“But how can I help it, George?”

"You can surely hold yourself above being pained by them, my love."

"No, no George," replied the gentle wife, slowly shaking her head. "I know they are things—some of them so slight that a woman less sensitive might never notice that they had ever occurred; but I cannot help the pain they give me."

"Why do you think of them? surely they are not worth it."

"Ah, but they hurt me, and I cannot help thinking."

"And do you ever think of all the joys and comforts that are yours at such times? Do you, when dwelling upon one of these little moths in the atmosphere of home, think how I love you, and how much I am ever anxious to do for your good? Do you think of these things, my dear wife?"

"Yes, George, and it makes the little pain all the more acute. Do not blame me. Surely I would overcome the disposition if I could; for I am the sufferer. But how can I? Pain is pain, and a little pain is as unendurable, so far as peace of mind is concerned, as is a great pain. It attracts the mind and banishes joy while it lasts."

"All that may be true, Sarah; but wherefore let the pain come? What need is there of letting one of these little things annoy you at all? Cast it off."

"Dear George," pleaded the wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "since you see that these little things hurt me, why cannot *you* cast them off? If you could only see it as I do—if you could only know how painfully those sharp, harsh words sink to my heart, I know you would try and break yourself of the habit. You don't know how often you speak words that make me unhappy. And yet they are so slight and so seemingly meaningless, that I cannot mention them; so I hide my face and bear them in secret. O, husband, you do know that you sometimes speak quickly and—I know you don't mean it—I know you are often fretted and bothered with business—but sometimes your words are really unkind. But I will try and not notice them."

"That is right, my pet," said George, patting his wife upon the head. "Break yourself of noticing every little word I drop. I am sure you would be the gainer by it."

And there the conversation ended. George Maitford kissed his little wife, and with a robust voicing of an old song he went away to his business.

For full half-an-hour after her husband had gone, Sarah Maitland sat just where he had left her, her head bowed, and the ends of the fingers of her right hand pressed upon that upper region of the brow where phrenologists have located the reflective faculties.

"To-morrow George has set for our walk down to the lake." The words dropped from her lips at the end of the half-hour; and while the shades of thought upon her brow grew deeper, the ends of her fingers

removed to a point nearer the temple, where the bump of constructiveness is located. Thus she sat for ten or fifteen minutes more; and then, with a quiet, meaning smile breaking over her face, she arose and went into another room, and brought forth a light, new patent-leather boot. With her steel bodkin she made a tiny hole directly in the centre of the hollow place in the inside of the boot, where the heel rests, having done which, she took a small pin from the cushion, which with an old pair of shears she managed to cut off within an eighth of an inch of the head. Then she took the little pin-head-tack thus produced, and set it in the hole she had made in the heel-socket of the boot. Having reached this wonderful achievement, Mrs. Maitford carried the boot back to its proper place, and then went about her household duties.

The next day came, bright and beautiful; and as George arose from the breakfast table, he remarked:

"By the way, Sarah, we had set this afternoon for our walk to the lake-shore."

"Yes, George—can you go?"

"Certainly, my pet. And I guess you had better have dinner a little earlier. It will be a splendid afternoon, and we mustn't be in a hurry."

So the dinner was ready and eaten before one o'clock; and before two the happy pair had set forth, Sarah carrying a little basket in which were a few choice bits of refreshments, while George bore a fishing rod and a light fowling-piece.

"O! isn't this delightful!" cried Sarah, as they emerged from the village into the open country.

"It is very fine, truly."

A short distance farther, and then Sarah inquired:

"What's the matter, George?"

"Seems to me," muttered George, in a hesitating, petulant manner, "something's the matter with my boot."

"What is it?"

"There's something under my heel." And George stopped, and worked his foot up and down in his boot.

"It can't be much, George, certainly."

"By Gracious! but it's enough to fret me though."

"O, I guess it's nothing—only your imagination, hubby! I wouldn't pay any attention to it."

George walked a little farther, and stopped again.

"What is it, George?"

"I must find out what's the matter with my boot. I can't stand it any longer!" And down he sat upon a stone by the wayside; and soon, with his wife's assistance, had the boot off.

"A-ha! there it is!" he cried—drawing forth the pin from the heel of his boot; but it had come out so easily that it did not at first strike him that the little pest had been put there purposely.

"What!" exclaimed Sarah, taking the offending mite, while her husband pulled on his boot; "such a little thing as that! Mercy! And couldn't you endure that tiny thing?"

"Endure it?" echoed her husband, "I rather think not!"

"Well, I must say, George, I think you are very foolish."

"Foolish, Sarah? How so pray?"

"In noticing such a little thing as that."

"But how can I help it, I'd like to know?"

"Why—I should think you might hold yourself being pained by a tiny thing like that."

"My little wife, allow me to suggest that you are the foolish one. A tough old clod-hopper, with the soles of his feet like leather, might bear it; but I assure you I cannot. When a thing pains me, that is enough."

"Aye; but suppose you were determined that you would not think of it. How much of our pain comes from *thinking* of things until our imagination—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the husband, "When a thing really hurts, I'd like to know how you're going to help thinking of it?"

"Why," said Sarah, philosophically, "it strikes me that a man possessing so much of good—so much calculated to please him—with everything at hand for enjoyment that he could ask for—with blessings so numerous that half his friends really envy him—with a form that sets off garments to such an advantage, and with garments fitting without fault—it seems to me that such a man might afford to give the go-by to so insignificant a thing as a little pin in the heel of his boot."

"My dear wife," declared George, arising from the stone and gathering up his rod and fowling-piece, "it strikes me that you are slightly demented. Pain is pain," he went on, in an expoundatory sort of manner, "and any pain that attracts the mind must be, while it continues, destructive of peace and comfort. So far as real, quiet peace of mind is concerned, a man may as well have a mill-stone hanged about his neck as to have a pebble in his boot."

"Well, well, George," replied Sarah, meekly, "I don't know but you are right after all. But still, if you could contrive to break yourself of paying attention to such trifles, I am sure you would be the gainer by it."

"Why, goodness gracious! would you have me—"

He stopped suddenly, and the speech ended in a prolonged whistle.

"Sarah, have you got that pin?"

"Yes, George."

"Let me take it."

She gave it to him, and he folded it up in a bit of paper, and put it carefully away in his wallet.

They reached the lake without further pains of any kind, where Sarah picked wild flowers and evergreens, while George caught a string of perch

and shot a brace of ducks. It was a happy season, and the measure of their enjoyment was full to the brim.

This was Saturday. On the following day Sarah paid the penalty of her afternoon's enjoyment with a severe headache: and it was so bad that she dared not venture out to meeting. George would go, however, unless his wife would like his company at home.

O, no, no—not for anything would she have him stay away from meeting on such an account. She would feel better to know that their pew was occupied. So George got ready, and when the time came for him to set forth, he went to his wife's side and kissed her. Then he placed a tiny package in her hand, saying as he did so:

“Darling, it was a very little thing; but it was sufficient to convey the lesson intended. I accept it, my precious wife, and henceforth I will believe that a wife's heart may be as tender as her husband's heel!”

He kissed her again, and hurried away. When he was gone, Sarah undid the package. There were many coverings, and as she cast them off, one by one, the parcel grew smaller and smaller, until at length she held in her hand only the tiny pin which she had put into her husband's boot on the day before. She gazed at it a long time with tearful eyes, but with a joyously beating heart, for she felt deep down in her soul that her husband had not spoken lightly.

“And how is your headache, darling?” asked George, after his wife had met him with a fond embrace on his return from church.

She started, and looked for a moment with a vacant stare up into his face. And then it struck her that her headache had gone.

“Gone!” she said; “and yet I did not think of it till now.”

“But don't you know when it left you?”

“Yes—I think—I am sure it went away while I was weeping.”

“Weeping, darling?”

“O! with joy, my precious husband, with joy.”

He knew what she meant, and questioned her no further.

Weeks—months—years rolled away into the sum of their past life, and the simple Life Lesson was not forgotten. George Maitford had come to see that pain was pain, no matter how it came, nor in what volume; and that perfect joy could not exist therewith; and he was ever after careful to cast no cloud upon the life of the gentle being who looked to him for so much of her earthly happiness.

“The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.”

NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPER-READING.

BY WINFRIED R. MARTIN.

MACAULAY has remarked of the ancient philosophy that it disdained to be useful. The generalization is far too sweeping, but not altogether untrue. In the ancient world, and, even later, in mediæval times, few grasped aright the relation between theory and its necessary complement, practice. Atticus, profound in learning, subtle in argument and admirable in administration, fitted by nature and acquirement to grace the forum or impart dignity to the deliberations of a senate, spent his life in literary sensualism, in philosophic theorizing. And such a life with such endowments even the sturdy Roman did not disclaim as unworthy of a man. The voice of public opinion did not debar those unambitious of public distinctions from devoting their whole energy to the pursuit of learning rather curious than useful, to the acquirement of wisdom not valuable in the degree in which it was recondite. Under such conditions we only wonder that "monsters of erudition" were not more frequently seen in the streets of Rome and Athens. The conditions of modern civilization, requiring ideas rather than facts, a powerful grasp of the real rather than a reaching toward the fanciful, are unfavorable to the attainment of such results. The idea of being a mere book-worm is a bug-bear of the student's dreams. It was humorously suggested a year or two ago in the *Saturday Review*, that a society be established for the suppression of useless as well as the diffusion of useful knowledge. The young enthusiast is constantly reminded by his instructors and by the most persuasive of all mentors, the circumstances surrounding him on every side, that enlightened practicality is the great need of the present age. We hence obtain our facts and principles not so much in tomes of antique lore or the bulky folio as in the columns of the daily or weekly newspaper.

In his recent work on *Books and Reading*, Prof. Porter expresses the belief that of all the objects presented to the wondering gaze of a savage suddenly set down in the streets of one of our great cities, a large public library would be the most incomprehensible. Almost equal wonder would be excited as he gazed on the complicated machinery of the *Herald* or the *Tribune* office. Very incredulous would he be when told that the sheets, issuing daily from those buildings, determined the feelings and controlled the actions of hundreds of thousands, many of them in the remotest recesses of the land. Even the aged man, who since early manhood has been in as regular receipt of his daily newspaper as of his daily bread, feels now and then a passing gleam of wonder as he thinks of the virtual omnipotence of the public press. This power can scarcely be

exaggerated. We can readily test it in conversation on the literary or political topics of the day. Not unseldom we may trace the ideas and even the language of a friend as he speaks on some subject of popular interest to an editorial in the *Tribune* or the current notes of the *Times*, or find them a mere reflection of what has previously appeared in the *Herald* or the *World*. Our newspapers do for us our feeling, our thinking and, alas! not unfrequently, our lying.

Such is the position and such the power of the periodical press. It is our interest to see that this enormous force is exerted only in legitimate channels and under the restraint of proper checks. Newspaper reading determines newspaper publishing and newspaper writing. The mode in which we read determines the influence exerted upon us personally by our periodical. A few words, therefore, on the all-important subject of newspaper-reading: The choice of a newspaper is with most a matter of mere impulse. Their reasoning on it is as brief as it is decided. "That paper expresses my political sentiments; I will take it or persistently read it." This is all the thought often devoted to the subject. In this matter, as much as in any other, we shall find it the part of wisdom to follow the constant advice of the illustrious Goethe, and "make haste slowly." In the choice of a newspaper we should exercise both a moral and an intellectual and literary censorship. One of the ablest writers on the philosophy of history whom modern times have produced, has traced the downfall of the ancient and mediæval republics to a want of reverence for truth. As they outgrew their infancy and attained their full development, their citizens, inspired by avarice, or over-greedy for military and civic honors, forgot the necessity of an unselfish public-spiritedness, and looking at all things from the standpoint of personal interest, lost the power to philosophically examine facts and weigh reasons. Losing their capacity to investigate truth, they rendered impossible a sound political economy, and thus virtually surrendered their national existence. Truth is the stability of nations, as well as the crowning glory of individual character. Let us, therefore, in selecting a newspaper, ask whether it is loyal to truth. Does it distort facts and draw on imagination for would-be news? Are its inferences generally sound, or does it indulge in specious special pleading to promote merely local or personal interests? If a newspaper be thoroughly devoted to truth; if we can accept its guidance in all the storms of popular contention, satisfied that nothing is ever sacrificed to interests merely local, or to personal bias; if we can trust in it as the ancient mariner confided in his observations of the pole-star, that paper attains the highest moral dignity, and is worthy of our suffrages. Exercising an intellectual censorship, we should seek in our paper the marks of a comprehensive mental grasp and the clearest intellectual vision. In successful investigation, induction and deduction go hand in hand. We must not only deduce principle from principle, we must confirm our result

by applying it to actual facts and looking at it in their light. To gather and thus use facts, comprehensiveness of mind is requisite. Clearness of mental vision should also be sought, attested by clearness in the statement of positions and in the unfolding of arguments. Exercising a literary censorship, we should require beauty of form as well as excellence in matter. While thought suggests language, language, on the other hand, has a reflex influence upon our thinking. Models of style are at the same time models of thought. "A nation whose language is rude and barbarous," says Friedrich Schlegel, "must be on the brink of barbarism in regard to everything else. A nation which allows her language to go to ruin is parting with the last half of her intellectual independence, and testifies her willingness to cease to exist."

As to the mode of our newspaper-reading, in the first place and chiefly, we read too much. The major part of our newspaper-reading passes in and out of the mind very much as water passes in and out of a sponge. The analogy holds in this respect, also, that as the water, when pressed from the sponge, is somewhat dirtier than before, so, when we reproduce what we have obtained from our newspapers, if we can produce it at all, it is more confused, inaccurate and muddy than at first. In one point the analogy does not hold. It is this: the water entering the sponge does it little or no injury, while such reading as our perusal of the newspapers is wont to be, is in the highest degree harmful to our mental powers. "Nothing," says Dugald Stewart, "has such a tendency to weaken, not only the memory, but the intellectual powers in general, as the habit of various and extensive reading without reflection." As to reflection on what we read in the newspapers. It has been maintained by some philosophers that all our knowledge is relative. Without stopping to discuss this philosophical *dictum*, we may remark that our knowledge of a fact or object does not attain the highest standard until we know that fact or object in as many of its relations as we can possibly grasp. Francis Lieber, the distinguished publicist of New York City, ascribes his profound knowledge of ancient, mediæval and recent history to his constant observance of this principle in all his reading. He applies it very especially in all his newspaper-reading. Coming to the statement of any fact with which he has not been previously acquainted, he makes it a point of investigation and subject of thought until he can grasp all its causes and comprehend it, as far as possible, in all its results. Should we all follow these principles in the choice and reading of our newspapers, our press would soon experience the regeneration it so much needs, and the American citizen, on the other hand, would be more distinguished than he has ever been in times past for comprehensive culture and mental energy.

A NIGHT AT SEA.

BY J. GORDON BRINCKLE.

A HUNDRED leagues away from thee
 Thy parting vows the waves repeat ;
 I speed a kiss across the sea ;
 The wind shall bear it to thee, sweet.

At midnight on the lonely deck,
 What time the night-watch cries, " All's well,"
 No clouds the placid night-sky fleck,
 And my glad heart responds, " Angèle."

The moving microcosm is hushed,
 Save when I hear the steam's long sigh ;
 Afar the ocean's verge is flushed
 With moon-dawn in the Eastern sky.

The splashes from the swift prow's lunge
 With vivid phosphorescence shine,
 And witch-lights flicker round the plunge
 Of dark wheels in the seething brine.

The cordage, like some wind-harp strung,
 Hums faintly as the breezes play ;
 Methinks I hear those chords among
 Songs of the Oceanidæ.

Above, the planets softly beam,
 And while I watch the swaying spars,
 The slowly moving topmasts seem
 To trace thy name among the stars.

ORIGIN OF THE PENNY PAPER.—Thirty-seven years ago, two journey-men printers started the New York Sun, writing and setting up their own editorials. They issued seven hundred copies daily, which they sold to newsboys at sixty-two and a-half cents a hundred, and the boys re-sold them at one cent each. They worked off the edition with their own hands on an old Ramage press. As the circulation increased they bought a Napier press ; and finally a steam press. One of the partners sold out his share for ten thousand dollars, and became a lawyer and a member of Congress in the West. Penny papers soon became a power in the land, and their circulation immense. In some of our cities they have built palaces for themselves, and made millionaires of their proprietors.

RECOLLECTIONS.

NO. II—CHARLES DICKENS.

BY GEORGE HARRISON KENT.

THE envious race of critics who could not steer the tame steeds of their own not over fertile brain to the goal of fame, ever delight to see the more able Jehu tremble in the seat of his aerial chariot, and eagerly invoke his toppling downfall, as, hurriedly he Phæton-like descends to mother earth. But alas! poor disappointed race; a master hand had clasped the reins, a noble touch controlled the flying steeds, the wondering crowd looked on but to admire, mentors stood aghast with awe, nor could they give one useful twit; critics slunk back in sullen silence and were dragged in the dust beneath the triumphal car of Charles Dickens.

Dickens was a man with the infirmities common to all, but he wrote as few men have written before. In his first position, on the reporting staff of a London daily, he displayed that ability which gave promises of a great future, which happily were like buds favored by nature's course, allowed to see perfect bloom; at that early date his contributions to the press were notable for great powers of perception and description. A man had singled from the mighty crowd, who was able to portray in such vivid colors the characteristics of his fellow-beings, that even the most superficial could look upon true pictures of the great world which never before it had been their lot to have seen.

His first great hit, and perhaps his greatest work, was "Pickwick," founded upon the fortunes and disasters of a scientific club, (associations of the kind suffering much ridicule at the time the work appeared, '37). So well he discharged the role of "truthful James," that no work before save perhaps the Waverley novels, had ever circulated so rapidly or brought the author such sudden fame. So delightfully pictured were the absurdities of the several characters, that Sam Weller, with his father, Bardell and others, must live in the memory of the public as long as the faculty of expression exists. Several translations have given to different peoples the great treat in store for all who have not feasted at the literary banquet.

In the streets of the colossal city you may every day meet with men of varied, some of vast talents, men who have studied and striven hard; who have essayed with almost herculean might to mount the ladder of fame, but who alas! have failed, and with bad judgment have disdained more useful employment in the faint hope of ultimate success at the spring of Helicon. Orators, poets, musicians, essayists, poor and careworn,

ever crowd the sombre alleys of the Strand. They have heard Gladstone, read Milton, listened to Julien, and devoured Dickens, and they still think the germ of greatness is within—hanging upon that delusive hope which has told to so many naught but a flattering tale.

The reason is obvious. Numbers of men have talents without ability to make their own opportunities. They rush to the avenues already full of tried and proved slaves in the world of art and letters. As a result, disappointment must ensue. One of the greatest misfortunes that can happen a youth is to be thought, and to think himself, extremely smart ; for almost in every case he has afterwards to suffer queer rebuffs. Depend upon it, no spurious metal will sell for gold in the great exchange of public opinion. No gem that cannot pass the ordeal of the critic's melting-pot will redound in anything but confusion and disgust to the author.

These were the sentiments of an old Frenchman with whom I first entered London in '57. He had long been a tutor, and as a man of the world, was conversant with several European languages. Accordingly I felt glad to accompany him to the various scenes of Cockneydom interesting to a student.

Almost our first steps were directed to Bolt court, not as worshippers of the old Doctor, or Bozzy, but as devotees of the prime sirloin and the mountain chop. The "Mitre," a famous chop-house standing in the corner of this court, not many yards from the late residence of the great lexicographer. Berger, my friend, was a jolly, rollicking old *bon vivant*, a man who treated sublunary affairs as matters of course, making fun out of everything. As a boy, I was care-worn, for I had a manuscript in my hand. I had just read "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Humphrey's Clock," and expected, like it, to strike for public favor. How cruel I thought him to treat with satirical indignities my work that was to be—ah ! what ? Sufficient to add, I wrote across it in large letters "Not Wanted ;" and might have transcribed on my own back the veritable words.

But we were in London, and having introductions from kind friends in the country to men of eminence, were bound to make the most of our stay. A few days in the Row and the galleries we spent to our mutual satisfaction and benefit. But there was one desire I had yet unfulfilled, which was to see the author of Pickwick.

Berger was, in perhaps palmier days, a man of some notoriety. He had been one of the tutors to Count Orloff, and was the author of a biographical work of eminent Russians. At an interview with his publishers, he found means to gratify my ambition. The great novelist was expected at the sanctum of a Piccadilly publishing firm the next morning.

We journeyed thither at the time appointed, and were not disappointed, for before our little business negotiations were through, in walked a rather

conspicuously dressed gentleman. I took little notice, thinking him to be a Dutch artist, or some eccentric lord who delighted in apeing the sport style of dressing, when Berger, turning round to me, assured me in an undertone that it was the author of "Pickwick." I confess I was taken back, so different from what I had imagined him to be was the man himself. We conversed on several minor topics of the day, Dickens entering upon different subjects with the greatest freedom. A magazine had lately appeared with an engraving of Boz, and a literary sketch. I can remember our opinions of the paper coincided. We regarded it as too high class to gain the necessary number of subscribers; and we were right: it soon after died.

He did not, by his remarks or looks, strike me as a philosopher, but his flowing hair, now becoming tinged with grey, and grand forehead was assuring of great force and marked individuality. His dress, as alluded to before, was what Londoners term "loud," and I thought inappropriate, although it was good, and decked with jewelry of the most *recherché* kind, also badly arranged. His voice was mellow, with that fine ringing tone which begets the confidence of the hearer. His personal carriage was not so stately as impressively bold; and after we had departed, Berger, alluding to his physical strength, remarked that "Dickens slept without a dog under his couch," by which he inferred that he had a consciousness of his own power. To sum up, I thought him (mainly from a want of elegance) far from my ideal of a great novelist. But then was not Maximilian more, like a dry goods clerk than an emperor. Is not Spurgeon more in the style of a prize fighter than that of a hard or soft shell Baptist?

I saw Dickens a great many times after this, but only once or twice in company. Years had done their work, and in some of his late productions a failing or falling off was plainly discernible. I never thought he affected a manner of dress from any motive of vanity, nor did I think him vain. Had he been so, truly he had great excuse. How many men could have withstood the applause of the world without exhibiting a trace of vanity, or, perhaps, symptoms of more dangerous maladies? Byron himself, as careless of the world as a man could be, acknowledged in his sober moods the charms of approval; and surely the circumscribed rote of custom is not so strict that to desert it a prominent man risks the danger of being considered affectatious and singular.

The little office of "All the Year Round," in Wellington street, a few yards from the Strand; I often passed it, but never without casting an eye through its almost sacred window. As I gazed I thought the imprint of work, work, work, was thereon. Spiders waged battle uninterrupted within its walls; so many cobwebs hung around, as if no occupant had time to interfere on behalf of the persecuted flies. Surely the recollections of former days are dear to us all, when in after years we learn that our lot has been cast amid the scenes so full of interest to the world at large.

I heard Dickens read in public several times, but cared little for such entertainments in London. The fashionable audiences of Hanover square comprise, for the most part, ladies and gentlemen of the *beau monde*, curious to see the man himself, who care little to study, even from their own standpoint, his abilities as a reader. Others attend out of compliment to the chief actor or their own friends ; so that an audience of this description very seldom affords a critique that can be accepted as a reliable criterion. The qualities of any reader will sooner express themselves to a person able to judge in the private circle, where the subject is one embracing the interests of all, the reader included, and when it requires the best efforts of the reader to develop the beauties or force of the article. Dickens read forcibly and plainly and could be listened to with pleasure ; he did not affect the scholar or the pedant, but gave out in easy flowing strain the gist of the matter.

As an actor, he excelled and was truly great. The first time I saw him I did not believe it was Dickens until after the piece was ended. Had not the profession of literature succeeded so well with him, so much like Shakspeare in great parts, it might have been possible for him to have revived once more the somewhat faded glories of the English stage. But he doubtless chose the better part, as the result of his marvellous knowledge will prove more instructive to the world than any reminiscence could have done of the great impersonations he doubtless could have rendered.

Dickens' house was the home of a refined country gentleman. His ample cellar was a recognition of that inevitable standard of English polite society (which is at the same time a mark whose removal may gladly be welcomed). He was genial and mirthful, but never gave way to the slightest *abandon*. Formed for society by nature, he had the rare qualities adapted for associating with those directly opposite. When he spoke he said *something* ; nor mingled in conversation the wit of the libertine, or the jest of the impious. He was free and manly, and always animated with the sentiment of doing good.

I think it was Jerrold who said, " If the world was overthrown by an earthquake, Englishmen would scramble from the ruins to hold a dinner in celebration of the event." This, to many observers of an Englishman's fondness for a good spread, seems almost true ; and nowhere could Dickens be met with to greater advantage than at one of these assemblies. His easy, flowing language and affable manners rendered him one of the most popular of chairmen. If the banquet was in the cause of charity, his heart was there, whilst many a poor castaway and aged Thespian has had to bless for timely favors the name of Charles Dickens.

In a short sketch, without notes or diary, I cannot give every item of interest I might otherwise be enabled, and endorsing most heartily the remarks of the " Tribune " a few days ago, I do not step beyond the threshold of a man's home. I consider the private affairs of any person

(however public the calling of his choice) should be sacred from curious and impertinent intrusion. Too much has already been said on this score concerning the family affairs of the late novelist. "Dirty dogs," to be treated as they deserve, should, with a kick, be sent howling from the stoop. The works of such a great master as Dickens afford food enough for the most versatile imagination, without endeavoring to promote any unhealthy discussion relating to matters of no import to the unconcerned.

The works of Dickens are his greatest monument. As the lofty dome of St. Paul's ever perpetuates the skill of the great architect, so they will ever hold up to man in truthful light the world in which he dwells. Not a man of classic lore, his kingdom was the common ways of men. He entered not into the theories of a speculative age, and despised as immaterial the claims of constructive power; of the people and with them, he knew their wants and studied their trials and their cares. Comprehending and observing more than ever man did before, he was happily able to lay before others the result of his researches. Not from the palace nor from the stately hall alone, but from the humble cot will arise countless eulogies of the man who has given the world as in a mirror to the world, for the good of the present and of futurity.

It is difficult to find the works of a writer with which to compare those of Dickens. Sir Walter Scott's have been mentioned in connection more frequently than any other; but there is little analogy between them. Scott's had the fascination of a cultivated romantic mind, while Dickens told in plain words the unvarnished truths of life, perhaps Bulwer's may be reckoned the first for beauty of language; Scott's for irresistible charms, and Dumas for flowery grandeur. But, depend upon it, those of Dickens, if they were not of the finest gold, would not exceed all in passing for current change.

SCARCITY OF POETS.

BY A.

NO position is attained that so quickly gives evidence of the scarcity of poets, as that of an editor. The reading public would look with astonishment at the vast number of ill-measured rhymes and eventless tales in tolerable verses that are sent to magazines as "poetical contributions." Poetical! Save us from poets if they are! But even more strange than this is the frequent fact of finding scattered through really good poetry, three styles of blemish, from which a choice is scarcely to be made.

One such ill condition of affairs is, to deliberately write a twelve or fifteen feet line, in blank verse of ten feet lines; and to increase the

aggravation, to have words at the end of a line that can by no twist of the tongue be pronounced and preserve the rhythm. Again, among rhyming stanzas, where all is smoothly flowing, and we have a pretty picture before us; to stumble across "worm fences." Such allusions looked in one place, to us, like a spot of mud on a white dress. Think of this, gentle reader, as one of a dozen good verses, extolling the "watermelon;" and if your teeth ache, do not scold us.

"Old State, ever dear to the sand tick and skeeter;
Whose fences are twisted as agonized worms,—
Where under the sun is a State that can beat her?
Where green salamanders in slimy mud squirms."

This might seem to be in accordance with good taste, if the production was avowedly a parody; but bless you! it was sandwiched between melodious, suggestive stanzas in sober earnest. No inspiration of "the delicate Nine," suggested the stanza, we assert in confidence; the Muses are rather too "squeamish." Insects may have a poetical aspect; also salamanders, and every creeping thing of the earth, but "worm fences" is prosaic prose, and nothing else.

In a very good little poem on "May Birds," having verses as pretty as these,

"Thrice welcome, ye warblers returned from the tropic,
And May, rosy month, there's a welcome for you!
Not for me shall the nightingale now be a topic,
Or sweet Organista that sings in Peru.

"Welcome! thou last of the three vernal graces,
Welcome thy cool eve and warm fragrant day;
Welcome thy brilliant aerial races;
Welcome, thou laughing and garlanded May."—

who would expect to find, measure and rhyme all correctly written,

"I have known the quick wren, the familiar and peerless,
To light on a frying pan close by the stove;
And 'twas jolly to see him dodge 'round us so fearless,
As hunks of dry bread crusts at him we hove."

Such a lame jingle in a book of "poetry," indicates that it is one thing to have stray poetical thoughts, and another to be able to write poetry.

Blank verse is even more difficult to write correctly, for not having rhyme to compensate for want of ideas, we *must have* sense and rhythm; and to secure the latter two or three rules must be remembered; such as uniformity in the number of feet in a line, and such a choice of words as to render similar accentuation possible; and above all, terminate every line with a monosyllabic word, or one in which the last syllable is *naturally* pronounced with emphasis. If this is not done, and frequently

it is not, then the "blank verse" is a rabid prose gone still more mad. We can stand a mystery in blank verse, and can suffer ourselves to be in doubt as to an author's meaning, in properly accented and uniformly measured lines; but leave those requirements out, and still have but little sense at best, and we can only say, "not for Joe." The only explanation we can suggest as elucidating such freaks of poets, falsely so called, is that they desire us to read *rapidly* in proportion as the feet are tacked on a line; and so to come out right as to time; and also to mispronounce to secure rhythm in a properly measured line. For instance:

"Grim King of Terror, what a reign is thine!
 Monarchs of earth to thy victorious car
Are chained. The delicate carmine glow of beauty
 Pale fear has," &c., &c.

Now great people, and ye not so mighty, tell us where is the poetry in that third line! Why not save the space, and print it out in two plain prose lines, and be done with it—for we judge the world will be done with it as soon as the printer has finished his work.

It is a duty, if one has a chance, to keep such trash out of sight, as the author will be known though no names be given, and the just criticisms of such blunders are not pleasant to authors; although *they may affect to think them of little moment*, and wholly unmerited. Editorial pruning is not an unwarrantable interference, and we do not propose to be frightened from curtailing the inspirations (?) of the "delicate Nine;" notwithstanding the aggrieved authors may say, we "have made prose of their poetry and destroyed the sense." Some things in this world are good—others evil; and still others a matter of doubt; but such "poetry" as we have described is beyond comprehension as to its value, being like nothing we have ever heard of, in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth; so the poetry of prose is far more edifying than jingle or *blank* (very blank) verse; especially when badly manufactured, and the ideas not unfrequently distorted beauties of some classic author, as familiar to the reader as to the aspirant for poetic fame.

RAISING MONEY ON MANUSCRIPT.—In ancient times, manuscripts were important articles in a commercial point of view; they were excessively scarce and preserved with the utmost care. Usurers themselves considered them as precious objects for pawn. A student of Pavia, who was reduced by his debaucheries, raised a new fortune by leaving in pawn a manuscript of a body of law; and a grammarian who was ruined by a fire, rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero, through the pawnbroker.

CHARLES S. OLDEN.

(See portrait in front.)

CHARLES Smith Olden was born at Princeton, New Jersey, in February, 1799, and is at this time seventy-two years old. His father was Hart Olden, and his mother's name, Temperance Smith. He is the great-grandson of William Olden, who surveyed Princeton, so that we find the family among the very first settlers of that ancient town. The father of the subject of this sketch received his given name from the family name of his mother, who was a near relative of John Hart, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and always a resident of Hopewell township, New Jersey, where he is now buried.

A portion of the Olden family gave their adherence to the Society of Friends, and are still believers in the faith and manners of these people. Charles Olden was educated at Lawrenceville High School. We do not know who was the fortunate master then, but presume Mr. Hammill, its present genial, gentlemanly principal, was not there at that time, in his present position, at any rate. We congratulate any who may be fortunate enough to enjoy the perpetual smile of sunshine which made us inquire its owner's name, and we commend to its warming influence any boys or young men who prize such a teacher, who we cannot think believes in thrashing and threatening into obedience. So much for education at Lawrenceville, as we pass by.

While at school, we do not know anything about the boy Charles, not even a solitary incident, and as we have not asked the man's permission to write this, we will venture to imagine one thing about him as a boy, from one fact that is true of him to-day as a man. He tells a story to the very life. At the bank, after the business of the directors is dispatched, the Governor generally puts that august body of financiers into roars of laughter, by relating some of his experiences or observations, and it is a remarkable thing that he remembers almost perfectly, at the age of seventy-two, the incidents and experiences of his childhood and also everything about Princeton people that his father and grandfather told him when a boy.

Judging then from his present facility in story-telling, we can easily imagine him the centre of a group of eager boys, intently listening to and enjoying, as only boys can, the recital of wondrous and amusing anecdotes as he drew them from his well-filled storehouse of memory. After his school days were done he entered the store of his father, at Princeton, who was a country merchant, where he remained till 1823, when he went to Philadelphia, and was there some time with Matthew Newkirk, a prominent merchant of that city. He returned to Princeton, and in 1826, went to New Orleans, and was engaged in business there as a successful merchant till 1832. At the close of this period he retired

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from active business and returned to his farm in Princeton. About this time he had the good fortune to inherit considerable money from an uncle, which, added to what he had already accumulated, made an independent fortune. We should not say it was "good fortune" for every man to inherit much money, but when applied and used as his has been, largely for the greatest good of others, it is certainly nothing less than "good fortune." About this time he married Miss Phebe Ann Smith, an estimable lady of this city, and having no children, her life, like that of her husband, has been largely devoted to works of active benevolence.

It was Mr. Olden's wish to enjoy the retirement and seclusion that his home afforded after retiring from business, but this was not permitted him. His financial experience and practical business qualifications were appreciated and secured in various directions.

Early in 1855, (March 10th) Princeton College was destroyed by fire. The college of that day it must be remembered was not the powerful institution of the present, and the destruction of its buildings cast a cloud of discouragement over the minds of its directors which nothing promised to dispel. When all was doubt and fear, Mr. Olden came forward and assumed the financial management of the institution. By his wonderful sagacity and experience he devised and executed a plan which was eminently successful, and placed the institution on a more firm and satisfactory basis than ever before. Those connected with the college of that time testify to the invaluable aid and support given by this man then and unremittingly continued ever since.

Gov. Olden was twice elected to the State Senate from his county, by the Whig party, and after a service of six years left a record without blemish. While a member of this body his ripe judgment and proverbial integrity gave him an unusual degree of influence, which he ever exercised for the public good, and the State is more indebted to him for its noble Lunatic Asylum and State Capitol than to any other man. His insight into human character is very remarkable. It is his custom to listen to men and measures, and after a candid hearing, to discuss the measures from the stand-point of the character of the men who represent them. He reads a man like a book, and is seldom at fault in estimating character, or in forming judgments.

The fall of 1860 came, dark and threatening; a man was wanted for governor by the Republican party. Civil war stared at us; New Jersey was wavering in deciding between adhering to the Union and trying her fortunes with the South. There was but one man whom the Republican party *could* elect, and that man was Charles S. Olden. He was decided upon by the leaders as their candidate, and informed of the fact. He positively declined. The case was presented to him in every possible point of view, he still refused. At last it was urged upon him as a matter

of duty. He consented to enter the field, and was elected Governor of the State. What a crisis for any man, whether governor or citizen! Let those answer who remember how hearts stood still at the prospect before them. We had fought and defeated a foreign foe; but who should draw the steel for his brother's heart? No wonder that men feared and the nation trembled, and the heavens were black as night, for who could tell but the days of this Republic were numbered.

Governor Olden entered upon the discharge of his duties as head of the war department. It was as if a new department was to be formed. After more than forty years of disuse such a thing existed only in name, so far as being of any practical use. Now turn back, and for a moment study the portrait that so truthfully represents the man. Inspection of it will explain better than words can do why New Jersey won from the National Executive in such trying times as these, profuse commendation for the manner in which her troops were organized and equipped, and why Governor Olden had the confidence of the whole State. The expression of firmness about the mouth, the mild but penetrating expression of the eye, and above the fullness of the perceptive faculties between the eyebrows; and over and controlling all, the finely developed forehead, showing great judgment and deep insight into human motives. It will be observed that a fine physical organization supports and gives power to the mind. The portrait is a prize which our readers will appreciate, and our artist has done herself honor in portraying with such truthfulness one of New Jersey's greatest men, who has taken a place, by the will of the people, along with many others living and dead, illustrious in her history and that of the nation.

When Governor Olden entered upon the discharge of his duties there was no money in the treasury, and when the war came, what was worse still, the State had no credit. He went to the Trenton Bank, and told them they must raise the money requisite to carry on the government at this crisis. A meeting of the directors was called, and by his firmness and the pledge of personal credit, a decision was rendered in his favor; the state had all necessary funds, and so by the efforts of this man the first and most important difficulty that presented itself was promptly met. The troops called for were raised, armed and equipped in a surprisingly brief period of time, and the first four regiments were dispatched down the Chesapeake bay to Annapolis, and marched into Washington, as complete in their appointments as regulars. They arrived at the darkest period of the war, and were hailed as affording the first substantial feeling of security experienced at the National capital. His duties from the beginning to the close of his term were equally unremitting, and faithfully performed. Regiment after regiment were sent on rapidly one after another to the seat of war, and his system continued to work noiselessly and harmoniously to the last. He thus relieved the treasury from

embarrassment and put into successful operation our present admirable system of managing our finances under pressure of public debt, which has never been called in question. It was owing not only to the Governor's sagacity and foresight in seeing and introducing successful systems of government and finance that New Jersey had so good a record in the war, but also by a most scrupulous regard to economy, and personal care in all expenditures of government. Millions were saved to our State by his persistence in the prevention of fraud and overcharges. Governor Olden examined personally many bills, even to adding the items, &c., and no bill that was known to be incorrect or excessive was allowed to be paid. In the matter of furnishing clothing for our troops he refused immense quantities which did not come up to the sample as called for by the contract. In one instance a lot of clothing valued in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was refused, and afterwards sold to some other State. So great was the care shown in this important matter, that the general government requested the State to continue to furnish her own troops, as it was done better and at less cost than they could be supplied by the U. S. New Jersey troops were the best equipped of any in the field except Massachusetts. Thirty or forty thousand dollars was saved on State printing by the same care and system as was exhibited in other departments. He posted himself in regard to printers' terms, &c. By sending printed directions as to space and number of insertions, large reductions were made in bills, at a time when economy was of the utmost importance. We might go on to give the detail of *how* these things were done, but the facts are sufficient to show what was the character of the man who stood at the head of affairs during that stormy period. For months Governor Olden did not go home except Saturday nights, but slept in the State House, often only a few hours in a night, and without even removing his clothes.

Governor Olden now occupies several important positions in the State. He is filling most acceptably the office of a judge of the Court of Errors and Appeals, one of the highest and most honorable in the State, is a member of the Court of Pardons, one of the Riparian Commissioners, and with Governor Vroom forms the Board of Commissioners of the State Sinking Fund.

There is nothing startling in the history of Charles S. Olden. He is a modest, unassuming man, of sterling integrity, preferring retirement to public life; but when accepting its trusts, as honest and faithful to them as man can be—actuated by the highest principles of honor, and endowed with a judgment that can safely be trusted and obeyed, his record is one of great usefulness of which his State is proud, and will ever remember with gratitude. He still resides at Princeton, adjoining the battle ground of the revolution, an interested and intelligent observer of events, active in many great and beneficent enterprises for the good of the

State, to which his practical wisdom, sterling integrity, and Christian benevolence are given for their successful prosecution. He is also an enthusiastic member of the Princeton Farmers' Club, and takes a great interest in agriculture. He is one of the few men whose lives have been filled up by great labors and benefactions for the good of others, but so quietly performed that their fame has not been sounded abroad, and who are best known by the masses for whom their services have been rendered, and also among the more intelligent ones who judge a man's character not by the noise he makes but by the result of his labor.

TRUE TO THEE.

BY CLEMENTINE

THERE'S many a path to glory,
Select the one you choose,
Be the hero of the story,
The inspirer of the Muse.
In the halls where crowds assemble,
Thy face I oft may see,
But falter not nor tremble,
For I'll be true to thee,

We love, but oh, my dearest,
It is not wise to wed ;
The time might come thou fearest,
When children cry for bread.
Be calm and brave as ever,
Where'er thy path may be ;
'Tis wisdom now to sever,
But I'll be true to thee.

Dear Love, though forth I send thee,
To meet with storm or calm,
My prayers will still attend thee
And keep thee from all harm.
And winning wealth and glory,
Thou'lt come again to me,
So like the olden story,
For I'll be true to thee.

EDITOR BEECHER'S MAGAZINE :

Dear Sir—I have read your monthly for nearly two years past with real satisfaction and profit. Its plan of arrangement, and the practical character of the articles, are constant sources of enjoyment to myself and family, while we admire its life, energy and variety.

I am somewhat accustomed to writing, and enjoy it. Allow me to offer you the introduction to a series of articles written in familiar style, comprising remarks, opinions, conversations, &c., of the different characters representing a family that many will recognize as similar to their own, and others enjoy, perhaps, if I succeed in representing life and character with some degree of truth. All of the characters are known to me, and most of those in this are members of my own family—none are imaginary. If you publish the introduction, I will furnish an article promptly for each number. However, do not be influenced by any but your own judgment.

Yours very truly,

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OUR FOLKS AT HOME.

"Home, Home, sweet Home,
There is no place like Home."

J. Howard Payne.

"OUR FOLKS" have a pleasant home—we did not say a perfect one ; but the pleasure it affords its members is such as they can find nowhere else. We are always together as much as is consistent with duty, and we have thought that if some of us had been home less and at business more, we should have come nearer the exact line of duty. But it is very easy to excuse one's self for things that one enjoys ; and after all, it is probably true that more people neglect home for business, than allow business to suffer by attention to their families.

Our folks live in a natural kind of way ; they may not exactly "hold the mirror up to nature," but all do just about as they please, and nobody seems to be displeased at it. There is a kind of natural independence among us that seems to strike every one pleasantly, both in the family and out of it. The reason of this probably exists in the fact that all have cultivated a mutual regard and affection for each other, so that every one takes it for granted that no member of the family will knowingly injure another, and if mistakes are made they are easily rectified or overlooked, because we feel that the interest of each one is our interest, and of course know that errors are not intentional.

We are a kind of joint stock company, and though there is a president and vice president, we are all members of the board of directors, and hold an equal amount of stock. If there is a tie, the officers above named have the deciding vote. We are very strongly in favor of our own

company, and consider *it the safest and best*. It is remarkable, but true, notwithstanding, that all have agreed that there is more real pleasure in little self-denials to make somebody else happy, than in any way we have yet found. But where there are so many of us, new schemes are always on hand, and we may yet find something that will give us greater enjoyment—of which we are very fond.

There are seven of us when all are together, but as business generally keeps one or more away part of the time, we do not average more than five and a half, or in that neighborhood. When all are at home, time never hangs on anybody's hands long. We have either in the family proper, or among intimate friends, as many characters as are necessary to make a variety amply sufficient to accommodate the most ambitious for the spice of life; and if there is any game or trick extant that somebody in our house don't know of, it is a late invention not yet in the market. There is hardly a question that does not get before us sooner or later for discussion, with an advocate for every side, from that of whether a rooster crows from instinct or observation, to the scarcely less important one of whether free trade or protection would be most beneficial to this country.

Mr. and Mrs. James Avery are the heads of the house, and parents of little Willie, a bright boy of three years. Mrs. Avery has a brother-in-law boarding with us, and since her marriage her mother-in-law has made our home hers. She has a daughter who spends most of her time with us, although not nominally a member of the family. John Baldwin, a bachelor friend of twenty-eight summers, spends most of his spare time in the house, and having an easy paying business, he manages to have a great deal. Not many days pass that he does not take a meal in the house, and he might as well be included in the count as a member.

Mr. Avery is still a young man, just past thirty; a thinker, deep, sound, original, argumentative; born for a lawyer or minister, but a business man from force of circumstances. He is doing a living business as a merchant, and he never will do more than live at this. He wants to get out of it and devote himself entirely to literary pursuits or a profession. Mr. Avery has a kind heart, is a good husband, a loving father, and is constantly extending his influence among those with whom he is associated, and some speak of him as a coming man. He has clear, practical ideas, is advanced in opinions, and the companion of progressive men.

Mrs. Avery is about a year younger than her husband; a woman of refinement and education, whose circumstances as a young lady were such as to bring out and strengthen the best qualities of her character. Affectionate and impulsive, she is the counterpart of her husband, who is thoughtful and self-possessed, rather inclining to be stoical. A competent housekeeper, she superintends all household affairs, relieving her husband

of any responsibility of housekeeping. She is loved by her household and prized by all who know her, having for warm friends nearly all her intimate acquaintances.

Mrs. Jane Lawrence, the mother of Mrs. Avery, is a widow lady of fifty-three, and, though she has seen much trouble, is still young in comparison with most of her age, and bears many marks of the rare beauty she possessed in her younger days, when, leaning on the arm of her husband, people would turn back to admire and praise her as the most beautiful woman in the town. Her charity never faileth, not even for those most deserving of condemnation, but for every one there is always ready in her heart some plea which finds its way to her lips. Her greatest fault is that she will sacrifice anything for the sake of the peace and good will of others.

"That Blessed Baby," the delight and favorite of the whole house, two years and a half old, and just as bright and knowing as a baby at such an age in such a house will be, the pet and pride, ruler and tyrant, whose sceptre is the tiny finger, moved by an imperious dimpled hand, and whose crown of golden curls controls more easily than the crowns and sceptres of conquerors have sometimes done. Each one calls "Willie" when they come in, and a little voice full of music and laughter cries, "Willie here, kooke." And when we go out it's "Dood-bye, papa," "Dood-bye, uncle," or aunty, or Annie, as the case may be. He is the idol of our home.

Harry Lawrence is a brother of Mrs. Avery, twenty-four years old, a queer fellow; free, rollicking, gay, handsome; has a lively sense of the ridiculous; imitates everything and everybody to the very life; a wonderful fund of anecdote, and an extended knowledge of men; has traveled in every part of the country; is hale fellow well met, says a thousand things which no one else could say and have any friends; in short, he is like himself and nobody else. If he does not have considerable to do and say in "Our Folks at Home," it will be the most remarkable event of his life.

Something ought to be said about Mr. Baldwin, as he is by no means unimportant in our home. The very opposite of Harry in temperament, honest and kind-hearted as a man can be, quiet and rather stiff in manner, but possessed of a blunt, outspoken sense and judgment that is generally very close to the truth. He has a good hold on the affections of the family, and always exercises a soothing influence in times of excitement among other members. Everybody feels better for his being about the house with his blunt, good-natured words, not vulgar in the least, for he is well educated in the schools, and a true gentleman.

With this brief description of the members of our family—omitting for the present anything but the mention of Miss Annie Lawrence, who is with us a good deal of the time, and will be introduced hereafter—we invite you to our house.

Our house is a frame dwelling, of moderate size, with a small front yard, and when the foliage is out the place looks very cosey. There is nothing elegant about the premises, but for a town like ours, with only about ten thousand people, it is a house that a wife of sense and moderate means considers adequate to all our wants, and which a naturally proud husband does not blush to ask a friend to. The only thing which the mistress is positively displeased about is the bell-knob, which is a very small and mean-looking one of brass, that needs scouring two or three times a day to look respectable. If the house was not rented, we should have a more nobby one, but as landlords won't repair their own houses, why should their tenants.

Our means of living are rather moderate, but sufficient to satisfy all reasonable demands based on common sense. By economy we can save a little, by which saving we mean to get ahead slowly, and gradually acquire both independence and influence. We talk this matter over frequently, and thus far have concluded that in our younger days we can do with less luxury than will be necessary to make us comfortable and happy when we are older.

Socially our circumstances are very agreeable. We never have any cause to complain that others treat us coldly. Feeling kindly towards all, all seem to feel in the same way for us, and thus far we have avoided the social bickering and bitterness which some are always complaining of. Our folks are so well satisfied in their own minds that they belong to good society, and are a part of the best of it, that it never troubles them whether people call or not. This saves a great amount of annoyance and makes us satisfied with ourselves and other people, even if they are independent enough to do as they please.

All the family were in at dinner to-day, and we made it very lively. Harry had just come home from New York, and kept the whole table in a roar from the time we sat down till we left it, telling of things and people that he had seen. Finally all went to Harry's room, where he and Baldwin must have a smoke. They will smoke, and although the ladies protest, it is impossible to keep them away from where the gentlemen are; and as all rooms in the house are common property, we can't complain. We have notes of the day's proceedings, and shall tell something of them next month, and other things that take place in the meantime.

The proverb has it that "It is never too late to mend." The opposite is equally true—it is never too early; in fact, the earlier the better. Takes less thread, and not so many needles or so much patience.

"LITTLE FOLKS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD."

BY ENOLA.

PEOPLE who think it troublesome to answer the questions of children, too often silence them by this expression, "Little folks should be seen and not heard." They seem to forget that the "little folks" are the future men and women who must soon take their places on the stage of active life, and that they cannot too early begin to learn the lessons they will need.

I knew a family of motherless children who were ruled by a cross old housekeeper, and a stern, unsympathizing father. They were all intelligent, with active, inquiring minds, and might have become useful or even distinguished citizens, had not their mental faculties been stinted and starved and warped by the continual pressure of this dogmatic expression. In presence of the father they were obliged to sit in silence, scarcely daring to whisper to each other. If, now and then, they ventured to seek information or ask an explanation of something not clear to them, the usual answer, accompanied by a frown, sent them into a corner, there to tangle up their ideas in a still more puzzling manner. And I here venture to say that many a thoughtful child, thus thrown back upon itself, has, in the darkness and ignorance of its own mind, laid an unreal foundation upon which no after teaching could raise a firm and stable character.

But while one child, wounded and sad, would go out from the father's presence to indulge alone in wild speculation and vague theories, another would show, by flashing eye, and glowing cheek, and proud bearing, that rebellion was strong in the heart. It is vain trying to make children feel that they are utterly insignificant. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and as soon as the boy is old enough to realize the fact that one day he will be a man, he feels himself entitled to respect and consideration in advance. When he finds himself in his first jacket he thinks he is but a step from manhood, so vague is his estimate of time. I knew a bright little fellow of seven years, who one day went about very proudly displaying his first pair of boots. Before night he was observed with a small looking-glass before him, very intently examining his face.

"What are you doing, my son?" asked his mother.

"Only looking to see if my whiskers aren't coming since I got my boots," was the reply.

But this looking and waiting for whiskers, and long coats, and man's stature, is a harmless, trifling matter, and one which time will surely remedy. Not trifling, however, is a child's unsatisfied longing for sympathy, for appreciation, and for knowledge.

Of the family I have named, the boys so hated their cold, ungenial home that they would wander away, spending their time at the houses of neighbors, with workmen in shops and fields, in the woods, along the

roads, in any company they could find anywhere—in fact, where the irrepressible boy nature could find vent and scope. And they would do this every day, in the full knowledge that punishment awaited them at night. But the excitement of flogging was preferable to the stagnation which they suffered. They grew up without knowledge of the world, and as ignorant of themselves as their parent was of them.

The house was bare of reading matter, and the father thought if he sent his children to school until they could read and write, it was all sufficient for them. And then he bewailed every dime that left his pocket for school books, and was continually grumbling to them about the trouble and expense they caused—as if they had come to his house of their own free will, and were to blame for being there.

Now what could be expected of such a family when they reached an age which allowed them to break away from such galling restraint? Would not some be likely to go heedlessly down to ruin, and others remain “little folks” to the end of their lives?

Parents have a legal right to neglect and abuse their offspring, and were it not for the fact that those neglected, repressed, mentally starved ones seldom if ever get into legislative halls, we should, perhaps, have laws by which children could punish their parents for the early treatment which leaves a curse on all their after lives.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

BY JAMES H. P——.

UPON the snowy house-tops, and through the chilly streets,
A friend of my old English home my eager ear now greets ;
His dear, familiar colors, his chirping is the same ;
Would, like the bird, the town to me were home in more than name.

But every cheerful note

From the home-like sparrow's throat,

Doth attention of my weary heart and home-sick bosom claim.

A child, I daily wondered what the sparrow did so far,
When soaring o'er the house-tops—seeming distant as a star ;
Then the narrow London alley was all the world to me ;
The sky above, and sparrow, all of Nature I could see ;

Like it, I longed to soar

Beyond the city's roar,

And wander the unknown beyond, from home and kindred free.

Ah ! foolish whim ; the deed is done, and here afar am I,
To hear the homely sparrow till it's chirping dims mine eye ;
Dear bird, I would, to earth, like you, I were not bounden so,
How quickly to my early home, if able, would I go.

Let me still hear your voice,

'Tis well that some rejoice

Far from the lone heart's Mecca, towards which all my longings flow.

HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE ;

OR HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING.—No. 4.

BY W. ELMER, M. D.

FEATURES OF INDIGESTION.

HAVING treated of the process of digestion as carried on in a healthy person, showing briefly the steps of the operation from the time the food is taken into the mouth, until it is converted into blood and passed into the lungs to be aerated, with a mention of the various accessory fluids it meets in its passage, and also of the average time required to digest ordinary articles of diet, and then of the various influences which modify or derange it, whether due to the food itself or the physical and mental condition at the time, let us now refer to some of the more prominent phenomena connected with indigestion, such as are the most frequent cause of complaint to dyspeptics, show their origin and nature, and the best means of relieving them. With this we will dismiss the subject of digestion and take up something else.

For sake of convenient arrangement, these morbid phenomena may be divided into two classes—those occurring during the first stage of digestion or while the food still remains in the stomach, and those occurring after it has left that organ and passed on into the intestinal tract. Among these symptoms the most common and most annoying is that known as

Acidity or *Heartburn*, generally spoken of as “sour stomach,” a painful sensation arising at intervals from the region of the stomach, ascending to the throat, and each act passing off with a feeling as if hot smoke had escaped into the mouth, or perhaps conveying the impression that a good sized ball or bubble came up from the stomach, lodged in the throat, and could not be dislodged upward or downward, but remained firmly fixed in one spot. With it is sometimes associated the belching up of an excessively sour liquid, setting the teeth on edge and bringing tears to the eyes. This is known as *Waterbrash*. Now, what is the common cause of this acidity? We leave out of consideration those serious diseases of the stomach—as ulcer or cancer—since, though they might originate it, yet they form such a very small proportion of the cases known as dyspepsia, that their presence very seldom exists in these morbid derangements of indigestion which are so prevalent in the human family. The great majority is due to a far less serious lesion—simply to a condition of sluggishness of the stomach, by which the acid contents are detained too long in their passage, and thus irritate the over-sensitive nerves supplying the gullet and stomach. On account of the digestive act being slowly and

defectively performed, a chemical decomposition takes place in the food, and certain sour, pungent acids are developed thereby, similar to those found in vinegar or rancid butter, and these it is which, by a relaxation in the muscles of the gullet, are regurgitated and occasion these unpleasant "risings." We sometimes hear this acidity spoken of as "excess of the gastric juice," "excess of action in the stomach;" but this is manifestly erroneous. For, were the gastric juice (the natural solvent of the food) increased in quantity, the quicker would the food be dissolved and digestion accomplished. Yet, if vomiting should occur, the food will be found to be almost in the same condition as when swallowed—but little digestion having taken place, but rather an acid fermentation being produced, showing it is a chemical act of decomposition as opposed to the vital act of digestion. Acidity, then, is an evidence of deficient activity of the stomach itself; and on this rests the indications for treatment. A temporary relief is given by neutralizing these acid formations by alkalies—as soda, magnesia or bismuth taken in small quantities after eating; but a permanent cure can only be effected by agencies which increase the quantity and solvent power of the gastric juice and assist the stomach in the digestive act. Among these are iron, quinine, and those mineral acids whose effect is to excite the secreting power of the stomach to greater activity and put into the system a healthier and more vigorous tone: at the same time, such articles of diet as are difficult of digestion should be avoided.

Another common complaint arising from indigestion is that of *Weight* or *Distension* after eating—a feeling of being "puffed up with wind," while there is really no tumidity of the body discernible—or as if too much had been eaten, when, in truth, but a moderate quantity has been taken. This, according to some of the best medical authorities, denotes an excessive amount of mucus in the stomach, which so envelopes the articles of food that they cannot be acted upon by the gastric juice, and hence produces fermentation and the feeling of weight or tightness; or, if this fermenting mass pass on into the bowels, we have, as a consequence, diarrhoea and pain. The indications to relieve this painful symptom—this "mucous flux"—are to use such articles in our diet as are easily soluble or already in liquid form, proscribing, for this reason, pastry, hot bread or cakes, and hard meat, and such articles as are apt to form a solid mass in the stomach. A diet of milk guarded with lime water is one of the best that can be substituted until the natural solvent can be secreted in larger quantity.

Sometimes there is *Cramp*, or acute spasmodic pain in the stomach, coming on within a few hours after eating, producing a severe, peculiar pain, wearing or boring in its character, and relieved either by the patient vomiting the mass, or by its finally getting through the stomach into the bowels. This shows a debilitated or exhausted condition of the muscular

and nervous system of the stomach, induced often by excessive bodily toil, or severe intellectual labor, or whatever tends to exhaust the nervous energy of the individual, so as to result in debility of the digestive organs. In these cases attention must be given to selecting light, nutritious, easily digested articles of food, as well as sparing the debilitated stomach all the work possible.

Again, those whose digestion is faulty, suffer from *Eructation*, or in common parlance, belching, which is due to the passage upward of air or gas confined in the stomach, sometimes, by the spasmodic action of the gullet, being expelled with considerable force. In health, gases are very easily absorbed by the alimentary canal, and readily disappear; but in an invalid body, absorption is of course diminished—these gases, generated by decomposing matters of food during digestion, are not taken up, and annoy the victim, either by its regurgitation or by its passage downward to produce flatulence or that intestinal rumbling from which so many persons suffer. A little powdered charcoal, sulphate of soda or magnesia, by arresting this chemical fermentation, has a beneficial effect in relieving this annoying symptom.

We hasten on to say a word or two concerning the second stage of indigestion, or after the food has left the stomach and passed on to the alimentary tract. The two prominent disorders to which indigestion gives rise are diarrhoea and constipation. In the former, the power of the intestine to absorb the contents which ought to be taken up is oftentimes defective—a greater quantity is therefore passed onward, constituting a true diarrhoea. This may be simply undigested food, or it may be from excess of bile—bilious diarrhoea—or it may be bloody or purulent in character—or watery and choleraic—requiring a variety of treatment, at times demanding laxatives to get rid of offending, irritating matters in the bowel; again, where there is a simple flux of mucus, without fever or pain—astringents—when from acid decomposition, the employment of chalk—when from an inflamed state of the intestine, opiates. But the full consideration of these various forms would lead us astray from our present subject. Opposed to this is constipation—a far more frequent affection, and one demanding very different remedial measures, to successfully combat its diversity of nature and seat.

Regular habits are of paramount importance in its treatment, and no treatment will avail if the bad habits which induce the constipation are persisted in. As a rule the continuous use of purgatives does harm, though not unfrequently cases are met with where this can scarcely be avoided; but by proper regulation of the diet—perhaps the drinking of a glass of cold water at bed time or upon rising in the morning—the use of such remedies as will excite the normal, healthy, muscular action of the coats of the bowel, and above all by establishing fixed daily habits, we can generally overcome this troublesome disorder.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

HINTS FROM BARK, FUR, AND FEATHERS.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D.

THE devices resorted to by nature, to protect living things against the changes of temperature, are no less remarkable than those which are observed in guarding them from accidents from moving bodies. On every hand we have examples of compensations, without which organized bodies could not exist. Even in the vegetable world, plants that live through the severe winters of the north, are as carefully guarded against the inclemency of the weather as are the fur clad animals that live in the same region. The outer coat of bark that surrounds the trunk, and limbs and twigs of the forest tree, is one of the best non-conducting substances. Light, soft, and porous, heat with great difficulty passes through it, and fluids that are not easily frozen, as the viscid juices that remain in trees during the winter, with this protection between them and the cold atmosphere, freezing and fatally rupturing the tissues of the tree do not often occur. The cold must be more than ordinarily intense to destroy plants such as usually grow in northern latitudes. If the rough, outside layer of bark, of almost any tree that grows in our latitude, were shaved off to the delicate layer that surrounds the wood, the exposure of an ordinary winter would kill the tree. It would, by such treatment, be in a worse condition than the twigs of the preceding summer's growth; for these, with their buds, have been developed in a spongy condition, and the greater part of the sap that filled them in the summer having descended, although their bark coat is thin, and affords but little protection, compared with that on the older and more solid part of the tree, freezing does but little injury. It does not rend the soft, sap-deserted parts, as it would more matured and denser tissues, which hold an equal amount of moisture. Yet, with this provision in structure, for want of sufficient bark, it is not uncommon for very cold winters to kill the twigs, whilst other parts of the tree are unharmed.

The non-conducting property of bark is such, that during a continued freezing temperature of many days, the bulb of a thermometer inserted within the trunk of a tree, will show two or three degrees of heat above that of the surrounding air. The protection of the bark enables the tree, even at this low degree, to carry on its functions to a moderate extent, sufficient to preserve its dormant vitality.

The bark likewise answers to protect the vital portions of the tree from excessive heat. The rays of the sun falling on the bark, cannot, during the warmest days, heat the parts within to a sufficient degree to cause any injury.

All these evidences of adjustment to the wants of organic life, and to meet elemental contingencies, show a perfection, look where we will in the vegetable and animal world, that teach man that the highest attainment of art is but a moderate imitation of nature. To defend himself against storms, and cold, and heat, by house and by clothing, he will be constantly aided by a knowledge of the means used for the similar protection of all organized things.

If we examine the coats of animals that inhabit high northern latitudes, it will be found that the best non-conducting material envelopes their bodies. Not as with the tree, the covering is pliant, so as, on every motion of the animal, to maintain an unbroken surface. Nothing can be imagined so good for this purpose as pliant, elastic fur. Take the sable, mink, otter, or beaver for an example. Nearly all the outer surface of the animal that meets the eye, and from which it principally takes its color, is hair, much longer than the fur coat. This hair is strong and resisting, an outer defence, as it were, to protect the delicate growth next the skin. This hair is sloped in the direction that avoids rumpling, and friction, as the animal passes between solid obstacles, or through the water. Not only does the rough hair do this, but it breaks the currents of air that sweep over the body, and makes around the fur a still atmosphere, comparatively, which always conducts away heat less rapidly than when it is in motion. The fur, bounded by an outer coat of hair, like the tall trees above the undergrowth of a forest, is composed of the most delicate non-conducting fibres, in such intimate contact with each other, that the air enclosed between their fibres has but little chance for motion, and this, of all arrangements in nature, presents the greatest obstacle to the passage of heat. From the nose to the toe nails, fur clad animals are completely enveloped with this perfect covering for retaining animal heat. So completely is the coat adjusted, that the back, and those parts of the body most exposed, have the best protection. These animals being subject to violent encounters with their enemies, or contact with rough material whilst in search of food, have not only a warm cover, but one strong enough to withstand such engagements. Wiry, tough, and firmly set, their coats defy all ordinary accidents. Even water will not penetrate to the skin. Beyond the external stratum composed of rough hair, the air-involving fur remains impervious to water. Muskrats, minks, and otters emerge from the water perfectly dry, with the exception of a little water that soon runs off from their hairy coats. Thus provided, the skins of these animals are always kept warm, whatever may be the external temperature. Even the split extremity of each fur fibril, by thickening the

outer portion of the fur, has a still further effect in preventing the circulation of the enclosed air, and of adding much to the warmth of the covering.

The down of birds is equivalent to the fur of quadrupeds. Different conditions of life require different materials and management to protect against the elements. Lightness and smoothness are required for movements through the air. Here there is no resistance from rough substances. All that is required is to protect against cold and wet, and to give a covering adapted, dynamically, to movements in this yielding medium. Under the thick outer feathers of birds inhabiting cold regions, particularly water fowl, there is a downy growth completely enveloping the body. With filaments so soft, and fine, and light, that it has become the standard of comparison for substances possessing these qualities to any considerable degree, down, like the thick undergrowth of a forest, the thick tops of which scarcely permit the wind to play around their trunks, fills all the spaces beneath the outer protecting feathers. Thus situated, it is neither blown by the wind, or dampened by the water.

Seeing these various natural arrangements to defend from cold, and how wonderfully they are adapted to this end, it is rather curious to observe how man, in many instances, having faith in his own better contrivance, changes this order of things. Sheep may be shorn in May, to save the wool, that would otherwise soon be lost on the briars and fences, and afterwards they may shiver through the "sheep[•]storm" without suffering much injury. Geese may be plucked in the summer, on the eve of moulting, to make sure of their feathers, without much injury to their greasy bodies. Horses may be freely curried, and deprived of their old hair rather prematurely at shedding time, and if not too much exposed, remain unharmed. No one shears a sheep in the depth of winter; or plucks the geese he wishes to keep for the next season, when the streams are frozen; nor does any one, unless unacquainted with the use of the hair, and contemning animal physiology, clip a horse in the winter. To depend on woven blankets instead of the natural covering, and to encumber the horse with trappings in the stable, which he cannot carry, when usefully exercised, subjects the animal to the worst complaints. These blankets, by pressing the hair flat to the body, are poor in comparison with the natural coat of its full winter length. At such times as they are removed from the sensitive skin, preparatory to exercise that must be excessive to keep the surface at a normal degree of heat in winter weather, the blood is repelled from the surface to the internal vital organs. Exercise may drive it again to the skin, but this kind of experimenting on the poor animal is hardly fair. Farmers, and carters, and stagemen, and cavalrymen in actual service, do not clip their horses. It is merely the well-appointed, well-groomed, fashionable roadster that loses his hair in winter. Such horses as are considered worth the trouble and expense of

shearing, are naturally high-strung, nervous animals. Extraordinary care may, notwithstanding this exposure, compensate in a measure, by various expedients, for the loss of the best protection against cold, as did fly-nets, in fly-time, against bites, when a horse was considered picturesquely grand with a docked, set up, stub of a tail. Then, as now, when fashion dictated modes, nothing was considered perfect without these fancied improvements on nature. Here, at this time, and in this climate, where a horse needs the hair of a Shetland pony, and would have it, if it were not thwarted in its growth, he must, after the Southern taste, be as smooth in mid-winter as a Chinese dog. He therefore is shorn of a perfect non-conducting coat, that has been growing from early September for his winter's protection; such a coat as all the sporting horse tailors cannot equal in material, or accomplish in fit.

There is wisdom in nature, and her teachings are truth. As a matter of fashion or taste, we may assent to many things that are wrong; but to sanction them as true in theory, and useful to man or beast, when carried to their fulfilment, is another consideration. Fashion now imposes on men short hair on the back of the head, and an exposed neck. Nature has made ample provision to protect that most important part from injury of all kinds, particularly temperature. The first to appear in any useful quantity in infancy, and the last to leave it in old age, the base of the brain is ever covered by a mass of hair, which if properly treated, would always protect the centre of the nerve forces from the cold of winter, or the sun of summer. The natural adjustment of that part of the body for temperature is complete. Chronometers, in such a situation, would need no compensation for heat and cold. Yet all this, acknowledged and taught by physiologists, has but little effect in controlling taste. The hair is cropped to convict shortness, the neck, and the base of the brain are exposed, and while the process of hardening to the weather is going on, as they think, neuralgias and palsies are induced, those dreadful maladies that torture in after years. People will generally risk these rather than wear long hair at the back of the head, merely because a set of rationalists, peculiar men with theories, are apt to adopt this fashion.

Riches oftentimes, if nobody take them away, make to themselves wings and fly away; and truly many a time the undue 'sparing of them is but letting their wings grow, which makes them ready to fly away; and the contributing a part of them to do good, only clips their wings a little, and makes them stay the longer with their owner—*Archbishop Leighton*.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY PROF. E. A. APGAR, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

THERE is at the present time a great interest manifested by the people of this State in the subject of public school education. 'This is one of the surest signs of real prosperity, the *most* positive sign, that could be exhibited. No one familiar with our present system will dispute the necessity of this movement in favor of a more extended and higher grade of free elementary schools, and also the establishment of free high schools, that shall not only offer to the poor man's son equal educational advantages with the rich, but which will also enable our colleges to raise their standard of scholarship much higher than it now is ; thus producing a system of education unsurpassed by any in the world.

We say no one familiar with our present system will dispute this necessity, because we suppose every one who is sufficiently interested in popular education to make careful inquiry into the subject admits that our educational facilities are utterly inadequate to answer the present demand either as to number or quality of schools. We have about 1,500 public schools and only about one half of them are free, and but few of the whole number are capable of giving our youth the education they need and would gladly obtain, could they do so without the expense of going from home. It is not only the duty, but the highest interest of the State to provide the best education that can be furnished, for her children. As ignorance is the enemy of prosperity, education is its best promoter ; and it becomes the duty and privilege of New Jersey and of all States to provide as perfect a system of public instruction for their children as can be instituted, and make it compulsory that every child shall be educated. It should be made a condition of citizenship, for upon an educated people depends the stability and freedom of this government.

DR. McCOSH ON FREE HIGH SCHOOLS.

AT THE request of the Senate, Dr. McCosh, with President Campbell, of Rutgers, and Professor Gillman, of Yale, addressed the Legislature and friends of education from the Assembly Chamber of the State House upon the subject of a more thorough elementary system of schools, and the establishment of a higher grade of free schools for the State. Dr. McCosh was introduced by Senator Torrey, and after some pleasant opening remarks, in which he invited the audience to make a journey with him to the old countries of Europe, he introduced John Knox, one of the most distinguished men of the world, as the founder of free elementary education in Scotland, in 1560, and of a higher system of

free schools for all who desired their advantages. He attributed the eminence of Scotland to the efforts of this man and the successful establishment of the best system of education of that day. Although Scotland had fallen behind some other nations in the progress of later years, she had never lost the advantages of that system which gave her such power, and she had sent out in every direction men who had carried with them where they went the benefits of the best schools.

England never had any good system of common schools, and has not to-day; but she has greatly improved upon the past in this respect. She had two of the best universities, and many good but expensive high schools, but no system of education worthy the name, for the common people. Ireland has one old university, and one younger which was seeking to rival it, and a better class of common schools than England; and, although inferior, they have done more for her real benefit than all other influences combined. He said, we must educate the immigrants that come to our shores, they must also be taught in the Constitution and the Bible. Prussia has a common school system of a high order. It is compulsory; every child is obliged to be educated and the people are taxed to pay for it. No one complained of it, but were fully satisfied that it was the true system.

Dr. McCosh gave an interesting account of his visit to the higher schools of Germany, and said that the system of education was thorough, quite as high as that given in the freshman and sophomore classes of the colleges of this country. You find a dozen of these schools in these cities, with professors all highly educated. After a thorough inspection of these schools, he was prepared to say that it was the most beautiful feature of the country. To this is greatly attributable the success of Prussian armies against those of Austria and France. The great body of that army were men who could speak two or three different languages; who when they went into France knew its geography; men of character, filled with patriotism, whom, led by such a soldier as Moltke, no army could resist. In every station you find men of education. What you find in Prussia, you find to a less extent in Switzerland. In Austria you find one of the best systems of education in the world, not quite equal to Prussia, because it has not been so long established. There every child between six and thirteen is obliged to attend school. Holland has an excellent and improving system of education.

The speaker then brought the audience back to our own country, and landed them at Plymouth Rock, in Massachusetts, where the Puritans and Scotch Covenanters came with their love of liberty and education. In Massachusetts there are now about one hundred schools set up by the State, in which the higher branches are taught, and a very large number of them are fitted to send young men to colleges; and that is the reason why there are so many colleges in New England, and why they are so

well supported. These have come from the elementary schools. In the Middle States we find men fighting with prejudice and ignorance to set up a system of public education. There are men here who have taken part in the struggle to establish a system of elementary education; but now there are men who are struggling to make a system of schools equal to those of New England. In one respect, at least, you are equal to any state of the country or any country of Europe. I refer to the Normal and Model schools, conducted by Professor Hart, and now you should go on and establish a general system of higher education. I have not come to ask any aid for our colleges; I have come to urge you to establish high schools, and intermediate schools, and to perfect your system of elementary schools. The general plan is for the State to say to the people of the counties, if you establish a high school we will help you to pay for your buildings, and establish schools. It is also proposed that the State should set up in each of the Congressional districts a school equal to the gymnasium of Germany, as a model for the schools to be established by counties, cities, and towns. He was glad to hope that the proceeds from the riparian lands of the State would be appropriated, in part, at least, to the establishing of a better system of free elementary education, and these free high schools. It is not a measure for the good of any one class, but it would be felt by all classes of the people. When a boy enters your school, he is a bright boy; he stands at the head of his class from the time he enters the school until he leaves; his father is poor—he can do nothing more for him; he arrives at the age of thirteen, and he has to go out and work at his father's trade; he might have the intellect of a Shakespeare or of a Milton, but it avails not. Had he been in Prussia, he would have gone to the gymnasium, and he would have taken a forward position in the country. With you he is lost to the country. You have done well with the marl you have found, in the improvement of the soil; but while you improve your ground you are neglecting the minds of the State. I would favor the drafting of the brightest boys from your schools, and let them have free access to the higher schools, and encouragement after they enter. By it the son of a poor man could rise to the highest positions of the country. It is a nice question, and will have to be answered in this country: "What should be done with our rich men's sons? Their fathers have laid up fortunes for them; they have no motives to exert themselves; they are exposed to temptations." I say you must give them refined tastes—for science, for music, for art.

Speaking of the great necessity of higher education, the Doctor said, we find the greatest difficulty in carrying on education in colleges is to get men properly prepared for colleges. It is to us heartrending that we have to reject so many candidates for our colleges, because they are not properly or fitly prepared for admission. The adoption of either of the above systems would remove these difficulties.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

MAY we not reasonably hope that the peace of Europe is assured, for the present at least. The happy termination of the great struggle now closed is a hopeful omen of future quiet. All should earnestly desire this, and we think there is good reason to believe that the more highly civilized nations regard war as a scourge, not only to those directly engaged in it, but also to the whole world, and wish for its abolition. Fifty years ago, the differences between England and America would have been considered good and sufficient cause for a declaration of war by a power so well prepared to become the attacking party as our own. We do not think it egotistic to say that the United States has set an example of forbearance and moderation that others may and probably will imitate. We are daily becoming more prominent to the nations of Europe as an example of good government, and their statesmen are studying our system to find a remedy for the evils under which they are suffering. And while we have our own weaknesses, there can be but little doubt but what the system of republican government is the true one for intelligent men capable of governing themselves; and that it will be adopted by other nations as they rise in the scale of enlightened civilization and Christianity, there is reason to believe.

It seems as though, at this age of the world, Christian countries ought to be anxious to abandon the barbarities of war, and call into exercise, for the settlement of all disputes and the award of justice, the higher faculties of man, and by means that have only beneficent results and accompaniments, instead of the horrid butcheries of war and the terrible suffering entailed upon the helpless and innocent by its cruelties. The desire of England and America for peace has prevented war between two great countries, when there has been great provocation; and we hope the appointment of a peace commission for the settlement of their existing disputes, may lead many to aid in the introduction to the world of a better era than that of bloodshed, by imitating so good an example.

A GREAT TRIUMPH FOR THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WHAT we choose to call a great triumph for the Catholic Church, is in itself, an insignificant thing, but as a test of our own institutions it is by no means so. Our Constitution guarantees the right of every individual man to worship God according to the dictates of his

own conscience, but it cannot interfere with the laws of religious bodies in their application to church government, so long as they violate no principle of the Constitution. Hence as against church government there is but one remedy, and that is, enlightened public opinion. If that shall prevail against error, and for right, then whenever and wherever it occurs, a great triumph has been secured for truth and for our system of government. If, on the other hand, error prevail, a defeat has been suffered.

Such a contest has just been decided in New York City, between the discipline of the Catholic Church, as administered by the Archbishop, and the liberal sentiment springing up among many of her eloquent and learned men. Father Farrell, the pastor of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, of New York, sat on the platform of the Academy of Music, in New York, at the reception given to Father Hyacinthe, though he does not accept his extreme positions. For this and his expressed sympathy with Italian unity, he was removed by the Archbishop from his pastorate. The force of public opinion, and the influence of strong men in his own church, was so powerful that the Archbishop deemed it best to reinstate him. Upon entering his church the next Sabbath, Father Farrell announced his continued faithfulness to the teachings and general councils of the church, and in his closing remarks he made these grand utterances for liberty and Christian truth:

"In conclusion, I will say that I have loved my religion better than my life, and that I have loved liberty with a very ardent love, which our religion does not forbid, but rather sanctifies. There is no incompatibility between religion and true liberty, any more than there is between religion and true science. A man may adore devoutly before the altar of God, and worship enthusiastically before the shrine of liberty. While loving my religion more than life, I will ever, under the guidance of that religion, hate tyranny, oppression, injustice, and wrong, and give my sympathy and assistance to the oppressed, the afflicted, and the wronged, the world over."

It is because, in this case, a direct issue was brought; the prerogative of the church manifested according to her past usages, and being overcome by a power, which, when exercised, is far greater than all the dead past can ever be—but which has not been so directly exhibited, and triumphantly vindicated in our country before, that we say, in this the Catholic Church has achieved a great triumph, not of Bigotry or Priestcraft, but of true religion and civil liberty. It is this freedom of religious thought that should characterize the Catholic Church of this land and this century, as it characterizes every other religious body of the present day. By it she will acquire power, and impart untold blessings to her children.

LAST month we published a poem of considerable merit, from James H. P——, who is entirely unknown to us, and made some kindly comments, throwing in a little advice. We have received the following note and poem in reply, and print them without change of a word. In another place will be found a pretty poem, entitled "*The English Sparrow*," by the same author :

TRENTON, February 25th, 1871.

DEAR MR. BEECHER :

Your seeing fit to publish my verses was, as it were, a rift in the clouds, and I basked in the momentary sunshine. The verses gave *me* pleasure, not that they really had merit, but as being an earnest *of the possibility of not failing* in endeavoring to succeed in even a trivial undertaking. I sent you, some days since, a few verses, and with this a few more, bidding you adieu now for all time, probably, hoping, on taking leave, that you will judge the following worthy of your pages.

Yours truly,

JAMES H. P——.

YOU AND I.

(Addressed to my critical friend, Mr. Beecher.)

The Fates have made cheery Life's pathway for you ;
 Misfortune has dogged not your steps from your birth ;
 You judge from your own self, men must be untrue
 To themselves, if in sorrow they wander this earth.
 The wherefore I know not—but those *do* exist,
 Whose life is throughout but a dull, sunless mist :
 By Adversity only, their wan lips are kissed.
 How futile my strength, and at times I am strong ;
 How vain is my labor—it cometh to naught ;
 The keener my suffering, doing no wrong ;
 I reap no reward, howe'er faithful I wrought ;
 For useless *my earning*, result of each day,
 It brings *me* no joy, 'tis worthless as clay,
 Since God took my kindred from earth all away.

What though a man may have shelter from storms ?
 What though he earneth his meat and his bread ?
 What though his raiment his poor body warms ?
 What though a pillow of down rests his head ?
 If in this wide world he be truly alone,
 These embitter the years that since o'er him have flown,
 They recall days when others shared with him his own.

Think me not then unworthy of pity, my friend ;
 Could *you* see, unmoved, all your idols destroyed ?
 Should every loved object with chaos now blend,
 Would not even to you, this wide world seem a void ?
 A wife home to greet you, and children in glee
 To clamber in haste on a proud father's knee,
 Makes a world bright to you, that is darkness to me.

Is darkness, and therefore I grope on my way,
While others walk boldly, fearing not they may fall ;
But not unsupported am I when I pray ;
Unanswered alone when I'd loved ones recall—
In darkness I walk, but a glimmer of light
Doth foretell. that bounded by day is the night,
And the gloom will dispel when Heaven's in sight.

To our friend we will say that he cannot but have many happy hours if he believes in the beautiful sentiments he has so well expressed. There must be light for him on the other shore, though none were here. Most truly do we sympathize with him, for we cannot forget that our idols may "be destroyed" as well as his. There is not a day passes that we do not tremble to think by how slender a thread they are bound to us, and how easily it may be broken.

We present to our friend, and to all who have or have not enjoyed it before, the beautiful and instructive lesson by H. W. Longfellow, which from a boy we have profitably remembered :

"And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion ; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak—weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees and wept. And oh ! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride, and unrequited love were in those tears, through which he read on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription : 'LOOK NOT MOURNFULLY INTO THE PAST : IT COMES NOT BACK AGAIN. WISELY IMPROVE THE PRESENT : IT IS THINE. GO FORTH TO MEET THE SHADOWY FUTURE, WITHOUT FEAR, AND WITH A MANLY HEART.'

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart ; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no longer bleared with tears ; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said, 'I WILL BE STRONG.'

"Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends ; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the

last time into the great tomb of the past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved ; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the past shut behind him as the divine poet did the gate of paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the holy mountain ; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

“In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming, and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance ; no longer be a child’s plaything in the hands of fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others ; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed : no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfillment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires ; but to live in the present wisely, alike forgetful of the past, and careless of what the mysterious future might bring. And from that moment he was calm, and strong ; he was reconciled with himself !

“His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable, sweet feeling rose within him. ‘Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps,’ said he ; ‘and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality ! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life—

‘Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend !’

“‘Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner ? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience ? Alas ! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair ; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history than the child’s story, with which the book began.’ ”

"Now Mr. Photographer, be sure and get a sweet expression on the little dear's face, for there are dozens of relatives who want his carte de visite."

CHEERFUL CHIPS.

A HOLY LAND HORSE.—In his travels out of Jerusalem, Mark Twain had an extraordinary horse, which he thus paints. We should wish to "tarry at Jericho," had we such an animal:

"I have a horse now by the name of Jericho. He is a mare. I have seen remarkable horses before, but none so remarkable as this. I wanted a shy horse, and this one fills the bill. I had an idea that shying indicated spirit. If it is correct I have got the most spirited horse in the world. He shies at everything he comes across with the utmost impartiality. He appears to have a mortal dread of telegraph poles especially; and it is fortunate that these are on both sides of the road, because, as it is now, I never fall off twice in succession on the same side. If I fell on the same side always it would get monotonous after a while. The creature has shied at everything to-day except a hay-stack. He walked up to that with an intrepidity and recklessness that was astonishing. And it would fill any one with admiration to know how he preserved his self-possession in the presence of a barley sack. This dare-devil bravery will be the death of this horse some day. He is not particular fast, but I think he will get me through the Holy Land. He has only one fault. His tail has been chopped off, or else he has set down on it too hard some time or other, and has to fight the flies with his heels. This is all very well, but when he tries to kick a fly off the top of his head with his hind foot, it is too much of a variety. He is going to get himself into trouble that way some day. He reaches around and bites my legs, too. I don't care particularly about that, only I don't like to see a horse too sociable."

"WHERE are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had just slipped and fallen down on an icy pavement. "Going to get up" was the blunt reply.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is said that a tinman of Seville, ignorant of the principles of science, undertook to construct a suction pump to raise water from a well sixty feet deep ; when the machine was finished, he was confounded at discovering that it had no power to raise water at all, and enraged at his disappointment, while some one was working the pump, he struck the suction pipe with a hammer or axe so forcibly as to crack it, when, to his surprise and delight, the water almost immediately began to flow, and he found he had attained his purpose. How is the result to be accounted for?—*Inquirer*.

The explanation is as follows: the air pressed in through the slit or aperture of the suction pipe, becoming mixed with the water in its ascent, formed a compound fluid four times lighter than water alone, and therefore acted more readily by the atmospheric pressure, and thus produced the phenomenon described.

Is the ten dollar Internal Revenue license still in force?—*H. H. W.*
It is.

Is F. Wesson's breech-loading rifle a superior article, as is claimed by the inventor?—*Sportsman*.

Mr. F. Wesson has gained an enviable reputation as manufacturer of rifles and pistols, and, in our judgment makes the best that are produced in this country. His sporting rifles are marvels of beauty, durability and cheapness ; while for accuracy and penetration, it is claimed they are equal to the renowned Kentucky rifle. What we say is from personal knowledge, as we have used one for some time, and find that too much is not claimed for it. Others of our friends say the same thing. Mr. Wesson's manufactory is in Worcester, Mass.

J. B. S.—We will soon comply with your request. It was not convenient for us to do so in this number.

MR. BEECHER.—I send you MS., &c. Please inform me whether you can accept it or not.—*B. R. K.*

We reply to the above, and others like it, by saying that it is simply impossible for us to answer all letters of this kind. We should be glad to do so, but as there is no real occasion for it, and no good can come, we must say to our kind friends, possess your souls in patience, read the Magazine carefully each month for a year, and if at the end of that time your article has not appeared, the chances are against it. Any time before that, they are good, if your article is A No. 1. As a rule first class articles do not lie over many months. Unless stamps are sent to return MS., when rejected, it may never find its way home.

APRIL doth drop a tear on Winter's grave,
Ascending then his vacant, chilly throne,
Gives music to the slumbering brooklet's wave ;
Bids Earth to melody give ear alone.

The piping tree-toad greets the merry Queen ;
The birds that hoary winter banished hence,
Return to grace the wood-side, mantled green,
And start the torpid, ice-bound echoes thence.

The laughing waters sport with warming rays
The sun, at April's bidding, doth diffuse ;
Flowers that long since fled, with timid gaze
Look out and smiling, all their fears they lose.

The willow heeds the tyrant now, no longer ;
It's tiny banners to the breeze it flings ;
April's sweet voices, day by day, grow stronger,
As each it's pæan of thanksgiving sings.

The mournful blasts of Winter all are hushed ;
The zephyr whispers in the forest now ;
The frost-king's fetters, binding all are crushed,
And joy exulting leaps from every bough.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

IT LOOKS now as though the next number of BEECHER'S MAGAZINE would be the finest yet issued.

It would be a very fortunate thing if every wife could be successful in teaching their husbands the "life lesson" so well described in our story by Mr. Suplee.

The deficiency in the number of illustrations this month is more than compensated for by the elegantly engraved steel portrait of Charles S. Olden.

We have begun in this number a series of articles from a well known writer (whose name we are not at liberty to give) which will, we are sure, prove very interesting and entertaining.

We are as much disappointed as our readers will be, that the reply to Prof. Watson's article, "Shall I go to College?" promised (in the last number) for this month is delayed on account of the indisposition of the writer. It is promised us for May.

We would suggest to those who have not paid their subscriptions for this year that a remittance from them is expected, and will be very acceptable. We cannot afford to pay a collector out of the dollar that ought to be sent in advance.

It will be observed that an Educational Department is opened in this number, to be edited by Prof. E. A. Apgar, Superintendent of Public Instruction for this State. It will advocate the highest standard of elementary instruction, and a system of Free High Schools. Will our friends, and the friends of education, who see this, be kind enough to bring the matter before others who may be interested, and by contributions to the department, or in other ways, do what they can for the cause. The cause of education is the foundation of all true prosperity, and the material advancement of the State has been in proportion to that of education among us, and will continue to be so. It was the best educated people in the world that conquered France, and the world has been taught a lesson of great value by the Prussians.

While in Philadelphia, yesterday, we called on our friend A. S. Flint, 822 Chestnut street, agent for A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, the great school book publishers, and found him the same cheerful and agreeable gentleman as ever. It is well for teachers, school officers, and others interested in procuring the best school books, to make particular note of a

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

fact Mr. Flint stated to us, viz: that he will offer special terms for the introduction of the National Series of Readers, by Parker & Watson, Clark's Grammars, and others of their valuable text books.

It does us good way down to our toes to say a word for our enterprising friends Hart & Atterbury, insurance agents. They represent none but first class companies, and take risks as low as can be done with safety to the insured. They are young men who have done well by enterprise and attention to business, and our business men will, we hope, give them a liberal share of patronage. It is a thing too little thought of here, that every young man of good character and ability is estimated to be worth one million dollars to the State, and that everything that can, ought to be done to encourage enterprise.

George W. Ellis, whose advertisement can be found on the outside page of the cover, offers great attractions in the way of furnishing goods, and is sensible enough to tell people where they can find him. We cheerfully commend him and his store to the confidence and patronage of our readers, who will consult their own interests in calling on him.

From S. R. Welles, 389 Broadway, New York, we have just received his new book entitled "Wedlock, or the Right Relations of the Sexes." We shall probably consider its merits more fully at another time. It is however a book, that in our judgment will do a great deal to inform the public in regard to the duties and relations of married life. It is a work to be read by the married and unmarried. Those who know Mr. Welles need not be told that it is a pure and good book, and to those who do not, we say, he would not write any that was not so.

We commend all who may be in want of Furniture of any kind, to the advertisement of Mr. Averill Barlow, 45 South Second Street, Philadelphia. The testimonials which he publishes are unquestionable, and to these we cheerfully add our own endorsement. From his advertisement in this magazine he has already received some excellent trade, and we hope this will be the means of calling the attention of our readers to a house that is in every sense first-class, and whose prices for goods are low; and what we ask for him, we ask for all our advertisers, for all are worthy of public confidence.

For anything in the Photograph line, our friends and readers will remember that the place to go is at The Great New York Photograph Rooms, 508, Arch Street, Philadelphia.

A Fire and Burglar Alarm Telegraph, remarkable for cheapness, and perfection is described on the third page of the cover, and the names associated with it guarantee its being something of value. We intend to give an account of it.

FOR
AS
TILD

JEFFERSON, AS RIP VAN WINKLE.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated,
Pure, Progressive, Practical, Popular.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1871.

No. 17.

SHALL I GO TO COLLEGE?

BY HON. HENRY W. GREEN (EX-CHANCELLOR OF NEW JERSEY).

NO! don't go to college. Yes! go by all means. Each answer may be equally wise. In other words, the answer that should be given to the question depends entirely upon the character and circumstances of the person asking it, his object in going to college, and the business he intends to pursue in life. An idiot, or a dolt would gain nothing by going to college. A fast man who goes to college for the fun of the thing will probably be disappointed. A man will probably cut a coat, make a horse-shoe, or raise a pumpkin quite as well without a knowledge of Greek and Mathematics, as with it. The difference at any rate would be so small, that the gain would scarcely repay the cost.

It is obvious, moreover, that all thorough education includes the heart as well as the head, and influences the tastes and affections as well as the understanding. All of these powers, if properly cultivated, contribute largely to the happiness and enjoyment of the individual, as well as to his success in life. It is important, therefore, before answering the question whether a man shall or shall not go to college, to know something of the habits, constitutional tendencies, and surroundings of the enquirer. Is he idle? Is he constitutionally or habitually prone to sensual indulgence? Is he intemperate? And if so, has he wealth, or the means of gratifying his tastes and inclinations? Then the only advice to be given is, "Don't go to college." I know that such individuals often go to college in the hope of avoiding temptation, and of effecting a reformation. The experiment is sometimes, though rarely, successful. The chances are ten to one that it will seal his doom. An earnest, active life, not a sedentary or meditative one, is the remedy for such an *invalid*.

In every large community of young men, in the full glow, buoyancy, and ardor of life, and health, and passion, whether in city, camp, or college there will be some of the idle and the dissolute. If you desire such associates they may readily be found. If not sought for, they will

seek for you. They may be high spirited, generous, genial and fascinating; but on that very account all the more dangerous. Such young men are continually in our institutions of learning. Guilty perhaps of no overt act of wrong or misconduct, they escape college discipline, or degrading dismissal from the institution. But, as soon as their character is satisfactorily known, they or their friends are quietly advised that a college is no place for them, and that they had better leave the institution: or if this danger is escaped, they drag out their college life without honor, and without essential benefit.

Let me not be understood as affirming that a college is a peculiarly dangerous place for the morals of young men. On the contrary, it is the most secure situation in which a young man can be placed, outside of his father's house, to prepare for the business of life. It was a prevalent opinion years since, in the vicinity of some of our literary institutions, that college students, as a class, were dissipated and often intemperate. That opinion vaguely entertained still deters many parents from sending their sons to college. It is, however, a great mistake. Recently the subject was carefully investigated by the trustees of a large educational institution, whose pupils were charged with forming and indulging habits of intemperance. The investigation, conducted in the most thorough manner by men accustomed to judicial inquiry, resulted in the conviction of all concerned that the charge was erroneous. The President of the college testified that he had not known in all his connection with the college, which had continued for many years, of a single case of intemperate habits formed by a student while a member of the institution. While it is admitted that such cases do exist, they are very rare. It is an ascertained fact that there are more cases of confirmed inebriety among army and naval officers, merchants' clerks, apprentices, or even among agriculturists than among college students. It results from the fact that in college, the students are under the constant supervision and vigilant care of a large body of cultivated and faithful men, devoted to their welfare; that their associations are refined; their pursuits ennobling; and that they have (if diligent students) no time, and little inclination for vicious indulgence.

Another objection to going to college, more frequently and painfully felt than avowed, is this—will not a young man of humble connections, and destitute of wealth, be exposed on these accounts to insults, or at least to contemptuous and mortifying treatment from his more fortunate associates? Don't hesitate a moment in going to college on this account: such apprehension is utterly groundless. I speak from personal knowledge on the subject. I have had under my care young men of very limited means, who obtained their education by their own industry, who assured me that that circumstance in no way affected their standing or impaired their happiness. In the class room, or on the rostrum, the most accurate

scholar, the most eloquent orator, is sure to be crowned the victor. In the gymnasium the most perfect athlete is certain of receiving the laurel-crown. It will be awarded as freely and cheerfully to the humblest as to the proudest of the class. In fact a body of college students is the most perfect republic on earth: wealth and rank are well nigh ignored: social distinctions are unnoticed or unknown: merit alone wears the victor's palm, regardless of rank, wealth, or social influence.

But assuming that the inquirer has good health and habits, a constitution untainted by vicious indulgence, and an earnest desire to qualify himself for his life's work, the question still recurs what use is to be made of your college education? If you mean to devote yourself to commerce, to manufactures, to agriculture or the mechanical arts, unless you have a decided love of learning or ample means and leisure to indulge your taste, don't go to college. For although a college education will refine and elevate your taste, ennoble your views, and add to the sphere of your enjoyments in these avocations, as well as in others more essentially literary, it cannot materially aid in qualifying you for your business in life. Although there are many well known instances of merchants, agriculturists, and mechanics who have been men of refined and cultivated tastes, large and varied acquirements, and even profound learning, still it may be doubted whether in most cases, the loss of physical power and practical skill and energy, does not counterbalance the gain of intellectual power. These pursuits certainly do not *demand* the highest efforts of a cultivated intellect.

But if it is your purpose to devote your life to any one of the learned professions, to polite letters, to teaching, to journalism in its higher departments, to Technology in any of its branches, or indeed to any employment which demands the greatest power, the widest reach, or the highest polish of the human intellect, by all means go to college. If you have abundant means it is the best and safest investment you can make of your funds. They are placed beyond the possibility of loss by misfortune or fraud. Tariffs may be increased or diminished: exchanges deranged: "Bulls" or "Bears" in the ascendant: war or peace may prevail; that investment at least is safe. If you are poor, do not hesitate to invest your last dollar in your education. If you have friends able and willing to assist you, avail yourself of their generosity. If you are friendless and penniless, throw yourself boldly on your own resources, trust in Providence and go forward. Devote your days to some remunerative employment, and your nights to study. Bring to your task a brave heart and unflinching courage, and success will crown your efforts. The world with all its faults and follies, is full of sympathy. Aid will come from quarters you little anticipate. Friends will appear in the day of adversity; strangers will witness and admire your heroic endurance, and relieve you in your necessity. You will win for yourself influence, power, usefulness, and honor, if not wealth and immortality.

Let me not be misunderstood. It is important that it should be distinctly comprehended precisely what advantages the friends of liberal education, or if you please a college education, claim for it. It is not pretended that a knowledge of Greek or Latin, French or German, Mathematics or Astronomy will make a genius of an idiot, or a philosopher of a dolt. No education will confer intellect where it does not exist, or convert an intellectual pigmy into a giant. Truly great men are rare. They become great not by the mode in which they are taught but in spite of it. But it is absurd to contend because Franklin was a profound philosopher, or Hugh Miller an intellectual giant, that a printer's office or a stone-cutter's shop is the best school for intellectual training. This is akin to the philosophy of the boy who proposed to make himself a second Washington, by cutting down his father's cherry tree. What the friends of liberal education do claim for it, is simply this, and no more—that a thorough systematic course of training, in contact with other minds, under able and accomplished teachers, will most effectually develop the mental powers, and enable the pupil to carry out and execute in the most perfect manner the ideas which his mind is capable of conceiving.

This is a subject upon which there has been and probably will continue to be a difference of opinion. It has given rise to much controversy; but controversy cannot by any possibility throw light upon the subject or decide the question. It must be settled if at all by experience; by testing the effect of the system by examples of its practical results. This can be best done not by going abroad, but by looking at home, among men whom we know, and whose intellectual power we can gauge with tolerable accuracy.

The following is a list of high Legislative, Executive, and Judicial offices of the United States, and of the State of New Jersey, which have been conferred since the Revolution upon Jerseymen who have received a collegiate education:

Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court.....	2
Judges of the U. S. District Court.....	4
Senators of the United States.....	13
Cabinet Ministers.....	4
Foreign Ministers.....	5
Governors and Chancellors under the Constitution of 1776....	9
Chancellors under Constitution of 1844.....	4
Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of New Jersey.....	5
Associate Justices “ “	22
Attorney Generals.....	11
Signers of Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.....	2
Signers of Articles of Confederation, July 9, 1778.....	2
Signers of the Constitution of the United States, Sept. 7, 1787.....	4

Thus it appears that eighty-seven of these highest offices were conferred upon men of liberal education, while only forty-five offices of similar character were conferred during the same period upon Jersey men who had not received such education. This list does not include members of the U. S. House of Representatives, Presidents of the Senate, or Speakers of the House of Assembly of New Jersey, or any officers chosen by popular election.

To estimate properly the relative proportion of educated men in office, to those not liberally educated, it must be borne in mind that the number of educated men in the State is very small. From A. D. 1750 to 1800, New Jersey graduates, in both the colleges in the State, did not exceed two hundred and fifty. From 1800 to 1850, they did not vary much from five hundred. Taking the whole number of graduates from the State for one hundred years from 1750, to be eight hundred, deducting two-fifths for those who adopted the clerical and medical professions, one-fifth for those who died or turned aside to pursuits inconsistent with public life, and there remain but about three hundred educated men as a source of supply for all the high public offices for a century. Excluding elective offices, it appears that these three hundred men furnished incumbents for two-thirds of the highest State and National offices, which were filled by Jersey men. Now the educated men were not one-tenth, nor one-twentieth of the population of the State, during the same period, qualified by the Constitution to fill these offices. The disparity therefore in the comparative representation of the two classes must be immense. We have no data on which a comparison approaching accuracy can be based, but it is obvious that the educated class have furnished incumbents for high offices in a *ratio* utterly disproportioned to their number, and in *number* far more than those furnished by uneducated men. In fact the men who have graven their names most deeply on the history of their country, and have left behind them the proudest fame, have been almost without exception educated men.

Nor would the educated incumbents of these offices suffer by the comparison, if regard were had to official character, or influence, or power.

It is also worthy of notice that the members of two families, who for three successive generations have occupied seats in the Senate of the U. S., to their honor and the welfare of the State, and who now occupy those seats, have all (with a single exception) been college graduates.

Nor do the men who have filled these high offices come from one class, profession, or condition in life. They are the sons of farmers, mechanics, or teachers, as often as of doctors or lawyers. They are from every class in society, every grade in social life. They have in common but one quality, *intellect*, but one distinctive badge, *education*.

It is absolutely certain that the assumption that men of liberal education

do not have their full share of high public offices, or that they are as a class, consigned to a life of obscurity, is wholly gratuitous and without foundation in fact, so far as New Jersey is concerned. No one need fear lest by going to college he should impair his intellect, or sink into oblivion.

AFTER A STORM.

BY ESEL DORF.

LAST night there was a storm : the reckless gale
Whirled down the night's deep darkness ! From the clouds
Wind-driven 'cross the chaos of the sky,
A watery deluge fell ; like flood of liquid fire,
As vividly the lightnings flashed and played
Athwart the Heavens !

It was grand
To stand alone, apart from puny man,
And view the storm, terrific, sternly wild,
'Riving the kingly tree from yonder cliff ;
Till, with a crash, the gnarled trunk was sent
Rock-hurled down to doom !

There's a charm
In the majestic thunder's roll and roar,
That thrills my soul like hope of hopeless love.
Reiterating, peal o'er-capping peal,
Like organ tones from instrument divine !
So deep, so full, sublime and glorious ;
So great—and grateful to the weary soul
Sentinelled, by fate's decree, apart to dwell
Alone, alone, shut out from life and love,
Watching the nights fade into early gray !

To-day we are in sunshine : not a cloud
Flecks the fair dome o'erarching mother earth ;
The robins chirp their sweetest round about,
With throats o'erfull of warbling gush of song ;
And over all, the perfume passing breeze
Whispering, floats the echo troll of peace.

Ah ! life is transient peace ! 'Tis very like
Capricious nature's shifts, or the coy glance
From the dark eyes of beauty. Evermore
Will nights frown fierce, and days in gladness smile.

NOT A ROMANCE.

BY IDE WILLIS.

CHAPTER I.

MISS Clara Middleton stood in front of the village post office impatiently awaiting the opening of the mail. She was a very pretty object in the fore-ground of a little picture which has been often painted both by pen and pencil. Let me sketch it for you; small village-store-post-office in one corner—crowd of farmers, horse-whips in hand—clerk in spectacles curiously eyeing every letter; in front the stage with its four horses—on either side a line of wagons, blue, black, grey, yellow and red. These are the main features, but they are quite sufficient to prove, even to the most indifferent observer, that the delicate little figure who stood there tapping the toe of her gaiter boot with a cobweb of a sunshade, was *not* a natural growth of this mountain soil. Miss Middleton was as sure of receiving a letter this afternoon, as she was that the sun rose in the heavens that morning; her good, sensible, methodical lover never failed to write her twice a week, and this was one of the days upon which his missives were due. The spectacles behind the orifice scarcely waited for her to speak the name, but handed her two important looking documents, each of which was addressed in a manly, although very different hand. Miss Middleton recognized the one with a half smile that might have been complete, had not a look of surprise and wonder chased it away as she glanced at the other. She examined the address; there was something in it not altogether unfamiliar, and yet she could not place it; and then she smiled to think that she was doing exactly what she had laughed at these country people for a hundred times at least, gazing at the outside of a letter and wondering who it was from, instead of breaking the seal and solving the question at once. But it would never do to open her lover's letter in this public place, and a little feminine sense of duty, which perhaps no masculine mind would be quite able to comprehend, made her feel that no amount of curiosity, however great, should permit her to allow *his* position to become a secondary one, even in a matter as trifling as this. So she quickly slipped the letters into her pocket, untied the grey mare, jumped into the buggy, and was off toward her temporary home among the mountains. Old grey was by no means inclined to trot that sultry summer's afternoon; and though the sun was down the air seemed almost stifling, and Miss Middleton thought with a sigh of her lover at his desk in the hot and breathless city. As soon as she was fairly out of the village, on the quiet mountain road that runs along just at the base of

these hills, she dropped the reins across the dash board, took from her pocket the precious documents—one big with mystery, the other redolent of love, that she might enjoy them alone in that delicious solitude which one never fully experiences except among the hills. Miss Middleton impatiently broke the seal of the larger envelope, with a hope in her heart that its contents might realize something more to her than the last had done; for although, with true womanly pride she would not acknowledge it even to herself, she had been disappointed in these letters which she had looked forward to as her comfort and solace when they parted three weeks before. The letter began as usual, “My dear Clara,” and a weary look crossed her face as she saw it was only another apology for what he had never yet written her—a real letter. It went on, “the weather is most uncomfortably warm, in fact it is nearly breathless. I have concluded to accept your invitation and make you a visit if I can procure a state-room to-morrow night, if not, I will wait until another Friday. Excuse this short letter, and permit me to thank you for the long one which I received yesterday morning; also the directions which I am glad to see you have given so minutely. Remember me to Mrs. Middleton, and believe me, yours always, Geo. M. Ford.”

Clara was not a child either in years or experience; she had lived long enough to know that even lovers are human, and that those lives which the world calls brightest have their dark shadows, their wounds, and even scars; but just now, woman as she was, she could have bowed her head and cried like a little child; would she never receive letters any different from this—would he always *wait* for opportunities, never make them—must some one else grease the wheels of fortune’s car for him, and would he then only entrust himself to it at this slow and measured pace. Clara leaned her head against the side of the buggy weary and disconsolate; and the old grey mare walked slower and slower as if she would not for the world disturb the lady’s reverie. She remembered that she had gone this sultry afternoon five miles to the village, over these dusty roads for this one little sheet; no, it was not one, she had almost forgotten, there was another; she looked down; it lay in the bottom of the buggy; she picked it up indifferently, for somehow life had strangely and suddenly lost its interest, and her eyes were so dimmed with tears that she rubbed them more than once before she could see the letters distinctly, for the writing was by no means so legible as the other. She read, “Clara darling—It is just a week since I landed in Boston, but I have discovered your hiding place, and this time you shall not escape me; I will not even give you an opportunity to tell me I may not come, for, *if I am alive*, I shall be with you day after to-morrow. Now as ever, your devoted lover—Will Tracey.”

Poor Clara! her heart had throbbed more and more tumultuously with each word of this little note, until as she finished it, a cry both of mental

and physical anguish escaped her. Lord Kames has said that love may be ranked among the melancholy passions, and anyone looking at poor Clara Middleton just then would have verified his statement. Her hands were clasped despairingly together, her lips pressed as if to force back the pain, but in her eyes there was a soft love light, a look that none but *he* had ever gazed upon; for, however bitter these painful circumstances in which he had come to her, she could not crush out the joy of knowing that he, the only one to whom she had ever tendered her heart's full allegiance still loved her. Of all petitions which she had sent up at the Throne of Grace, of all wild wishes that had escaped from her hungry heart, of all dreams and hopes for the future, this was the crowning one—that the old love might be restored to her again. For four long years she had waited, “hoping against hope,” then resolutely, persistently, as only a brave woman can, she had determined to put the old love away, to bury it in the sepulchre of her heart, and never, never to roll away the stone that guarded its entrance. She thought of Tennyson's

“A sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things,”

and so she had determined to forget that one great joy of her life, or if its recollections ever thrust themselves upon her, to look back as hopelessly as Adam and Eve must have looked back upon paradise.

However tenderly, she had yet firmly put away the old love, and once more looked out upon life, welcoming the cares and joys of to-day. And so, when the new love came, her heart had responded to it—not with that glad rapture—that sweet ecstasy which can never come but once; still there had been a feeling of contentment and even joy in the consciousness of loving and being loved.

And that evening [not many months ago] as the grey mare reached the foot of the hill which led to the house, and waited for some one to open the gate, Clara lifted her eyes and her heart to heaven with a little audible moan “God help me!” then she jumped from the wagon, unfastened the gate, and led old grey as complacently up the hill as if for her the world was not that night turned upside down.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE same day, and at nearly the same hour in which our story commences, the steamer “Catskill” stood puffing and blowing at one of the N. Y. piers, preparing for her nightly trip up the river. Porters were hurrying past one another almost frantic at the amount of baggage yet to be transferred on deck, and whispering that there hadn't been such a load during the season. Almost at the last moment, just as the plank was

being drawn, a carriage drove up rapidly, a gentleman sprang from it, and before the great wheel had time to commence its revolutions he was on board. On inquiry at the office for a state-room, he was met with the answer, "All gone, sir, just sold the last one to this gentleman," and the clerk nodded to a tall individual with black moustache, who was counting out his change. Both gentlemen lifted their eyes and involuntarily looked at each other; the one with an inward satisfaction that he had been just a little ahead, the other with a "confound it!" for the lawsuit that had kept him so late. Then with that easy assurance which one only acquires by traveling, he stepped up to the black moustache and said:

"Your pardon, sir, for intruding upon you; but if you are alone, it may be that you will consent to my occupying a berth in your state-room, I see no other possible chance for me."

The taller gentleman looked at him for a moment with evident surprise, at the same time he could not but admire the audacity of the man, who, though younger than he, could ask so great a favor with the air of one who perfectly understood himself and was not accustomed to refusal. Neither could he help acknowledging that this stranger was "every inch a gentleman;" there was an unmistakable tone of refinement and cultivation about him that is seldom if ever perfectly imitated.

Mr. Ford, for I am sure you recognize him, felt irresistibly compelled to answer, "Beyond the fact that you are a stranger, I do not know that I have any serious objection;" and with a hearty "thank you," and an inquiry for the number of the room they separated.

As soon as the vessel was fairly under way and the cabin cleared of passengers who had gone to the decks, the stranger gentleman seated himself in a remote part of the cabin, laid aside his hat, passed his hand several times through the mass of wavy chestnut hair that just then looked his greatest ornament, buried his face in his hands, and assumed an attitude of utter indifference to the outside world.

The truth is, that to most people after an impulsive deed there generally comes a time of reaction; and since the writing of that little note in which he had said "If I am alive I shall be with you day after tomorrow," he had had no opportunity for reflection. Not that he regretted it now, only that he felt how perfectly useless this journey might be; he knew that Clara was not married—he had learned *that* from her friends, but she might and probably would be engaged. It was so long before her friend had heard of his whereabouts; so long after they were separated before he had learned the real facts of the case, that he could not blame her surely, if she had forgotten him. And then his heart filled with despair as he thought of the drear possibilities that might be awaiting him. He had hoped that traveling, with its ever changing scenes and necessary adventures might produce forgetfulness in his own heart, but

each new delight that had come to him amid the beauties of the old world, brought with it a bitter anguish as he remembered how he had looked forward to the enjoyment of all this with *her*. Once, in his more youthful days, in his early dreams of manhood, he had looked across the ocean, with that same wistful gaze which, as a child he had bent upon the hidden end of the rainbow, and longed to dig for its buried treasures, but this was years before he had learned the mystery of love or the transformation that could be wrought by a single monosyllable; and so when he had come to look upon the very scenes his eyes had hungered after, the Midas' golden touch was gone; the spots famous in history, where he had expected to be thrilled with intense emotion, were, after all only cheerless little villages or barren plains; while each sweet womanly face that he gazed upon, whether an artist's dream, or a fair reality, only made him long more keenly for the one "that was not." He would not have stayed away so long only he had been fortunate enough to form a business connection abroad, and besides, there was nothing to bring him home until he had received within the same twenty-four hours a letter from Mrs. Harvey, Clara's most intimate friend, and another from a senior member of the house in which he was engaged, wishing to know if he could prepare himself at once to leave for the States and attend to some law business there. Never, from that moment until now had his heart beat with any other emotion than one of hope and confidence. Now as the decks began to be cleared, and only a few remained outside, artists who really enjoyed this beautiful scenery, or lovers, whose visions were touched with a fairer moonlight than any that rested upon these hills, Mr. Tracey put on his traveling cap, lighted his cigar, and left the cabin to enjoy once again the glories of this noble river. He was not an artist, but he was, what perhaps is even better, an art lover, to him beauty was not a means to the necessities of life, it was enjoyment, luxury, elevation of soul, and to-night there was added to this a glow of pride and pleasure, such as one might feel after months of absence, when he returns home to find his own wife lovelier, his children fairer than any he has looked upon. Mr. Tracey was the last one to leave the deck, and as he sought the state-room he found his companion in a slumber so profound that he might have been enjoying it for ages. Without laying aside his garments he threw himself upon his berth to rest, if possible to sleep during the few hours that yet remained to daylight.

The usual turmoil consequent upon the landing of a vessel aroused both gentlemen next morning. Mr. Tracey quickly sprang to his feet, hastily prepared his toilet, expressed and settled his obligations for the favor he had received, handed the gentleman his card with hotel address, hoping he would find it convenient to call, then bidding him good morning, he stepped upon the pier, and preferring to walk in the delicious cool of the mountain air, he started off toward the village—a

distance of not more than half a mile. He was somewhat at a loss to proceed, his only information being that Clara and her mother were boarding somewhere in the vicinity of Catskill; his anxiety however, was to secure a horse, other difficulties he knew could be overcome. Finding the livery stable, he inquired for a horse and buggy, which he hired for the day as he did not expect to return till evening; having secured these, his next inquiry was for the indefinite Mrs. Brown; on this point he could gather no intelligence, and stepped over to the hotel for breakfast and information, where he met his companion of the previous night just coming from the dining room; both gentlemen nodded and passed each other. Mr. Tracey ordered breakfast and was pouring cream into his coffee, when Mr. Barker, of the livery stable, made his appearance, with,

“There’s a gentleman here sir, what wants ter go ter Widder Brown’s; I dunno’ how ter let him hev a hoss, cuz, you see, I want ter fetch a load down from the Mounting House to-morrow, and the hosses must be fresh. Jim and Colonel was driv ’most to death yesterday, and I thought sir, as you was both goin’ to the same place, p’raps you’d let him go ’long with you, and I’ll fix it all right when you come back to-night. There’s the gentleman, sir, a standin’ in front of the stable, if you’ll jest look out the winder.”

Mr. Tracey looked, recognized his new acquaintance, answered pleasantly, “Yes you may tell him I should be happy to accommodate him if we are both going the same way, he did me a great favor last night.”

And having relieved Mr. Barker’s mind, while a sudden new thought oppressed his own, he sat down again to his breakfast. What if this man should be going to see *her*; possibly he might be her accepted lover; with his sanguine temperament he had, until within the past few hours, only looked at the bright side, now the future loomed up gloomy and portentous; this man was certainly fine looking, manly, tall, and although not precisely the sort of individual whom he should think Clara would fancy, yet nevertheless, a gentleman, and one whom any girl might admire. At all events he was under obligations to him, and the question would be settled before many hours—anything was better than suspense. So he hurriedly finished breakfast, left the hotel, crossed over to where Mr. Ford was standing, reached out his hand, and said cordially:

“So we are to be companions again this morning. I am very happy it is in my power to return you the favor you did me last evening. It may be that I am on the wrong track, I only know that I am going to a Mrs. Brown’s in search of some old friends by the name of Middleton.”

“I think you must be right,” Mr. Ford answered with a decided reserve in his manner, “as they are the very people I am in search of myself. I am sorry to be *obliged* to accept a part of your buggy, but they

tell me you have taken the last horse that can be spared for any length of time."

"I beg you not to put it in that way," Mr. Tracey replied; "I assure you I shall consider it a favor for you to occupy a part of the seat with me, and as our friends are mutual we shall need no better ground of acquaintanceship. I have not yet been fortunate enough to learn your name."

It was given with a slightly injured air; for somehow the ease and gentlemanliness of this man compelled the other to a disagreeable sense of his superiority, and he already fancied himself at a disadvantage in the eyes of her whom he now felt confident they were both on their way to visit. The unfortunate juxtaposition of affairs was anything but agreeable to either party. To Mr. Ford's mind there was, however, the consciousness of ownership and the prestige of acknowledged love, he could, therefore, afford to be generous; while with Mr. Tracey, his acquaintance with the world and perfect self-possession qualified him for an emergency even as great as this. Both gentlemen leaped into the carriage, and were soon on their way toward—destiny. Had either been indifferent their most natural topic of conversation would have been the parties they were about to visit; but although they touched upon many subjects during that five miles' ride, neither for an instant alluded to Mrs. Middleton or her daughter, although Mr. Tracey said that he had been abroad several years, and was now visiting his old friends through the States; he was eager to ask a dozen questions about them both, but of him—his probable rival—impossible. Whoever has traveled through this section of the country, made famous by the charming pen of Washington Irving, knows that it is one of the yet-to-be-appreciated gems in our country's natural beauties; because it is somewhat difficult of access, and because no petroleum, coal or manufacturing advantages have yet displayed themselves, the world at large is altogether ignorant of its attractions; only a few artists—a clannish race—and still less of the "world's people" to whom the omission of a single morning's newspaper would not cause distraction, have yet penetrated to this secluded spot. It was looking over this charming valley and to the hills beyond, from which the Mountain House rises like a marble palace, that Cole first received his idea of "The Voyage of Life," and as nearly as possible in his picture of "Youth," with the air-castle in the distance, he has portrayed a scene that one may look upon any summer's morning before the sun has chased the mist from the mountain tops, and that white castle seems suspended in mid air with no more tangible a foundation than the dreams of youth.

Mr. Tracey looked out upon the landscape with an artist's eye, while his face glowed with delight as he drank in its wondrous beauty. "By Jove! this *is* glorious!" he exclaimed, as he turned to his companion, "I never imagined we were to be regaled with such a morning's feast.

Excuse me !” he said, as he saw he had aroused his fellow traveler out of a half doze, “ I suppose it is nothing new to you.”

“ Well, no, I can’t say that I have ever seen it before, but this getting up so early is a thing I’m not used to ; I must say I should have liked a couple of hours’ more sleep.”

Mr. Tracey turned his head away to conceal the look of scorn it was too late to repress ; had this fellow a soul, or was he made literally of clay ? had Clara ever dreamed of marrying *him* ? the very thought made him pull the reins vigorously, which started the horse off on a brisk trot.

Suddenly Mr. Ford looked up, “ Why this must be the very place, the red gate at the foot of the hill ; stop the horse a minute, please, I asked her to give me the directions on a card so that I could get at them easily.”

Mr. Tracey stopped the horse as he was bidden, while his companion took from his pocket a little card in that well-remembered hand—that peculiarly womanly hand which he had never seen but once, and never could forget—and read in the hurried under tone in which people always read directions :

“ Turn to the left as you leave the village, the road is straight for five miles, then you come to a long hill at the foot of which is a red gate ; the house cannot be seen from the road, but travel up the hill, exercise faith and patience, and you will come to it.”

Both gentlemen gave a little forced laugh, then Mr. Tracey handed the reins to his companion, jumped out and opened the gate. He felt that he was making a simpleton of himself to go to the house at all under the circumstances ; but to recede now would be worse than folly ; he should at least see her, there would be some gratification even in that ; at all events there was nothing for him now but to meet the fate which awaited him ; as to his own course, he had already decided what that should be. As he refastened the gate, he called out, “ Drive on, if you please, I will walk.”

And just here, at the foot of the hill, where we left Clara less than twenty-four hours ago, we leave her lovers now, and return to find what experiences these momentous hours have brought to her.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Plain men think handsome women want passion, and plain women think young men want politeness ; dull writers think all readers devoid of taste, and dull readers think witty writers devoid of brilliancy.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, AS RIP VAN WINKLE.

(See Illustration.)

IN THE Quaker City of Philadelphia, on the 20th day of February, 1829, JOSEPH JEFFERSON was born. He was an actor by inheritance and by special endowment of nature. His great-grandfather was a famous actor, the cotemporary and companion of the brightest ornaments of the English stage, the intimate friend of Garrick and Foote, and others of a race of men who were truly great in their profession. He died in 1807. In 1795, his son came to America. Though he was but a youth, he was even then an artist. He was of a light figure, handsome, and had a wonderful facility in exciting mirth by the power of features. F. C. Weymess said of him later, "he is an actor formed in nature's merriest mood—a genuine son of Momus." After a brilliant career, the second Jefferson died in 1832, during an engagement at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He had a son who at the time of his death was manager of the theatre in Harrisburg, where his father was engaged. Though possessed of some ability as an actor, he was not so famous as his father or grandfather. This son was born in 1804, and died at the age of thirty-eight. He married Mrs. Burke, the vocalist, and mother of Burke the comedian, and to this couple was born the Joseph Jefferson of to-day, whose brilliancy and fame have filled two continents. This boy was literally brought up on the stage. He made his first appearance in a combat scene upon the boards of the Park Theatre, N. Y., when he was but three years old. Soon after this he went with his parents to the West. Olive Logan says of him at this period of his life, while they were both children, "he and my sister Eliza used to sing little comic duets together on the stage of various Western towns."

For the following interesting narrative we are indebted to George Maclean, Esq., of Philadelphia, publisher of "Struggles and Triumphs of our Self-made Men," by James D. McCabe, Jr. This author says of him:

"He received as good a common school education as the rapid manner in which he was moved about from place to place would permit, and was carefully trained in the profession of an actor, to which he was destined by his parents, and to which he was drawn by the bent of his genius. He appeared in public frequently during his boyhood, but his first appearance as a man was at Chanfrau's National Theatre, in 1849. He met with fair success, and from that time devoted himself entirely and carefully to his profession. He began at the bottom of the ladder of fame, and gradually worked his way up to his present high position. Playing engagements in various minor theatres of the United States, he

at length secured a position as low comedian at Niblo's Garden, in New York, where he won golden opinions from the critical audiences of the metropolis. In 1857, he closed a most successful engagement as low comedian at the theatre in Richmond, Virginia, and with that engagement ended his career as a stock actor. He had by careful and patient study rendered himself capable of assuming the highest place in his profession, and these studies, joined to his native genius, had made him famous throughout the country as the best low comedian of the day.

"Feeling that he had now a right to the honors of a "star" in his profession, and urged by the public to assume the position to which his genius entitled him, he began a series of engagements throughout the Union, in which he more than fulfilled the expectations of his friends. He was received with delight wherever he went, and at once became the most popular of American comedians.

"About a year or two later, he left the United States and made a voyage to Australia, through which country he traveled, playing at the principal towns. He was extremely successful. His genial, sunny character won him hosts of friends among the people of that far-off land, and his great genius as an actor made him as famous there as he had been in his own country. Australia was then a sort of theatrical El Dorado. The prices paid for admission to the theatres were very high, and the sums offered to distinguished stars in order to attract them thither were immense. Mr. Jefferson reaped a fair share of this golden harvest, and at the close of his Australian engagements found himself the possessor of a handsome sum. It was this which formed the basis of his large fortune; for, unlike his father, he is a man of excellent business capacity, and understands how to care for the rewards of his labors, so that they shall be a certain protection to him in his old age, and an assistance to those whom he shall leave behind him.

Returning to the United States, Mr. Jefferson appeared with increased success in the leading cities of the country. He at this time won great popularity in the character of Asa Trenchard, in the play of "Our American Cousin." His personation of the rough, eccentric, but true hearted Yankee, was regarded as one of the finest pieces of acting ever witnessed on the American stage, and drew crowded houses wherever he went. He appeared successfully in several other plays of less merit during this tour.

"After a season of great success in this country, Mr. Jefferson decided to visit England. He appeared at the Adelphi Theatre, in London, and at once became as popular as he had been at home. His Asa Trenchard, in 'Our American Cousin,' was received by the English with delight; but his greatest triumphs were won in Boucicault's version of 'Rip Van Winkle,' which he has since immortalized. This play was first produced at the Adelphi, where it enjoyed an uninterrupted run of nearly two hundred nights.

“Returning to the United States in the autumn of 1867, Mr. Jefferson appeared at the Olympic Theatre, in New York, in the play of ‘Rip Van Winkle.’ Since then he has traveled extensively throughout the United States, and has devoted himself exclusively to the character of Rip Van Winkle; so exclusively, indeed, that many persons are ignorant of his great merits in other *roles*. By adopting this as his specialty, he has rendered himself so perfect in it that he has almost made the improvident, light-hearted Rip a living creature. A popular writer draws the following graphic sketch of his performance of this character:

“‘If there is something especially charming in the ideal of Rip Van Winkle that Irving has drawn, there is something even more human, sympathetic and attractive in the character reproduced by Jefferson. A smile that reflects the generous impulses of the man; a face that is the mirror of character; great, luminous eyes that are rich wells of expression; a grace that is statuesque without being studied; an inherent laziness which commands the respect of no one, but a gentle nature that wins the affections of all; poor as he is honest, jolly as he is poor, unfortunate as he is jolly, yet possessed of a spontaneity of nature that springs up and flows along like a rivulet after a rain; the man who can not forget the faults of the character which Jefferson pictures, nor feel like taking good-natured young Rip Van Winkle by the hand and offering a support to tottering old Rip Van Winkle, must have become hardened to all natural as well as artistic influences. It is scarcely necessary to enter into the details of Mr. Jefferson’s acting of the Dutch Tam o’ Shanter. Notwithstanding the fact that the performance is made up of admirable points that might be enumerated and described, the picture is complete as a whole and in its connections. Always before the public; preserving the interest during two acts of the play after a telling climax; sustaining the realities of his character in a scene of old superstition, and in which no one speaks but himself,—the impersonation requires a greater evenness of merit and dramatic effect than any other that could have been chosen. Rip Van Winkle is imbued with the most marked individuality, and the identity is so conscientiously preserved that nothing is overlooked or neglected. Mr. Jefferson’s analysis penetrates even into the minutiae of the part, but there is a perfect unity in the conception and its embodiment. Strong and irresistible in its emotion, and sly and insinuating in its humor, Mr. Jefferson’s Rip Van Winkle is marked by great vigor, as well as by an almost pre-Raphaelite finish.

“‘The bibulous Rip is always present by the ever-recurring and favorite toast of “Here’s to your goot healt’ and your family’s, and may dey live long and prosper.” The meditative and philosophic Rip is signaled by the abstract “Ja,” which sometimes means *yes*, and sometimes means *no*. The shrewd and clear-sighted Rip is marked by the interview with Derrick Van Beekman. The thoughtful and kind-hearted Rip makes his

appearance in that sad consciousness of his uselessness and the little influence he exerts when he says to the children, talking of their future marriage: "I thought maybe you might want to ask me about it," which had never occurred to the children. The improvident Rip is discovered when Dame Van Winkle throws open the inn window-shutter which contains the enormous score against her husband, and when Rip drinks from the bottle over the dame's shoulder as he promises to reform. The most popular and the most thriftless man in the village; the most intelligent and the least ambitious; the best-hearted and the most careless;—the numerous contrasts which the *role* presents demand versatility in design and delicacy in execution. They are worked out with a moderation and a suggestiveness that are much more natural than if they were presented more decidedly. The sympathy of Mr. Jefferson's creation is the greatest secret of its popularity. In spite of glaring faults, and almost a cruel disregard of the family's welfare, Rip Van Winkle has the audience with him from the very beginning. His ineffably sad but quiet realization of his desolate condition when his wife turns him out into the storm, leaves scarcely a dry eye in the theatre. His living in others and not in himself makes him feel the changes of his absence all the more keenly. His return after his twenty years' sleep is painful to witness; and when he asks, with such heart-rending yet subdued despair, "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?" it is no wonder that sobs are heard throughout the house. His pleading with his child Meenie is not less affecting, and nothing could be more genuine in feeling. Yet all this emotion is attained in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner. Jefferson's sly humor crops out at all times, and sparkles through the veil of sadness that overhangs the later life of Rip Van Winkle. His wonder that his wife's "clapper" could ever be stopped is expressed in the same breath with his real sorrow at hearing of her death. "Then who the devil am I?" he asks with infinite wit just before he pulls away at the heartstrings of the audience in refusing the proffered assistance to his tottering steps. He has the rare faculty of bringing a smile to the lips and a tear to the eye at the same time. From the first picture, which presents young Rip Van Winkle leaning carelessly and easily upon the table as he drinks his schnapps, to the last picture of the decrepit but happy old man, surrounded by his family and dismissing the audience with his favorite toast, the character, in Mr. Jefferson's hands, endears itself to all, and adds another to the few real friendships which one may enjoy in this life.'

"Mr. Jefferson is a thoroughly American actor. Abandoning all sensational shams, he devotes himself to pure art. His highest triumphs have been won in the legitimate branches of his profession, and won by the force of his genius, aided only by the most careful study and an intelligent analysis of the parts assumed by him. He has the happy faculty of entering into perfect sympathy with his characters, and for the time being

he is less the actor than the individual he personates. It is this that gives the sparkle to his eye, the ring to his laughter, and the exquisite feeling to his pathos; and feeling thus, he is quick to establish a sympathy between himself and his audience, so that he moves them at will, convulsing them with laughter at the sallies of the light-hearted Rip, or dissolving them in tears at the desolations of the lonely old man, so soon forgot after he has gone.

“Mr. Jefferson has inherited from his father that genial, sunny disposition for which the latter was famous. He is an essentially cheerful man, and trouble glances lightly off from him. He is generous to a fault, and carries his purse in his hand. Misfortune never appeals to him in vain, and many are the good works he has done in the humbler walks of his own calling. He is enthusiastically devoted to his profession, and enjoys his acting quite as much as his auditors. In putting his pieces on the stage, he is lavish of expense, and whenever he can control this part of the performance, it leaves nothing to be desired. Some years ago he brought out ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ at a Philadelphia theatre, in a style of magnificence rarely witnessed on any stage. The scenery was exquisite, and was a collection of artistic gems. The success of the piece was very decided in Philadelphia, but when it was reproduced, with the same scenery and appointments, in a Western city, the public would scarcely go to see it, and the theatre incurred a heavy loss in consequence. Jefferson’s remark to the manager, when the failure became apparent, was characteristic: ‘It is all right,’ said he. ‘We have done our duty, and have made an artistic success of the piece. If the people will not come to see it, it is more their misfortune than ours.’

“He has inherited also from his father considerable talent as an artist, and sketches with decided merit, though he makes no pretensions to artistic skill. In his vacations, which he passes in the country, his sketch-book is his constant companion. He is a famous sportsman and fisherman, and in the summer is rarely to be found without his gun and rod. It is his delight to tramp over miles of country in search of game, or to sit quietly in some cosy nook, and, dropping his line into the water, pass the hours in reveries broken only by the exertion necessary to secure a finny prize.

“Not long since his love of art led him to buy a panorama merely because he admired it. He put it in charge of an agent in whom he knew he could confide, and started it on a tour throughout the country. In a month or two he received a gloomy letter from the agent, telling him that the exhibition had failed to draw spectators, and that he despaired of its ever paying expenses. ‘Never mind,’ wrote Jefferson in reply, ‘it will be a gratification for those who do go to see it, and you may draw on me for what money you need.’ The losses on the panorama, however, were so great that Jefferson was compelled to abandon it.

“Several years before the death of John Sefton, Jefferson paid him a visit at his home in Paradise Valley, during one of his summer rambles. Upon reaching Sefton’s farm, he found the owner ‘with his breeches and coat sleeves both rolled up, and standing in the middle of a clear and shallow stream, where one could scarcely step without spoiling the sports of the brook trout, which sparkled through the crystal waters. Sefton stood in a crouching attitude, watching, with mingled disappointment and good humor, a little pig which the stream was carrying down its current, and which, pig-like, had slipped from the hands of its owner in its natural aversion to being washed. Jefferson, with the true instinct of an artist, dropped his fishing tackle and took his sketch-book to transfer the ludicrous scene to paper. Sefton appreciated the humor of the situation, and only objected when Jefferson began to fill in the background with a dilapidated old barn, at which the old gentleman demurred on account of its wretched appearance. The artist insisted that it was picturesque, however, and proceeded to put it down. Sefton had to submit; but he had his revenge, by writing back to New York that ‘Jefferson is here, drawing the worst “houses” I ever saw.’

“In private life, Mr. Jefferson is a cultivated gentleman, and is possessed of numbers of warm and devoted friends. He has been married twice. The first Mrs. Jefferson was a Miss Lockyer, of New York, and by her he had two children, a son and a daughter. The former is about eighteen years of age, and is destined to his father’s profession, in which he has already shown unusual promise. The present Mrs. Jefferson was a Miss Warren, and is a niece of the veteran actor, William Warren, of Boston. She was married to her husband early in 1868, and has never been an actress.

“Mr. Jefferson is the possessor of a large fortune, acquired in the exercise of his profession, and being thus comfortably situated, is enabled to enjoy more rest from his labors than falls to the lot of most American actors. He resides in Orange County, New Jersey, about an hour’s ride from New York, where he has a handsome country seat, which he has adorned with all the attractions that wealth and taste can command.

At almost every step in life, we meet with young men from whom we anticipate wonderful things, but of whom, after careful inquiry, we never hear another word. The effervescence of youth and passion, and the fresh gloss of intellect and imagination, endow them with a brilliancy which makes fools of themselves and other people. Like certain chintzes, calicoes, and gingham, they show finely on their first newness, but cannot stand the sun and the rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day.

RECOLLECTIONS.

NO. III—W. M. THACKERAY.

BY GEORGE HARRISON KENT.

BIRDCAGE Walk, St. James' Park, Richmond, Hampton and Greenwich, come tumbling on my brain as I endeavor to commune once more with the gay spirit that lit up the noble form of Thackeray.

Last to the dinner, careless of coming, yet loth and last to leave, for who of the blithe hearts could rise so high from these maudlin worldly cares, or blot out so completely the impressions of the toilsome track—as he.

It is but ten years since I first saw him. He had cast aside many of his earlier habits and ideas—had discarded sentiment and sympathy in a measure for philosophy, and I always thought he inclined more to that of Democritus than to the lighter thesis of Heraclitus.

He loved to walk the Mall, Piccadilly and Fleet street, picturing to himself the grotesque costumes, and the merry crowds that gathered round the festive May-pole, in the good old times two hundred years ago.

It was in the Spring. How fondly he dwelt on the cheerful influences of the radiant Phoebus, and the gentle tripping Flora! as he recurred to the earlier age of masks and revellers, when every house had its flowery branch, and every chapeau its sprig of the blossom'd hawthorn—when Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, with the fantastic Morris-dancers turned into one vast Arcadia the winding streets of the jolly old London—when the reckless cavaliers in the dark hours of the night sung their bacchanalian chorus through the green lanes of Westminster. Nevertheless, he was with the present, and welcomed the innovations of his own times much in the spirit, however, I think, of the old Greek, who made the trite remark, "Whatever is—is right."

We went to Richmond—the ancient sheen, celebrated alike for its fairy scenes of landscape, its palace and its "lass," immortalized in the song of Upton—and to Hampton, where the invigorating breeze makes merry in the branching elms, and in its flight outstrips the flying deer; for a pleasant jaunt commend me to Hampton Court, the storehouse of so many relics, the theatre of so many acts. We rambled through the quadrangles, the picture galleries and the chambers; admired the tapestry, the antiquities and architecture of this famous building, and as we strolled through the avenues of yew and ilex, we fancied that Buckingham, Albemarle, and Will Somers yet mingled with the motley crowd, while the shade of Launcelot Brown, the genius of the place, still hovered near.

The Merry Monarch, Essex and Rochester, have trod those winding walks, and rent with their gay laughter the depths of the echoing groves.

Yet amidst our enjoyment I plainly observed that Thackeray detested or perhaps pitied the vulgarity of the multitude; but who can, if blessed with refined taste, and a wish to appreciate—avoid expressing contempt at the behavior of the worst of *vulgi*, a London mob, who treat with no respect the fragments of their ancestors' magnificence; they will play at leap-frog in the precincts of a cemetery, and toss the foot-ball across the flower beds of a palace—will pollute the sacred courts with profanity, and carry confusion in their march, leading us almost to regret that the obnoxious fee is not collected at the gate.

A mentor of public morals might be a nuisance, but when will the people know that churches, chapels and meeting houses are not designed as receptacles for orange peel, melon husks, candy papers and crinolines—nor for *tete-a-tete* and *conversazione*, nor are theatres intended for the representation of the drama to tiers of chattering marmosets, whose noise is rendered more hideous to attentive observers by the cracking of a barcelona or hickory nut at intervals; these practices do not proceed from ignorance as is often alleged, but from a lack of generous regard for the pleasure of others—from selfishness. I have digressed, but esteemed the matter of sufficient importance for a passing thrust.

To quote slang, which is generally truthful! “you know how it is yourself” and so does poor humanity shrink from the gaze of the man who looks into the innate nature of our race—who makes the internal, the moving within, the subject of his study. I always considered this to be the sole reason Thackeray did not earlier take up the position to which he was entitled. We are ready to condone the offence, if such it be? of the pen that exposes our outward absurdities, or it may be runs riot among our simplicities; but we become peevish and irritable when our vanities, our darling sins, and our dark secrets are brought to the sunlight. What Boz was to the outward ways of humanity the author of *Pendennis* was to the inner man, hence the popularity of the former and the somewhat tardy justice accorded to the latter.

Thackeray was not a man of action, from his habits of apathy and procrastination he would never have shone in the circles of commerce. He had a touch of Goldsmith with the gracefulness of Addison; his grand contour and massive profile made a deep impression on the stranger, and formed a gilded gate of introduction to his grand and versatile mind. He wrote easier than Dickens and corrected less; and although in conversation and routine, quite as humorous, yet he seemed to have as it were a mental skeleton in the back ground—of deeper thought—genial and jocular as Lemon or Albert Smith, yet he reflected more.

In a conversation on the merits and demerits of authors, he inquired what I had read as a study of style, and enlarged on the beauties of

Fielding, and the purities of Johnson in his life of Savage, though admitting Gibbon's *Rise and Decline* to be the standard of its class, yet recommended Niebuhr and Rollin to the mere student, as the best examples of art. He had not the reverence that we show Horace, Lucian, and Ovid; yet Virgil, Sallust and Xenophon came in for a great share of his admiration. He spoke of Dumas as the man of swords and rapiers, albeit of brilliant gifts and splendid faculty of invention. On spiritualism I never in any of my few interviews heard him speak, but I believe he only held mixed up theories on the subject which could furnish no data necessary for the delta of reason.

Like Dickens, he was playful as a minet, and sought relief from mental stress in that harmless gaiety so widely different from the coarse jollity of the buffoon. He was of no nomade turn, and looked upon the old city as his home and dwelling place. His commanding presence and grand phisique would have dignified a throne; gentle and courteous in manner, the friends alone of Thackeray know the greatness of their loss. His literary success came after a long struggle, for he was fifty before his lessons were telling, but is it not a fact that the most empty but fascinating works are taken the readiest? while those of a purer moral standard and higher literature often take much more time, but then they increase as they become known, and found at last the firm position. The *Virginians*, and *Pendennis* will perhaps survive numbers of more prominent fame, although his great work, *Vanity Fair*, is reckoned by many his masterpiece, and will doubtless outlive the rest; for it is in vain perhaps to hope the time will soon be at hand when it can be no more true.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*," but how blessed is it to die at the grave and quietly pass away, as he did, from the scene of labor enjoying all things until the translation—for who can paint the miseries of the soul that is like the harassed Bedouin, who loses half his possessions on the way to his Meccæ. Enshrined with the fortunes of the "Cornhill," his name will stand the noblest captain of them all; and although it seems the most important epoch of our lives when our elder friends are passing away so hurriedly, yet feeling sure that their day has been well spent, and that the toil has not been in vain, we keep bright on our own shields the inscription of the ancient Saracen—"Though the way be steep let us do all our fighting here."

Definite work is not always that which is cut and squared for us, but that which comes as a claim on the conscience, whether it is nursing in a hospital or hemming a pocket-handkerchief. It would be a hard world to live in if there were none to do the odds and ends of work in it.

OUR FOLKS AT HOME—No. 2.

BY *—— *—— *——.

“OUR FOLKS, as we said, had finished dinner and were all gathered in “the den”—Harry’s room—listening to his adventures in New York, from whence he had returned the day before. Of course Harry was the hero of this occasion, but it is impossible for any one of our family to tell all the stories or crack all the jokes, and before he was really under way, Baldwin put in the following—as a starter, so he said, but really as a left-handed hit to Mr. Avery, who is rather literary in his tastes and aspirations: A young author wrote Mark Twain, asking him if Agassiz recommended authors to eat fish because the phosphorous in it makes brains, and soliciting advice as to the quantity to be eaten. Twain replied in the *Galaxy* as follows: “Yes, Agassiz does say fish makes brains—so far you are correct; but I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least not to a certainty. If the specimen composition you sent is about your fair usual average, I should judge a couple of whales would be all you would need; not the largest, but two good middling-sized whales.”

This brought down the house, for Baldwin tells a story superbly, and somehow the laugh always comes in at just the right time and place.

“Sister,” said Harry, “I hope you will have fish three times a day, on my brother’s account. I advise sturgeon, as it comes nearer the size of the whale than any other fish we can get here; and, besides, the color of the animal you know is the same as phosphorous and would probably produce great brain power.”

“Harry, won’t you try and behave yourself? Why can’t you act like other people, and not be forever saying such ridiculous things?” said Mrs. Avery, vainly trying to put on a reproving look.

“My dear sister, you are correct. By the way, John, I had a little experience in New York to tell you and Avery about, and if the ladies wish I will relate it now.”

By this time Harry was occupying two chairs, his body on one and feet on the top of another; Baldwin was on the trunk, and Mr. Avery had taken the edge of the bed, notwithstanding he had been cautioned against such violation of the white counterpane at least a dozen times that week.

“Well, Harry, we are all ready,” said Baldwin, “go ahead with your ‘experience.’”

“All right, Johnson. Mrs. Avery, please put my pipe on the piano. I had been to Niblo’s that evening, and after the performance took a stroll down Broadway, before going to the St. Nicholas, where I was

stopping. About the only places open at this hour, eleven o'clock, were the beer saloons and other haunts of dissipation, perhaps an occasional cigar store, waiting for the trade that came from the theatres. The 'Dew Drop In' concert saloons were very numerous and brilliantly lighted. Walking leisurely along the street, I was just passing a very gay looking place, when I saw through the window a remarkably handsome girl, whose face seemed familiar to me. I stopped, and after waiting a few minutes, determined to go in and satisfy myself in regard to the person I had seen. Passing down the stairs that led into the saloon, which was in the basement, and entering the place with a familiar air, I went up to an unoccupied table, and taking a chair, waited for one of the girls to come to me. Business is attended to here, and customers do not wait long. In about a minute a dowdy-looking young woman, with low neck dress and short sleeves, came forward, and taking a seat at my table, asked what I would have. I told her a glass of ale. She urged me to take some kind of liquor, saying she would fix it very nicely for me. I excused myself on the plea of headache. You know these girls get a large percentage on all the drinks they sell, and the favorites make a handsome weekly income in this way.

"I drank my beer, and, disgusted with the creature who tried to entertain me, kept a sharp look-out among the eighteen or twenty waitresses present for the familiar face. I saw her several times moving about in the room, which was filled with from a hundred to a hundred and fifty men, a large part of whom were young and generally of the better class.

"I threw down half a dollar to the girl who had waited on me, and leaving the table moved carelessly about among the crowd, watching an opportunity to catch the attention of the one I came in to see. At last she came near me. I touched her arm, and passing on, took my seat at a table in a remote corner of the room.

"In a moment she came to me. I ordered something to drink, and asked her to sit down for a little talk. I was struck at once by the soft tone of her voice and correct language, both of which showed her to be a person of education and refinement.

"After conversing awhile, I said, 'Your face is familiar; is not your name Miss ——?' She turned deadly pale, and said, 'Who are you?' From the way she had looked at me once or twice, I thought she suspected who I was; but finding she had not done so, I refused to give her my name. I asked her to tell me how she came to be here in such a place as this. She then told me something of her history. While at home she was much given up to gaiety, and had received the attention of fast—respectable (?)—young men, and had been led astray from virtue. Being an only daughter, her father gave her everything she asked for, and allowed her own unguided choice of company; and she at first, not knowing their character, had accepted those of means and leisure, who

kept fast horses and spent money freely, until she came to prefer them to others. Said she, 'I always went and came at pleasure.' In a moment of temptation she was persuaded to leave her father's house with a young man who took her to New York, who, after spending their money, left her there friendless and alone, without means; and not knowing what to do, she strayed into this place, where she had seen other girls, in hope of finding support without falling lower than she had already done.

"I pointed out the folly of the course she had taken, and begged her to return to her home, telling her that the inevitable result of staying here would be a life of shame, as the average life of abandoned prostitutes was only four years, and that it required but that number of years or less for a girl in a concert saloon to get there. She seemed touched with a sense of her shame and present condition, and promised me that if possessed of the means she would return home. Although the publicity of the place did not admit of any demonstration of sorrow, yet the tears fell silently, and I sincerely hoped that she would yet reform. I handed her a sum of money sufficient to pay her expenses home; and seeing that we were already noticed, bade her good evening and passed out.

"You will not wonder that I was sad when I tell you that one year ago I was an invited guest to an elegant party at her father's house, who is a person well known to me, a man of large wealth and influence in a city of western New York. She was at that time, and indeed is now, a beautiful girl. But the bright future of joy so many wished her that night can never be hers. Nothing that wealth could give had been withheld from her, an only child. To-night she might have said, as another has done:

" 'Once I was pure as the beautiful snow, but I fell—
Fell like a snow-flake from Heaven to Hell.' "

Mrs. Lawrence always defends the weaker sex, and before Harry had finished this story she was ready to pour forth her indignation upon the heads of those who had made this innocent girl the subject of their crime.

"Do you know whether she went home or not?" asked Mr. Avery.

"Of course she did not," responded Mrs. Lawrence. "Do you suppose that poor girl is going home now to endure the reproach and suffering which has been brought upon her by those who ruined her."

"Mother, do not be too severe upon the young men," said Mr. Avery. "They have enough to account for, but all the fault is not theirs. There are two sides to every question; and while I do not blame you for sympathizing deeply with this sad case; yet there are other parties which I charge with being guilty of the crime of this girl's destruction. I charge the parents as being most guilty of all, in allowing their daughter to choose her own companions, and in furnishing her every facility that wealth and luxury can afford to beautify the downward path which they knew, or ought to have known, she was pursuing. Did they not know

that their daughter's character was not safe while in company with the men they allowed to be her associates? Ignorance of the fact cannot remedy or palliate its consequences nor their guilt. These young men ought to be ranked next in guilt; while least guilty of all, but not by any means guiltless, is the woman who, with a woman's confidence, trusted in man's honor and was ruined by that trust. The girl must be the principal sufferer, and terribly will she atone for her sin all her life. She will be an outcast, and probably sleep in an unknown grave, while her destroyers are still considered respectable and wait for other foolish daughters of careless parents as fresh victims."

All agreed that Mr. Avery was right in regard to the wrong of parental neglect, though Baldwin said there was not the same charity due to a girl surrounded by such associations as she had been, that there would be for another who may have been born and reared as it were upon the very threshold of shame. With this, the gentlemen knocked the ashes from their pipes and went to business.

"Those men," remarked Mrs. Lawrence, "have probably gone out ruminating upon the weakness of woman; and they are not strong-minded enough to stop smoking."

ANECDOTE OF DELILLE: A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[Translated from the French.]

BY THEODORE GROOT.

[The following is translated from a French periodical, printed in the city of Quebec, in 1803. The lines in verse being only a literal translation, are of course void of that beauty of diction which graces the original.]

THE celebrated Abbé Delille had grown rich by the court favors of Louis XVI, but the French Revolution came, and in its fearful ravages his property was soon swept away, and left him in want. Yet, like a true philosopher, he reconciled himself to his condition, and even wrote some charming verses on the sweets of poverty.

But his great talent was not destined to pass unnoticed. The leaders of the several factions that distracted France at that period resorted to various means to induce him to join them; but he shunned them all, as a set of evil spirits, whose aims of government were only to ravage and desolate their country. Little ambitious, he contented himself with obscurity, and cultivated the Muses even in the midst of the conflagra-

tions that swept away whole libraries, and laid in black ruins all the monuments of art.

In the fatal year of 1793, when France was covered over with scaffolds, the ringleaders determined to render his talent accomplice in their crimes, and undertook to sacrifice his muse on the altars of terror. Accordingly the Abbé was dragged forth from his retirement by the Committee of Public Safety, who required of him a poem suitable to be rehearsed at their public jubilees. And it was well known what the penalty would be to dare to refuse anything to the Committee of Public Safety. The Abbé had no poem to give them—and the scaffold was always near at hand—and it was a very simple matter for the Committee of Public Safety to manipulate his refusal into a conspiracy against the state.

After due reflection upon the demands of the Committee, the Abbé Delille remarked the next morning to some of his friends:

“I have decided upon the matter. The guillotine produces a very easy death; I fear not to die, and I shall write no verses.”

The famous Chaumette, an unexceptionable atheist, who was himself somewhat of a literary character, and who, under an incendiary exterior possessed some redeeming qualities, assuming one of his best moods, approached the Abbé, and earnestly besought him to select a subject and produce *something* which might at all events answer the purpose.

It was at that critical moment in the history of the French Revolution when the religious opinion of the people was undergoing a great transition with regard to the belief of a future life, when atheism with its reign of terror was verging to its decline, and the instigators themselves were not blind to its approaching downfall; and when a decree declaring the existence of a supreme being and the immortality of the soul was destined soon to go forth.

But the atheist party still held sway, and it was with this that the Abbé had to deal. Pressed by the earnest solicitations of Chaumette, the Abbé at length yielded to his request, and the executive authorities gave him just twenty-four hours to complete the task—that is, to produce a poem or die. At the end of that time Delille showed the verses which he had prepared, on the subject of the immortality of the soul, embracing the following lines:

In her impenetrable domains,
 Enclosed by Heaven's walls eternal,
 There Immortality supremely reigns;
 Propitious to the just; but, ye guilty tremble—
 Who, swift to trample justice down
 And set at naught God's high decree,
 Then plead nonentity beyond the tomb
 T'escape the wrath of angered Deity.

Who grasp the sceptre from th'Almighty hand,
 Pull down the sacred altars from on high—
 Tremble ! base oppressors of the land !
 Your blood-stained souls can never die !
 And you, unfortunate victims of cruel wrongs,
 Yet blest by Heaven's regards paternal,
 Driven away to foreign climes,
 Rejoice ! for ye too are immortal !

During the reading of these lines by the author, the blanched cheek of Chaumette clearly betrayed the reproaches of a guilty conscience, but he quickly rallied himself and at the end of the reading, said :

"It is well done ; perhaps it could not have been done better. But wait ; the time has not yet arrived to publish such sentiments. When it does I will inform you."

A few days after, Chaumette, with others of his faction, were arrested and expiated their deeds under the fatal knife of the guillotine, and the verses of Delille, which have survived the ravages of time, have never been published until this day (1803).

HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE ;

OR HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING—No. 5.

BY W. ELMER, M. D.

THE BODY'S FORCE PUMP.

SINCE we have traced, through the process of digestion, the mode in which the food becomes converted into blood, let us now take a look at some of the facts connected with the circulation of this vital fluid throughout the general system.

It seems truly surprising to us in this age of progress that nothing in regard to the circulation of the blood was known to the medical men of ancient time, until discovered by Harvey, so late as the year 1616, long after the discovery of some of our most important inventions in science and art. Hippocrates, who lived 400 B. C., distinguished two kinds of blood-vessels, arteries and veins, but regarded the former as air-bearing tubes, as their name implies, since in their division after death they are always found empty and hollow ; and supposed that these communicated with the windpipe ; conveying the breath to the remotest parts of the body.

Galen, a few hundred years afterward, demonstrated by experiment the fallacy of this view, but his ideas of the true course of the blood through

the body were not only crude but erroneous. It was not until about 1550 that the passage of the blood through the lungs was first understood and described; yet even then, how the blood was propelled from the heart through the arteries to all the tissues and organs of the body, and returned to it again by the veins, was a matter entirely unknown, and it remained for Wm. Harvey to demonstrate to the world, in 1616, this fact, which has rendered him immortal, and from which dates a new era in medical and surgical science. Nevertheless like many others who have made great discoveries, no sooner had he published his discovery than prejudice assailed him. Few physicians believed his doctrine, but stigmatized it as an heretical innovation in philosophy and physic. But he had the happiness to outlive the clamors of ignorance, envy and prejudice and to find that professional men were at length ashamed to own that they had ever disbelieved his theory. Truly it is said that here commenced an epoch in the study of physiology; for its influence on scientific men, not only as a stepping-stone to further discoveries but as a power rousing in all quarters a spirit of philosophic investigation was immediately perceptible, and the medical world began to emancipate itself from the ideas of the ancients, which had held despotic sway for two centuries, and study nature for themselves by means of experiments.

With this short history of the discovery of the circulation we pass to the consideration of a few facts concerning its central propulsive organ—the force pump, so to speak—the heart. Without attempting any anatomical description, which would be here entirely out of place, we presume that every one is familiar with the general external shape and appearance of the heart, as it closely resembles in man that seen in any warm blooded animal, differing only in size. Internally it is divided by a thin partition running lengthwise into the right and left heart entirely distinct from each other, and each of these again divided into an upper and lower part called technically the auricle and ventricle, these communicating by a valvular opening. The right heart receives the blood as it is brought from the system by the veins and sends it to the lungs to be aerated, for in man as in all mammals the organism demands blood that has been purified and oxygenated by respiration—in fishes the same force sends it to the gills for a like purpose. The left heart receives the blood from the lungs after being purified and its color changed from the dark purplish hue to a bright scarlet, and sends it throughout the body. Yet though the two sides of the heart are distinctly separate their action is simultaneous—at the same time that one side sends its portion of blood into the lungs the other sends it to the system. The structure of the left side is much thicker and stronger than the right, having obviously to make greater muscular effort in forcing the blood through all parts of the body. The quantity of blood discharged by each contraction of the human heart has been found by experiment to be about two fluid ounces—

or half a teacupful, so that with each and every heart-beat this amount of blood is sent along its course through the channels of the body. By a beautiful arrangement of valves between the upper and lower cavities on each side as well as at the entrance of the large arteries, no blood can regurgitate; the current is continuously in one direction. As soon as the blood is forced through by the heart's contracting, the valves close and all escape backward is thereby prevented, in fact, as in a pump, the greater the pressure upon them the tighter they shut, and it is only by disease that their perfect closure ever becomes at all impaired.

The movement of the heart in its state of pulsation is one of alternate relaxation and contraction—a filling and emptying of all its four cavities, following each other in regular order—phenomena no less wonderful than beautiful to behold. This operation of exposure of the heart may be performed on a living animal without difficulty if we simply take care to continue respiration. Keeping the animal quiet by administering ether, and having opened the chest we see the heart enveloped in its delicate sac, regularly performing its functions; and on slitting this up, the various parts are completely exposed. First, the blood flows into the upper cavity, or auricle, on each side; then is forced, by this contracting, into the lower cavity, or ventricle; the valves close, the ventricles contract with a rotatory and elongated action, tilting the heart up against the chest at the same time with a decided impulse, and out goes the column of blood, to be distributed through the various arteries; that from the right side going into the lungs to be purified, returning again afterward into the left side; that from the left side to every part of the body. And so this process is continued in the life of man day after day, year after year, this tireless little organ keeping up its ceaseless thump, thump, unwatched, unnoticed, generally uncared for, constantly in action, never a minute's repose till its work is ended by death. Pouring its steady tide of life-giving blood to the minutest cell of this vital organism, maintaining all in a condition of health and integrity, it works on and on and on with a regularity that is unequalled and with a continuance truly wonderful. Is there any machine of man's invention which can compare to it in endurance without repair; so constantly working, and yet not wearing out; throwing a steady stream of 65 gallons per hour for years, and yet no need of even new valves; forcing out the blood 70 times per minute, with a velocity equal to 159 feet in that time, besides overcoming a great resistance in distending arteries, and yet so seldom showing any signs of deterioration (for the few cases of heart disease, compared with the totality of mankind, are indeed very few,)—can anything, we say, of man's ingenuity equal the perfection of this machine? Reader, did you ever stop to think how many beats that heart of yours makes in a lifetime—how many pulse-waves it will have sent through you if you live to three-score years and ten? Estimating the average frequency of the heart's

action at 70 per minute (though in children it is considerably greater,) it gives 4,200 beats per hour, 100,800 per day, 36,702,000 per year, and 2,575,440,000 for our threescore and ten. Isn't it wonderful—almost passing comprehension? Such are some of the facts concerning the circulation of the blood, and the astonishing arrangement and powers of its impelling organ: others we must defer till our next article. But whether we consider the force they exert, their never-wearying action, or the admirable wisdom with which they are disposed, the subject forcibly impresses the mind. It is one of the most remarkable bodily phenomena. In the magnificence of their plans, and skillfulness of their execution, hydraulics offer us but faint analogies to it in those machines by means of which water is distributed into every quarter of a great city.

Upon the whole contrivance of the circulation we may truly say that the omniscient, omnipotent Creator has impressed distinctly his own signet.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

MALARIA.

NATURAL ADAPTATION OF PLANTS TO SOIL.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D.

LIFE is manifested under a certain arrangement of elements, which elements are few in number, and combined in various proportions, forming tissues, organs, and apparatus.

The affinities of these elements for each other, as they are united in organized bodies, are controlled, during life, by influences partly independent of the common laws of chemistry.

Any agent that is in any way inimical to life, so far as this agent acts, has a tendency to break up the elementary arrangements that are necessary to organization.

When the effect of this agent is considerable, the vital forces of necessity fail, and a fermentation ensues, in which inorganic chemistry becomes superior to organic chemistry, and decomposition ensues.

During a normal condition of organic bodies, the composition of tissues, secretions and exhalations are tolerably well understood, as far as the different species have been investigated. These compounds are of hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen and oxygen, and they are regarded as nutritive, non-nutritive, medicinal, or poisonous, as they are variously compounded of these inorganic elements.

In an abnormal state, other arrangements of these elements occur, and the products of healthy action are lost. The extent to which the vital

forces have been obstructed, determines the kind of combination produced.

The decomposition of dead organized matter throws off gases and water; these are innoxious as ordinarily mingled with the atmosphere.

Animals, when suffering from disease, or the effects of agents inimical to life, are frequently in a state to generate the most virulent poisons. In the peculiar state between life and death; between organization and decomposition; between organic chemistry and inorganic chemistry; in which the power to elaborate the ordinary secretions is in a measure lost, combinations of elements are formed, such as are recognized as poisons. Dissections, wards of hospitals, holds of ships, even private sick-rooms, offer illustrations.

These poisons, elaborated from the common elements of the blood, whether dissolved in the liquids of the body, or in the gases that emanate from it, are greatly attenuated, eluding the grosser tests of chemistry, and when mingled with the air, frequently operate at a great distance from their origin, as we notice in variola.

These products of diseased action are not peculiar in their diffusability. Emanations equally attenuated, attend the normal condition of animals, such as musk and the remarkable odor of the *Mephitis Americana*. Other exhalations, not recognized by the senses, pass off, and are detected at great distances by animals with acute smelling. Other products, inodorous to any sense of smell, but having qualities characteristic of the healthy organisms from which they proceed, it is fair to presume, are thrown into the air.

Vegetable organizations, vegetable life, and vegetable disease, have been partially illustrated in the preceding propositions.

The power to elaborate, by diseased organs, from their nourishment, or from the materials already assimilated to them, new compounds, poisonous in their character, can, by a reasonable analogy, be given to plants as well as to animals.

The predominance of the living forces in the tissues of the healthy plant, gives the known combination of elements which constitute their normal solid, liquid, and æriform products.

The life force is stronger in vegetables than in animals. In the vegetable it can organize crude matter, while in animals it can only re-arrange organic materials. One will dissolve silex, and decompose carbonic acid; the other can operate only on combinations that have been prepared by vegetables, and are prone to decomposition.

Light, heat and moisture develop vegetable organisms; and as these influences are regulated and proportioned, the endless varieties, from forest trees to microscopic plants, are produced.

Agents thus powerful, operating on organisms especially adapted to some of their specific conditions, must, when this condition is changed,

be attended by a wide departure of the plant from its normal condition. Without the accustomed amount of light, the leaf cannot decompose carbonic acid; under diminished temperature the circulation is impeded, and the vital forces weakened; without the proper supply of water, the circulating solvent is deficient. Increase these, or any one of them, to an unusual degree, and equally deleterious results follow.

As vegetable life is more directly dependent on meteorological and terrestrial influences than animal life, more interferences are made with the normal performance of its functions, from these sources, than can be experienced from the same by animals.

Without locomotion, plants are subjected to the vicissitudes of their position. Almost all animals can withdraw from places against which their instincts rebel.

As light, or warmth, or water, are unduly supplied to the healthy wants of a plant, it becomes diseased; that is, performs its functions in an abnormal manner.

Upland plants, organized for a soil that is moistened alone by rain and dews, if flooded for a period beyond the usual time of ordinary storms, are known to perish.

Aquatic plants, when deprived of water, and put in the condition of upland plants, perish also.

Plants requiring large accessions of carbon to their structure, flourish only in the broad sunlight; others, watery in their fibre, and soft in texture, vegetate best in the shade; deprive one of the direct sunlight, and expose the other to it, and they perish.

These required conditions for the health of plants, and these causes of disease, explain the propriety of leaving the face of the earth as we find it in relation to the plants that grow upon it, if we consider their perfect health.

A new country, before it is occupied by man, has a natural and healthful adaptation of plants to its surface. The upland and the meadow have their appropriate growths, and the ordinary droughts, storms and floods, do not materially affect them. The forests, with their shadowed vines and shrubs, pass their existence in the healthful vigor of a natural and unmolested situation.

When a stream is dammed, and a meadow flooded, grasses, that require much moisture, are over-supplied, and gradually die out.

When swamps are cleared, and hedges cut down, and when soil that has never been disturbed by a plough is broken up, a variety of plants that had their existence in the tangled seclusion of these old places, are forced to vegetate for a while where they never would have taken root, and then gradually die.

All attempts at agriculture, which suddenly change the established order of acclimated and healthy vegetation, invariably cause its sickness and death.

Underdraining meadows, dams to reclaim lands subject to river overflow, cutting down forests, will, for years, cause many of the plants within their bounds to perish, and during the period that it requires to accomplish their destruction, their functions are perverted.

To preserve a plant in vigorous health, the necessary conditions of its existence must be observed. Its climate, its soil, its light, its moisture, and its natural, not its forced development. It must grow naturally.

When plants are thus naturally adapted to their places, there is less danger of becoming diseased.

When, for the purposes of agriculture, lands must have crops not corresponding with the natural growth on that land, and require a cultivation inimical to this natural growth, the old vegetation should be destroyed at once, put in the condition of dead vegetable matter, and not suffered to dispute possession in its sickness, with the new growth, as is the case with partially cultivated new lands.

The common opinion, founded on long observation, is :

That the cultivation of new lands is unhealthy ;

That clearing up a swamp causes, for a few years, sickness near it ;

That overflowing meadows, for mill purposes, is the cause of sickness ;

That floods which submerge uplands, and leave pools in grass and grain fields, and scald, as it is commonly called, the plants, generate bilious fevers ;

That unusually hot and dry weather, which shrivels vegetation and causes it finally to perish, causes dysentery ;

That plants sprouting and germinating on ship board, in cellars, in darkened recesses, and small shaded gardens of cities, without the light and air their nature requires, generate typhoid and other diseases of a putrid character, and which are communicated from individual to individual in an atmosphere that favors a low vitality.

We still further remark that cut grass in hay-making, freshly pulled weeds thrown in heaps to decompose, the pumice from cider presses, in fact all the refuse of dead vegetable matter, of whatever kind, on the farm, in the forest, or in the various places to which vegetable matter is applied in the arts, is not known to produce sickness.

That boatmen, the inhabitants of lowlands, and the people who live along tide water shores, and streams which have not been dammed nor had their borders improved, although exposed to damps and fogs, and marsh effluvia, and all the agents that many writers name as productive of disease, often enjoy as good health as those who dwell inland, in equally inartificial places ; for in these low lands all the vegetation within their bounds is in the soil of its natural selection, and here the marsh vegetation, in its healthy vigor, throws off oxygen by day to vitalize the air, and the aroma from the myriad flowers and leaves is not more deleterious to man than the fragrance of clover fields and orchards.

The natural decay of a plant by age, or of its foliage in autumn, cannot be considered the cause of poisonous exhalations any more than the corresponding decline in animals. Here functions are gradually suspended, their work has been nearly accomplished, there is no struggle of the life forces with organs not yet past maturity, and prone, by any misdirection, to vitiate their functions. Fungoid sporules, invisibly small, floating in the air, need not be considered a cause of sickness, for their elements are carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen, nothing more; and they must operate, if they operate at all, by virtue of the atomic arrangements of these elements. The common emanations of cryptogamous origin are a healthful product of normal vegetation, and such as the same class of plants is constantly evolving during certain periods, without any evidence of poison. Analogy is against regarding them as poisons.

The conclusion at which we now arrive is, that *Malaria* is a product of diseased action in vegetables. That it is eliminated by their perverted functions, as infectious matter is in animals; that it is volatile, or gaseous, in its state and diffusability; that it enters the lungs with the air we breathe; that it deranges the affinities of the elements of the blood, and poisons the whole system through that fluid; and that the amount and kind of deterioration, and the organs that suffer most, determine the specific character of the disease.

SUFFER—BUT BE STRONG.

BY JAMES H. P——.

REPINE not, if you're numbered with earth's full mighty throng,
 That live beneath the fiat, to suffer, yet be strong :
 Thy deeds more mighty will be, if, spurning petty foes,
 Thou biddest doubts to still be, from morn to even's close.
 Whatever may harass you, bid Hope your banner wave—
 Better to die in conflict, than live an abject slave.
 With heart for every struggle, be cheered with this your song,
 "Though all may seem against me, I'll suffer, but be strong."
 This world is old in story, of struggling, doubting not,
 And none who fought undoubting, but final vict'ry got ;
 Remember this, weak hearted, and brace your trembling knees ;
 Success and you are parted, who flinch in every breeze.
 However wild the tempest, how black soe'er the cloud,
 Though lightnings flash about you, and thunders threaten loud,
 The sun above is mightier than aught to storms belong,
 And soon will check their fury ; so suffer, but be strong.
 Let Hope be e'er your herald, as on through life you march ;
 Think not to pass unperilled beneath the victor's arch.
 With courage meet your foemen, and wrest your right of way
 From those who dare dispute it ; for Doubt ne'er won the day ;
 And Fame will grant her laurels to hearts that hymn the song,
 "We may suffer, but with God o'erhead, we'll suffer, and be strong."

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY PROF. E. A. AFGAR, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

FREE SCHOOLS AT LAST.

IF the Legislature which has just adjourned had done nothing more than pass the bill "to make free the public schools of the State," they would for this act alone have been entitled to the lasting gratitude of their representatives. Of all the work they have done during the session, none was more pressing, and none will be so intimately connected with all that concerns the highest welfare of the State. The bill is excellent in its main features, and puts the maintenance of the schools upon a perfectly sound basis, by levying a tax on the persons and property of the State. The tax, while not perceptibly increasing the burdens of the people, is sufficient for the needs of education at present, being two mills upon the dollar, which will give a fund of considerably over a million of dollars. The following is section first of the bill, and contains the substance of the system. The subsequent sections relate mostly to the detail of the execution of these provisions, rather than to any features of importance to our readers in regard to the plan itself:

"I. BE IT ENACTED *by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey*, That for the purpose of maintaining free public schools there shall be assessed, levied and collected annually on the inhabitants of this State, and upon the taxable real and personal property therein, as exhibited by the last abstracts of ratables from the several counties, made out by the several boards of assessors, and filed in the office of the comptroller of the treasury, a State school tax of two mills on each dollar of the valuation contained in said abstracts, which tax shall be assessed, levied and collected at the same time and in the same manner in which other State taxes are assessed, levied and collected, and shall be in lieu of all township school taxes imposed by the act to which this is a supplement ; but if the moneys received by any township from the tax imposed by this act shall not be sufficient to maintain free schools for at least nine months in each year, then the inhabitants thereof shall raise, by township tax, such additional amount as they may need for that purpose in the same manner as such taxes have heretofore been raised ; and if the inhabitants of any township, at their annual town meeting, shall not provide for the raising of such necessary additional amount, then the county superintendent of the county wherein such township is situated shall, unless the State board of education shall, for good cause shown, otherwise direct,

withhold from such township all that part of the State appropriation derived from the revenue of this State, and shall apportion and distribute the same among such of the townships in said county as shall have complied with the requirements of this act."

It must be apparent to all who have given any attention to the systems of popular primary education adopted by different states and countries that free instruction provided, and *enforced* by the same power that provides, is the most successful in making education universal and thorough. This, then, we hold: that New Jersey needs, and will have, in the future—and that not a distant one—the power to compel every child within her borders to be in regular attendance upon some school during certain portions of the year, while within the limit of a given age. Most States of New England practice this system, and there is no part of this country that can boast of so thorough and general an education as New England. Prussia has the best educated people in the world, and that because she rigidly enforces this law of her land, that *every* child *must* go to school. New Jersey has done well.

THE following letter is from one of the greatest champions of Free Schools in this country :

STATE OF CONNECTICUT : OFFICE OF SEC'Y OF BOARD OF EDUCATION,)
STATE HOUSE, NEW HAVEN, April 8, 1871.)

HON. E. A. APGAR—*Dear Sir* : I have read your new Free School Law with great interest. Its provisions are wise and liberal. It will place New Jersey in the very front ranks among the States in regard to schools. It will make your school year longer than that of any New England State, and with one doubtful exception the longest of any State in the Union, and yet none too long. When I predicted, in my lecture on Free Schools, at Trenton, in the summer of '69, that New Jersey would in two years organize free schools, I did not dare to hope that your State would so soon outstrip the other States in the liberality of your provisions for free education. Your new law will greatly enhance public interest in popular instruction, and elevate and dignify your schools in the esteem of both parents and pupils. It is fortunate that you do not mix up politics with education, and that this new law passed the House unanimously and in the Senate received but three negative votes. The odious rate-bill is now buried beyond the hope of resurrection. It is a proud fact that to-day not a vestige of that exploded rate-bill system remains on the statute-book of any State in the Union. Truly the Free School plan is the American system.

In our last Legislature, a representative from Sleepy Hollow made most desperate efforts to repeal our Free School Law. He not only failed, but both parties have since placed Free Schools as a prominent plan in the platform adopted at their annual conventions. One of the most sagacious leaders of the Democratic party lately said : "No party and no politician can live or deserve to live before the people of Connecticut who opposes free schools." Our Rip Van Winkle is likely to be left alone in his glorification of "the rate-bill, the old red school house and Daboll's Arithmetic."

Our Free School Law has greatly increased the attendance, the advance in two years being more than 10,000 above the advance in enumeration.

I predict a new era for the schools of New Jersey. Very truly yours,
B. G. NORTHROP.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A WORD TO OUR GIRLS ABOUT THEMSELVES.

WE do not feel like scolding our girls, or finding fault with them ; for if they have sense and spirit they would of course resent it, as we would, advice given in such a manner. But we would like to have our girls listen to a few suggestions which, we believe, if considered they will thank us for and approve of—suggestions and facts that are inseparably connected with their own welfare and enjoyment, and that of many others also. Our girls, as a general thing, are rather sensible, and will accept and approve truth ; but the difficulty is to practice what they know to be for their good, against the force of fashion and amid their desire for gaiety and pleasure. It is a fact that cannot be successfully disputed, that our girls do not enjoy good health. This is true to such an extent that one is surprised to meet with a young lady who has passed her twentieth birthday and can say that she is perfectly well. Now, who will say that this is not an alarming state of affairs? It seems almost incredible that the assertion should stand uncontradicted. But, reader, make a careful enumeration of your female friends, in your own family and out of it, and tell us who there is of whom it can be said, she is *perfectly well*. Rarely you may find a case ; but it will be so rare that if you think of the children of the next generation, it will be with an inward groan of despair.

Why is this? Our mothers were not so generally young women of the same bodily conditions as those of to-day. There is nothing in climatic influences to induce this degeneracy of health among our girls : hence, the cause must be looked for elsewhere. And that there are specific causes is unquestionably true.

The grandmothers of these young ladies were strong, healthy women, mothers of a dozen children, good housewives and examples of industry and cheerfulness.

The young woman of to-day, who has been reared amidst the labors and cares of a large family in a western home, is a strong, healthy woman ; and so are the laboring women of our cities, even—strong, and in good health.

These grandmothers of ours did not dress as the children of their daughters do. This is one reason why they were stronger and happier.

They did not avoid all exercise of bodily strength ; and this is another reason why they had health. “To him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that he seemeth to have” need not be limited to spiritual things ; on the contrary, it is literally true of woman’s physical powers.

To these two causes, viz. : mode of dress, and lack of physical exercise, we attribute, in common with most others, the deplorable condition of the health of our girls. There is no reason to mourn hopelessly over this state of things, for the causes are easily remedied, and that not by outlay of means but by the use of good common sense and some firmness.

In dress first let the remedy be applied. Instead of the tight and ever tightening corsets, put on at an age when the bones are soft and flexible, let us have the comfortable and far more beautiful dress that leaves the ribs and chest to grow and develop naturally and healthfully. Instead of the (at first) gentle pressure, gradually drawing the ribs nearer and nearer together, diminishing more and more the size of the chest, giving less and less room to the lungs, let her have the full use and power of the lungs that will send the healthful blood bounding through a healthy, vigorous body, strengthened by cheerful exercise in useful—and to her as well as others—helpful labor.

Let us see our girls out in the open air several hours a day, and in the kitchen, and up stairs attending to household duties several other hours, instead of bending over fine sewing, or doing crochet work all day in dresses that cannot permit a woman to breathe freely, and in which good health is unattainable.

We might set forth the long train of diseases, miseries and deaths that daily follow, as a natural consequence, the terrible and shameful abuse of the bodies which our girls bear about, torturing and suffering torture in return, that early make desolate many households and poor and miserable others, that otherwise might be homes of happiness and plenty. We speak for the present and future when we plead with our girls not to remain ignorant of the great wrong they are doing themselves and others in not disenthraling themselves from the harmful tyranny of dress and the deathly inactivity under which they are hopelessly trying to sustain life and win happiness.

COLLEGE BRED MEN.

THE leading article in this number will attract attention on account of its able treatment of a most important subject and the position and influence of the writer. The young men who read it will readily agree with us when we say they have no better friend or abler advocate than he who has given them such sound and kindly advice.

In his article the author gives a list of high official honors that have been conferred upon *Ferseymen* who have received a college education. We happen to have at hand a list of the graduates of Princeton College who have filled the following positions of honor. It shows but in part what one college has done for the country :

Two (2) signers of the Declaration of Independence ; twenty-eight (28) members of the Continental Congress ; one (1) President of the United States ; two (2) Vice Presidents of the United States ; forty-eight (48) United States Senators ; one hundred and thirteen (113) members of the United States House of Representatives ; seven (7) members of the Convention which framed the Constitution ; sixteen (16) judges of United States Courts ; fifteen (15) members of the Cabinet of the United States ; sixteen (16) Foreign Ministers ; thirty (30) Governors of States ; thirty-five (35) District Attorneys of the United States, and Attorney Generals of States ; one hundred and six (106) judges of State Courts ; forty-five (45) Presidents of Colleges ; five (5) bishops ; thirty-six (36) eminent divines ; thirty (30) eminent physicians ; twenty-one (21) eminent lawyers and men of letters, and eleven (11) officers of army and navy of high rank.

While these men have risen to prominent notice we should not forget the thousands who have gone out from college walls to the labor of life, and have thoroughly and successfully prosecuted it without becoming widely known. Teachers, professors, lawyers, ministers, men of business, who in their own localities have been instrumental in forwarding liberal enterprises of education and morality. They are the men, who unnoticed and unknown to the great outside world, have done much to advance education, combat ignorant prejudice with positive knowledge and liberal views, to stimulate and aid the aspiring young man to rise above them perhaps, by means of greater talent—these men who have come out from college walls and college training have been ladders by which other men have risen, and sources of silent power that have sent forth and directed those who have commanded the recognition and honor of the nation and made us all richer and greater. So while the college is deficient in many things, but now rapidly improving, let us not forget her history nor decry her present benefits or future prospects. For although we may regret that the college of this country is not yet what its best friends would have it, nor all they will make it, yet the mighty voices of her children who are gone, speak so grandly and eloquently of her benefits that we cannot but hear and heed them.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

“**G**REAT FORTUNES and how they were made, or the struggles and triumphs of our Self-made Men,” by James D. McCabe, Jr. George Maclean, publisher, 719 Sansom street, Philadelphia. Cloth \$3.50. Extra bindings \$4.50 to \$7.00.

This is an octavo volume of 633 pages, with thirty-two engravings by Bensall. The title plainly indicates the character of the book. It is just

such a work as an earnest feeling author, in sympathy with its subjects, familiar with their struggles, and realizing what they have accomplished for the world would be expected to produce. It briefly sketches the characters and achievements of men who have brought into existence some of the greatest discoveries of their time, and which have changed the old order of things and introduced new life, progress and power. Many of these men were sneered at—worse, were opposed and persecuted, but they accomplished their designs in the face of these and all other obstacles with a patience and determination that was grand. People always like to read about such men, and hence the book must have an interest for all classes of readers. This work is not by any means complete in one volume, for our history thus far is one of struggles and triumphs, but it is good so far as it goes. There are besides many able, hopeful and aspiring young men of to day bravely struggling up amid difficulties and embarrassments who will read this book and be made the stronger and more hopeful for it. The world now as ever before must look to this class for great achievements under difficulties, and will continue to do so until human nature and ambition ceases to be enervated and satisfied by luxury.

ZELL'S ENCYCLOPEDIA AND UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY.—It is gratifying to us to announce the completion of this stupendous enterprise, commenced in the latter part of 1868, and in reviewing the work as it now appears before us *in toto*, we can well thank the editor and publisher for furnishing in a form easy of access all information to be found otherwise only in a large library of miscellaneous works, offering to the student and literati a valuable fund of knowledge, compressed into two royal quarto volumes that will render their labors in search of material trifling in comparison with past days. Let all our readers endeavor to procure this great work, and they will thank us for calling attention to it. Mr. Zell is now issuing in numbers a new "Descriptive Hand Atlas of the World," that will achieve no doubt a large patronage. Address, T. Ellwood Zell, 17 & 19 South Sixth street, Philadelphia.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—Probably no periodical in the country has more steadily gained in popular favor than this, in addition to that which greeted its appearance in the literary world, nor has any publication better deserved such reception and continued favor. The high character of the firm who publish it, the able literary conduct of the journal, its elegant illustrations, and especially its high authority in science and art, have rendered it worthy of the success it has won. We have not space to mention the contents of numbers before us, but they are easily accessible at any news stand in the country at 10 cents a number, or at \$4.00 per year, of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Under this head, sensible questions, upon subjects calculated to interest or instruct, will be answered when briefly and clearly stated.

M. C. W.—

Miss D. M. Muloch resides in Lynover Cottage, Kilburn. She was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, in 1826. Miss Muloch has never affixed her own name to the numerous and popular works she has produced.

We cannot reply to your second question, in the Magazine. The best course will be to inquire personally of some one who has given such parties, and if possible secure their assistance.

Why does vapor sometimes form itself into clouds, and sometimes rest upon the earth as mist or fog?—*James.*

This depends on the temperature of the air. When the surface of the earth is warmer than the lower air, the vapor of the earth (being condensed by the chill air) becomes mist or fog. But when the lower air is warmer than the earth, the vapor rises through the air and becomes clouds.

To whom is the invention of the common pump attributed?—*T. B. L.*

To Ctesibius, an Athenian engineer, who lived at Alexandria, in Egypt, about the middle of the second century before the Christian era.

Can you give the origin of the oft quoted sentence about “dying in the last ditch”?—*Edward.*

It is attributed to William of Orange. When Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, and asked him whether he did not see that the commonwealth was ruined, “there is one certain means” replied the prince, “by which I can be sure never to see my country’s ruin—I will die in the last ditch..”

Why does a bottle or jug gurgle when liquid is freely poured from it?
Oseola.

On account of the pressure of the atmosphere forcing air into the interior of the bottle. In the first instance, the neck of the bottle is filled with liquid, so as to stop the admission of air. When a part has flowed out, and an empty space is formed within the bottle, the atmospheric pressure forces in a bubble of air through the liquid in the neck, which, by rushing suddenly into the interior of the bottle, produces the sound.

MAY.

Then came fair MAY, the fayrest mayd on ground,
 Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around.
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
 The Twinnes of Leda; which on either side
 Supported her, like to their souveraine queen.
 Lord, how all creatures laught when her they spide,
 And leapt and danced as they had ravisht been!
 And Cupid selfe about her fluttered all in greene.

Spenser.

MAY is described by our old poets as a beautiful maiden, clothed in sunshine and scattering flowers on the earth, while she danced to the music of birds and brooks. She is a balmy month of beauty, fragrance and joy, ushering in a freshness of nature, a wealth of foliage and song that are hers alone. Who does not love to think of the coming of this delightful month, so near at hand? What joy to the children, who shall crown their fairest companion "queen of the May!" But gradually this old favorite custom is passing away. In Europe it used to be a great gala day for young and old. But the rural dance on the green and the homely pageant have gradually become obsolete, as the primitive simplicity of the peasantry has vanished.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

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WE WANT to raise the circulation of this Magazine to ten thousand (10,000) copies by the first of next January. If each of our subscribers will send us one name, we can easily do this. There is no one who cannot, if they will half try. Think of what the aggregate will be to us, of the little effort it will cost you, and then DO IT.

We give the first and second chapters of another story by Ide Willis, author of "A Husband's Guilt" in the January number, a writer of intense and sustaining interest. This story will be concluded in the next number or the one following, and is the best we have ever published.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Hattersly Brothers, on the outside cover of this number. They advertise to save 20 per cent. to buyers, and we can assure our readers that they really do it.

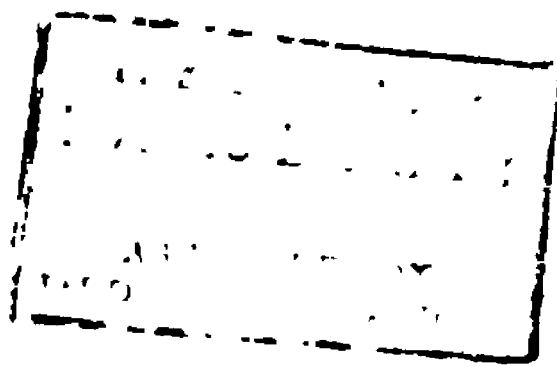
It is our purpose to devote an article, at some future time, to a description of the admirable Burglar Alarm, which for cheapness and perfection of operation has not, we are safe in saying, been attained by any other alarm. Mr. John O. Raum, so well and favorably known in all parts of the State, and Mr. Wm. P. Brewer are owners of the patent for New Jersey, and, as will be seen by an advertisement on the cover, third page, offer a fine business to reliable men.

The season is at hand when our readers will often sigh for some pleasant retreat and a plate of cool, refreshing ice-cream. While some are so far distant that they will hardly come to the capital of New Jersey to secure this delicious treat as it can be found here, there are thousands who will see this and thank us for directing them to the place of all others in our city that fulfills the conditions requisite to a plate of perfect ice-cream. To all of our readers who are within reach of the place, either by residence or a visit to the city, we say, do not fail to stop at GILBERT'S (opposite the State Street House), and get the most delicious ice-cream that is to be had anywhere. Mr. Gilbert has, by furnishing a very superior article in *his* specialty, built up a handsome business, and his new rooms are the resort of thousands who have learned by practical test his great skill in this particular. From a small ice-cream and confectionery store formerly on State street, near Stockton, Mr. Gilbert has gradually enlarged his business so as to include a restaurant that has no superior for the quality and style of the meals furnished, a fancy cake baking establishment of importance, and a confectionery department well stocked with choice home and foreign confections and fruits in their season. From various parts of the State Mr. Gilbert receives orders for furnishing

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elegant entertainments for weddings, parties, and other occasions where taste and skill on his part can add so much to the enjoyment and elegance of these gatherings. The confidence which Mr. Gilbert has gained in this respect is well and worthily won; and to those who employ such services, it is of the greatest importance that these matters be entrusted to one who thoroughly understands and appreciates the thousand little niceties of taste and skill which do so much to make an entertainment complete. From table furniture and waiters to the music and flowers that we have come to require our caterers to supply on some occasions, Mr. Gilbert is master of the profession, and will give full satisfaction to all who avail themselves of his services. He is a liberal advertiser, and to this fact and the superiority of his establishment may be attributed the marked success he has so deservedly achieved.

We would call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Hart & Atterbury, on the opposite page. They represent none but the best companies, and do business at as low rates as are consistent with safety. The Pacific Insurance Co. is a company located in San Francisco, and its stockholders represent over \$30,000,000 in gold, and by the provisions of its charter the stockholders are individually liable for the debts of the company; so it is in reality a company representing assets of over thirty millions of dollars, making one of the largest companies in the world. The International Insurance Co. of New York is located at New York, and its assets are over \$1,300,000. It is noted for its large and successful business. It only allows 10 per cent. dividend on its stock, and the balance of profits are put to its surplus. Nothing more need be said of this old and reliable company. The Niagara Insurance Co. is located in New York, and its assets are over \$1,400,000. It is well known throughout the country, and does a large and successful business. The Andes Insurance Co. is located in Cincinnati and was established with a capital of \$1,000,000, and in six months its surplus was over \$250,000. It is one of the few companies that have started with a paid-up capital of \$1,000,000. The Westchester is a sterling company, and has done a large and successful business. The Lancaster has been in Trenton for two years, and has built up a large and safe business through the influence of its energetic agents. The Hartford Steam Boiler Insurance Co. is an enterprise deserving the attention of all manufacturers, as boiler explosions are so frequent that it is really money in their pockets to have this company inspect their boilers. We are glad to say that large numbers have taken advantage of the inducements this company holds forth. Nothing need be said of the State Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Worcester, Mass., as almost everybody knows this sterling institution, and we wish them the best success. Messrs. Hart & Atterbury offer to the public a large and influential list of references, all of whom are insured with them.





BEECHER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated,
Pure, Progressive, Practical, Popular.

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No. 18.

JOHN BRIGHT.

BY J. A. BEECHER.

HE IS a Royal man whose portrait is before you. The lustre of his name came not from a long line of titled nobility, but from a nobler origin, and by the imposition of a mightier power. At his birth the Great Dispenser of events presided, and gave to him a genius and a soul, which were to make his name honored and loved throughout the world by the English speaking race.

John Bright is one of nature's noblemen—the living one of those two great men whom God gave England, and who in the darkest hours we ever saw, gave themselves to America and the cause of freedom. We believe the facts will show, and believing we affirm, that had it not been for John Bright and Richard Cobden, England would have opened part in the contest for disunion, instead of wishing and secretly working for it as she did.

No American who loves his country, who is proud of her institutions, can but say of America's best friend, and ablest aid, that he is a royal man—royal by gifts of heart and genius exerted at great personal sacrifice for the elevation of labor and the largest personal freedom of all classes. One of the people, he sought the greatest good of the greatest number.

John Bright was born at Greenbank, Rochdale, England, in 1811, and is now sixty years of age. His father was a cotton spinner and manufacturer. After receiving a common school education—the schools of England were at that time very common—he entered the counting house of his father, where he set himself about learning the business of which he was, by the death of an elder brother, to become the future proprietor. After remaining here a few years, an opportunity was offered for him to visit the Continent. His travels were extended to Egypt and the Holy Land. In 1836, after his return home, he exerted himself for the suppression of the evils of intemperance among the operatives, and gave a series of temperance lectures, which were very beneficial in their effects.

In 1838, Mr. Bright entered upon his public career as a member of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and, excepting Richard Cobden, was its most powerful advocate. At this early period, he was, with the masses, the most popular orator upon the English platform. Even those who opposed his theories were compelled to admire his wonderful genius, and eagerly listened to his impassioned eloquence. In 1843 he became a candidate for Parliament from Durham, and though at first defeated, a vacancy occurring, he was elected. He took part with ability and success in the exciting discussions on free trade, with which Parliament was chiefly occupied from 1843 to 1845, and divides with two or three others the honor of bringing Sir Robert Peel over to the free trade party, and causing the repeal of the heavy duties on imported breadstuffs. From 1852 to 1857 he represented Manchester in Parliament. In 1858, as the representative from Birmingham, he was prominent in the overthrow of the Palmerston Cabinet. In 1860 he was an ardent supporter of Lord John Russell's Reform Bill, and in 1868 an enthusiastic advocate of Mr. Gladstone's Reform Act. In the fall of the same year, upon the accession of the liberal party to power, Mr. Bright became a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, as President of the Board of Trade, with rank of privy councillor.

Thus briefly we have sketched the outline of John Bright's life as a statesman active in the affairs of his own country. This has been hastily done because the record of his public career as the friend and advocate of this Republic is the most interesting to us, and will form the principal part of this sketch. We cannot have forgotten in the flight of time and the present interest of passing events, the noble man who stood up amid the treachery and malignant hate of England for this country during the civil strife that threatened our existence. When the ruling classes there openly proclaimed their wish "that this Republic might be divided and fall;" when the press sought to strengthen this feeling; when private capital was building "Alabamas," and government officials permitted them to leave English ports; when in Parliament, Roebuck was moving for a recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and when that unwhipped villain called us "the scum and refuse of the world;" when the cotton mills of England were idle for lack of our cotton, and working men and their families were starving, and those in England who hated us were spreading abroad the sentiment that the difficulties there and among us sprang from a republic; when, in short, England hoped to see the power before which her tyrants had successively retired, defeated by it, and derided by others; broken and destroyed by its own contending forces;—at this trying hour the noble man whose name and praise was on every tongue; time and again, in public and private, defended our cause and turned the tide of popular feeling among the masses in England with us. Standing between our enemies in England, and the people of

England, he dealt to the one blows beneath which they staggered and withdrew abashed or silenced, and to the others, our friends, he spoke eloquent words of faith and hope.

In the course of a speech at a dinner in Rochdale, December, 1861, during the excitement occasioned by the seizure of Mason and Slidell on board the English steamer "Trent," Mr. Bright drew this picture of our country, which he styled the "Trans-Atlantic English Nation." "Eighty-five years ago, at the time when some of our oldest townsmen were very little children, there were on the North American Continent, colonies mainly of Englishmen, containing about three million souls. These colonies we have seen a year ago, constituting the United States of North America, and comprising a population of no less than thirty millions of souls. We know that in agriculture and manufactures, with the exception of this kingdom, there is no country in the world, which in these arts may be placed in advance of the United States. With regard to inventions, I believe within the last thirty years we have received more useful inventions from the United States than from all the other countries of the earth. In that country there are probably ten times as many miles of telegraph as there are in this country, and there are at least, five or six times as many miles of railway. The tonnage of its shipping is at least equal to ours, if it does not exceed ours. The prisons of that country—for even in countries the most favored, prisons are needful—have been models for other nations of the earth; and many European governments have sent missions at different times to inquire into the admirable system of education, so universal in the free schools throughout the Northern States.

"If I were to speak of this country in a religious aspect, I should say that considering the short space of time to which their history goes back, there is nothing on the face of the earth besides, and never has been, to equal the magnificent arrangement of churches and ministers, and of all the appliances which are thought necessary for a nation to teach christianity and morality to its people. Besides all this, when I state that for many years past the annual expenditure of that government has been somewhere between \$40,000,000 and \$60,000,000 I need not perhaps say further, that there has always existed amongst all the population, an amount of comfort and prosperity, and abounding plenty, such as I believe no other country of the world in any age has displayed."

Mr. Bright was the great teacher of the English working classes in regard to our institutions. His speeches in Parliament and out of it, show him to be possessed of a thorough knowledge of both their letter and spirit. Speaking to the workingmen of Lancashire, Mr. Bright expresses his convictions in regard to the manner of choosing our executive, as follows:

"We know what an election is in the United States for President of

the Republic. You may point if you will to hereditary rulers, to crowns coming down through successive generations of the same family, to thrones based on proscription or on conquest, to sceptres wielded over veteran legions or subject realms, but to my mind nothing so worthy of reverence and obedience, and nothing more sacred than the authority of the freely chosen by the majority of a great free people, and if there be on earth and amongst men any right divine to govern, surely it rests with a ruler so chosen and so appointed."

In speaking of American questions, Mr. Bright was remarkable for accurate knowledge, which confounded his adversaries who generally exhibited unpardonable ignorance. We think many Americans will find something new in the following scrap of history which Mr. Bright quoted for the benefit of those who were forever harping upon American slavery. While condemning it in unmeasured terms, he says: "But we must recollect who sowed the seeds of trouble, and how and by whom it was cherished." He gives Mr. Jefferson the honor of being the ablest statesman the United States had produced up to 1774, when he, acting under the instructions of his own State of Virginia, in the month of August of that year, says, "For the most trifling reasons, and sometimes for no conceivable reason at all, his Majesty (the King of England), has rejected laws of the most salutary tendency. The abolition of domestic slavery is the great object and desire in those colonies where it was unhappily introduced in their infant state. But previous to the enfranchisement of the slaves we have, it is necessary to exclude all further importations from Africa. Yet our repeated attempts to effect this by prohibition, and by imposing duties that might amount to prohibition, have hitherto been defeated by his Majesty's negative, thus preferring the immediate advantages of a few British corsairs to the lasting interests of the American States, and to the rights of human nature deeply wounded by this infamous practice." Thus Mr. Jefferson charges the continuance of the system of American slavery upon the very nation whose outcries against it have been the loudest, and whose hands have been raised against it in holy horror most frequently. Mr. Jefferson acting in behalf of the State he represented in Congress, read this protest of the people of Virginia, against the course of the English Government, which had prevented the colonists abolishing the slave trade preparatory to abolishing slavery itself. When that paper was read by Jefferson, the great cotton growing interest which afterwards made slavery so important to the South, was not thought of, and much less did it occur to any mind at that time that it was to attain a power almost sufficient for the overthrow of the government itself. The working classes of England have always been the friends of this country. Their brothers and sisters, sons and daughters are here. There are not only these veritable ties of kindred that link them to us, but the spirit of personal freedom and longing for

the fullest individual liberty, which dwells in every human heart that has felt the warm breath of institutions like our own; these have made the name and soil of America dear to the English people. But the titled, the great so called, the rich, they have seen their power and position weakening. Blind submission has given place to intelligent inquiry, and inquiry has demanded privileges, and privileges have given power to those who before were powerless. The titled class, the aristocracy of England, is a thing of the past, living on a vitality foreign to the present. There is a class of intelligent men there who demand equal rights for all. They will have them, let it be remembered, just in proportion as they become intelligent. Thrones are built on ignorance. Republics are the outgrowth of educated peoples. England has a liberal government and a good one, but there are full grown men there who cannot vote or buy or sell. This cannot last. It was this old aristocracy that said when our war was raging, "It is better that the United States should be divided." The success of this republic was their death knell, and they knew it. See our champion scourge them back. "Of all the speeches made by men representing the last Parliament—that of 1861—by public men, by politicians, the majority of them have either displayed a strange ignorance of American affairs, or a stranger absence of that cordiality and friendship which I maintain our American kinsman have a right to look for at our hands. And if we part from the speakers and turn to the writers, what do we find there? We find that which is reputed abroad, and has hitherto been believed in at home, as the most powerful representative of English opinion—at least of the richer classes—we find in that particular newspaper there has not been since Mr. Lincoln took office in March, one fair and honorable and friendly article on American affairs in the columns of that paper." (The London *Times*.)

Thus while our war was raging, and it seemed as though the light of hope was dying out in our hearts, men of world-wide fame, men in Parliament, men of large business influence, literary men—were saying, "How much better it would be for us that these States should be divided." One of them, a member of the House of Commons, whose voice was very much heard there, said, referring to our civil war: "I think it very much better that they should split up; in twenty years they will be so powerful that they will bully all Europe." And no less a statesman and writer than Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, ventured the prediction that the time would come when there would be as many independent states in America as could be counted on the fingers' ends.

In the midst of such a public sentiment everywhere expressed among the governing classes, this noble man, this statesman, far-seeing and humanity-loving, held up the cause of America and made it successful there.

Just at this time, when England pretends to be anxious for a settlement

of the Alabama claims, without acknowledging any responsibility for the pirate's career, we beg her attention to statements of one of her three greatest living statesmen upon that subject, statements which were not then disproved and never can be: "The government of this country have admitted that the building of the Alabama, and her sailing from the Mersey, was a violation of international law. In America they say, and they say here, that the Alabama is a ship of war; that she was built in the Mersey; that she was built, it was said, and I have reason to believe it, by a member of the British Parliament; that she is furnished with guns of English manufacture and produce; that she is sailed almost entirely by Englishmen, and that these facts were represented, as I know they were represented, to the collector of customs in Liverpool, who pooh-poohed them, and said there was nothing in them. He was requested to send the facts up to London, to the customs authorities, and their solicitor, not a very wise man, but probably in favor of breaking up the Republic, did not think them of much consequence; but afterwards the opinion of an eminent counsel, Mr. Collier, the member from Plymouth, was taken, and he stated distinctly that what was being done in Liverpool was a direct infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act, and that the customs authorities of Liverpool would be responsible for anything that happened in consequence. When this opinion was taken to the Foreign Office, the Foreign Office was a little troubled, and after they had consulted their own law officers, whose opinions agreed with that of Mr. Collier, they did what government officers generally do, and as promptly—a telegraphic message was sent down to Liverpool, to order that this vessel should be arrested, and she happened to sail an hour or two before the dispatch arrived. She has never been in a Confederate port—they have not got any ports—she hoists the English flag when she wants to come alongside a ship, she sets a ship on fire in the night, another ship bears down to lend help, she seizes it and pillages and burns it. I think that if we were citizens of New York, it would require a little more calmness than is shown in this country to look at all this as if it was a matter with which we had no concern, and therefore I do not so much blame the words that have been said in America in reference to that question."

The following is from an address made to the working men of London, by Mr. Bright, in St. James' Hall, in the Spring of 1863:

"There may be men outside, there are men sitting amongst your legislators, who will build and equip corsair ships to prey upon the commerce of a friendly power, who will disregard the laws and honor of their country, who will trample on the proclamation of their sovereign, and who for the sake of the glittering profit that sometimes waits on crime are content to cover themselves with eternal infamy. I speak not to those men—I leave them to their consciences in that hour which

cometh to all of us, when conscience speaks and the soul is no longer deaf to her voice. I speak to you, the working men of London, the representatives, as you are here to-night, of the feelings and interests of the millions who cannot hear my voice. I wish you to be true to yourselves. Dynasties may fail, aristocracies may perish, privilege will vanish into the dim past, but you, your children and your children's children, will remain, and from you English people will be continued to succeeding generations. There may be persons in England who are jealous of these States. There may be those who dislike a democracy and hate a republic; but of this I am certain, that only misrepresentation the most gross, or calumny the most wicked, can ever sever the tie which unites the great masses of the people of this country with their friends and brethren beyond the Atlantic.

"Two centuries ago multitudes of the people of this country found a refuge on the American continent. Escaping from the tyranny of the Stewarts and the bigotry of Laud, many noble spirits from our country made great experiments in favor of human freedom on that continent. Bancroft, the great historian of his own land, has said in his own graphic and emphatic language: 'The history of the colonization of America is the history of the crimes of Europe.' From that period down to our own time America has admitted the wanderers from every clime. During the fifteen years from 1845 to 1860, two millions and a half of people have left the shores of the United Kingdom for the States of North America. At this very moment then there are millions in the United States, who personally or whose immediate parents have at one time been citizens of this country. They have found a home in the Far West, they subdued the wilderness; they met with plenty there which was not afforded them in their native country; and they became a great people.

"The Free States are the home of the working man. Speaking generally, every man of these two and a half millions is in a position of much higher comfort and prosperity than he would have been had he remained in this country. As one of her poets has said:

'For her free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin.'

And there, there are no six millions of grown men—I speak of the Free States—excluded from the constitution of their country and their electoral franchise; there, there is a free church, a free school, free land, a free vote, and a free career for the child of the humblest born in the land; and if God has gifted him with power of head and of heart, there is nothing of usefulness, nothing of greatness, nothing of success in that country to which he may not fairly aspire. My countrymen, who work for your living, remember this; there will be one wild shriek of freedom to startle all mankind, if that American Republic is overthrown.

“Privilege thinks it has a great interest in this question, and every morning with blatant voice it comes into your streets and curses the American Republic. Privilege has beheld an afflicting spectacle for many years past. It has beheld thirty millions of men happy and prosperous, without emperor, without king, without the surroundings of a court, without nobles, except such as are made by eminence in intellect and virtue, without state bishops and state priests—

‘Sole venders of the lore which works salvation ;’

without’ great armies and navies, without great debt and without great taxes. Privilege has shuddered at what might happen to old Europe if this grand experiment should succeed. But you, the workers—you striving after a better time—you, struggling upwards towards the light with slow and painful steps—you have no cause to look with jealousy upon a country, which amongst all the great nations of the globe, is the one where labor has met with the highest honor, and where it has reaped its greatest reward. As for me, I have but this to say: I am but one in the citizenship of this country, but if all other tongues are silent, mine shall speak for that policy which gives hope to the bondmen of the South, and which tends to generous thoughts and generous words and generous deeds, between the two great nations who speak the English language, and from their origin are alike entitled to the English name. I advise you not to believe in the destruction of the American nation. For myself I have never despaired, and I will not despair. In the language of one of our old poets, who wrote I think more than three hundred years ago, I will not despair—

‘For I have seen a ship in haven fall,
After the storm had broke both mast and shroud.’

From the very outburst of this convulsion I have had but one hope and one faith, and it was this: that the result of this stupendous strife might be to make freedom the heritage forever of a whole continent, and that the grandeur and prosperity of the American Union might never be impaired.

“I have faith in you. Impartial history will tell, that when your statesmen were hostile or coldly neutral; when many of your rich men were corrupt; when your press—which ought to have instructed and defended—was mainly written to betray, the fate of a continent and of its vast population being in peril, you clung to freedom with an unfaltering trust that God in his infinite mercy will yet make it the heritage of all his children.”

Glorious words! Words that have helped the world forward and lifted humanity up. Words that seem easy to say, now that the strife and agitation is past. But in the position where he stood, surrounded by such influences as he was, daily suffering pecuniary loss, exciting

the anger and hate of those who did not love us, amid that terrific storm that swept across the Atlantic and shook the English coast, such words spoken then made John Bright a hero.

Well worthy to be honored there and here; thou hast hastened on that better day for all men for which thou didst so eloquently plead. We will call thee America's best friend and strongest advocate in England, while she honors thee as noblest in the triumvirate of great orators now adorning the British Senate—BRIGHT, GLADSTONE, DISRAELI.

NOT A ROMANCE.

BY IDE WILLIS.

CHAPTER III.

MISS Middleton handed over the gray mare to the widow's son, then stepped into the house with a face whiter than she had worn for many a day, while her eye glistened with unnatural brightness. Her mother sat at a table, evidently waiting for her, and looked up with a relieved expression, as she said:

"Why my dear, how long you have been gone; I have watched for you this hour, and did not hear you at last; sit down here; I'll speak to Mrs. Brown, and we'll have some supper ready for you in a moment."

And Mrs. Middleton moved about in her quiet, motherly way, taking off Clara's hat, and smoothing back the hair from her forehead, so damp and heated, then she stooped and kissed her.

"I wish you hadn't gone this afternoon, dear; it was altogether too warm for you to take so long a ride," and her face changed to a look almost of severity, as she asked, "Is he coming?"

"Yes, mother, to-morrow; don't call anyone," as her mother moved toward the kitchen; "I only want a cup of tea, and then I am going to sit out on the rocks a little while before bed-time, for my head aches too much even to talk, and I want to be alone and let it rest."

Mrs. Middleton saw something was wrong, and she was altogether too wise a woman to urge the point of confession just now; probably Mr. Ford's letter did not suit Clara even so well as usual, and she had noticed during these few weeks that they never made her very happy; whatever the cause of Clara's trouble, she knew it would not be withheld from her long, and she possessed the sweet womanly instinct of knowing that

"To help and to heal a sorrow
Love and silence are always best."

So she busied herself pouring out a cup of tea, talking all the time in a low calm voice, so soothing to one who is weary and dispirited, never

touching upon the subject which she conjectured must be the cause of Clara's heart-ache, for she was far-sighted enough to know that this head pain was the consequence, not the source of Clara's suffering. Mrs. Middleton respected her daughter's individuality, not merely as her daughter, but as a woman—one who must for herself bear life's cares and burdens, aye, and one to whom there might come sorrows which not even a mother's love could mitigate ; and so when Clara wrapped a light shawl about her, she only said :

“Don't stay out late dear, or I shall go after you, you need a good night's rest.”

Clara did not dare to throw her arms around her mother's neck, much as she longed to do so. There are times when one's only safety lies in repression, when one little word would cause the fountains to gush forth ; then, when the heart is fullest, do we seem coldest, She only kissed her hand, half playfully, and yet with so sad a gesture, that Mrs. Middleton sighed as she turned and opened the paper Clara had brought from the village. She was anything but happy in this engagement of her daughter's ; Clara was her only child, and Mr. Ford was not the man upon whom she could gladly bestow her one treasure. There was, to be sure, nothing that she could openly condemn in him ; the whole list of objections was no more than a series of negations ; he was *not* energetic, he was *not* cultured, he was by no means Clara's equal in intellect ; she felt that the gulf which lay between them was one that he *could not* cross to go to her, and one she *ought not* to cross to go to him. She had remonstrated with Clara once or twice at first, then like a wise, patient woman she had determined to await the issue, believing

“There is a providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.”

Of Clara's one great love she had known but little, and that not until after Mr. Tracey had gone forever ; only once or twice had she ventured to allude to him, then the pallor that had gathered over Clara's face and the frightened look from her eyes betrayed a heart-wound yet so tender that with true delicacy she had never urged the matter. Of this recent “affair” Clara had been garrulous enough ; so different—so altogether different from what she was four years previous, that Mrs. Middleton had long ago concluded that this was no more serious a thing to her than the babbling of a summer's brook to the great ocean in which it would one day lose itself—but she was mistaken.

Out on the rocks in that bright moonlight, alone with God and nature, Clara felt that she could best fight the great battle of her life. Why, oh why had this come to her, had she not suffered enough already, must her heart again be torn by a conflict worse even than the first ? She thought of Javert at the cross-roads—of Theseus in the cave of the Minotaur, and wondered why no Ariadne came to *her* relief, and involuntarily she

reached out her hand as if seeking for a guide, but there was no answering pressure warm and firm, not even a tiny thread that she might cling to, and then she bowed her head,

“ An infant crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry.”

It would have been such a relief if she were indeed a little child, and these tears had been caused by a grief no broader than a mother's kiss could cover ; but it was all darkness, darkness everywhere ; there was no strong arm to lean upon, no voice to decide ; duty and inclination were playing tag with one another ; sometimes inclination was ahead, then duty overtook her, and each time the struggle seemed to grow more desperate. It was all wild confusion in heart and brain ; she felt herself unable to look either backward or forward, all the events of her life were converged in the struggling present, and there she could find no comfort. Yes, there was *one* thought that filled her soul with rapture, *one* joy that like a saucy little elf intruded itself in the midst of all this sorrow ; but that Clara dared not dwell upon, she dared not even look at it ; only whatever sacrifices might await her, whatever thorny road her feet were yet to press, she felt that the one would be made lighter, the other less difficult because of the knowledge—sweeter than all else to a woman's heart—that she had been once loved—truly, deeply, passionately loved.

Perhaps it was this that caused her to look up with tear-dimmed eyes to the great round moon, bending so compassionately over her. It had softened the points on the mountain tops and shed its light over them in a halo of beauty, it had smoothed away the roughness from those craggy rocks, it had removed the wrinkles from the newly plowed field until it appeared covered with a coat of richest sealskin ; and now its mild influence calmed her hot and fevered brain and gradually gave her strength to look backward, aye, and forward too, into the long future that stretched itself before her, from what but a moment ago she had longed to escape, but which now she determined to look out upon firmly, heroically. Memory led her back to those glad, joyous days, when that one loved presence first entered the circle of her life ; she remembered it was long before she confessed, even to herself, that she loved him ; long before she knew where to class this strange, delightful experience ; she only knew that it was joy unspeakable to be in his presence, to listen to the tones of a voice that thrilled her with delight, yes, and more than this, a voice that had ever appealed to her better nature, which had called forth all that was noble and elevated within her soul, which had aroused emotions within her heart of whose existence she had never dreamed, and made her feel that it would be a joy indeed to lead a life of devotion, sacrifice and self-abnegation for *him*. O, Love ! so earthly, so divine ! so pure, so passionate ! so spiritual, so material ! Beauteous being ! if its feet are chained to earth, its eye seeks the purer heavens ; if



one hand clings to the perishing, the other reaches for the immortal. Clara recalled with what bitter anguish the thought had first dawned upon her that her best and dearest friend, Marion Ray, loved Will Tracey; she remembered the weary days and nights that followed, and how at last the conviction came to her that she stood in the way of their mutual happiness. Clara knew that Mr. Tracey cared for her, he had shown it in a thousand unmistakeable ways, and in delicate attentions more flattering to a woman's heart than even the full acknowledgment of love but whatever his regard, it was yet unconfessed, and she thought it not improbable that but for her he might offer himself to the one whom, in the beautiful unselfishness of love, she deemed more worthy of his noble nature.

In earlier days Clara had read again and again the story of Damon and Pythias, even as a child she had listened with great, round eyes to its recital, and the little drama for her had never lost its charm; more than once her soul had been fired to heroic deeds under its influence—a heroism peculiarly fitted to woman's life—that of self-denial and sacrifice, and one which instead of being displayed before the world is oftener concealed with jealous care. And so when, before Clara's plan of absence was completed, Mr. Tracey offered himself, she refused him, and only hastened the preparations for her departure, which would for several months remove her from a vicinity that she felt must for some time be dangerous to her. She carried on a correspondence with her friend Marion, but never alluded to Mr. Tracey except in the most indifferent terms; she spoke of other gentlemen and of the pleasant days she was enjoying among her friends, as if each one had not grown more desolate, more joyless, and as if, even then, the future did not stretch itself out before her like one long polar night, without a single starlight ray to cheer the gloom. After several months Marion wrote: "Our good friend, Mr. Tracey, has gone to Europe; I did think he would have declared his love for 'thee or me;' however, I believe I am still heart-free, in spite of his attractions; as for you, you little puss! I doubt if ever Cupid's darts will have power to pierce your stony heart; I verily believe in the transmigration of souls yours will enter an iceberg."

And this was all she knew of the great sacrifice Clara had made, and how she had forfeited that which was dearer far than life itself for her sake; and so we trample on over the tenderest flowers God permits to bloom upon this earthly soil, and but for which we should find only a wilderness of dank weeds outspread before us. Then Clara recalled that beautiful Spring morning when the last hope that had sustained her was taken away—the morning when Marion had come to her with a face more radiant even than that bright May day, and had come so early because in the fullness of her joy she could not wait to tell Clara that she had given her heart away and was betrothed to Mr. Harvey.

Poor Clara! her life's great sacrifice had been for naught; it had benefitted no one but herself, and that was such a questionable benefit that it brought little comfort with it. We are most of us fanatics upon some subject or other; we each have our ideal sense of duty; it may be oftentimes misguided, but it is nevertheless the foundation, the main pillar of our characters; without it we are weak and pusillanimous, with it we have the quality of heroes. We may be mistaken in our ends, but we cannot eradicate from our lives and hearts the good which has been inwrought within us by a deed of love and sacrifice. And so, though Clara did not know it, others looking on had observed a deeper submission, a clearer sense of truth, a tenderer estimate of others, a sweeter womanliness of nature. It was not until many months after that sad morning, not until indeed just before Marion's marriage that she had drawn from Clara the secret of her life; then she had covered her with tears and kisses, and herself with reproaches, while in spite of all protestations she declared that if Mr. Tracey were yet alive and could be found, he should know that he too had once been loved.

But months grew into years, and Mr. Tracey was not found; Marion had removed to a distant city, and Clara thought it more than likely that amid her household cares and multiplied acquaintance she had altogether forgotten her impulsive promises. At any rate she had found that if she would work out life's problems bravely she must put by the past, and perhaps by-and-bye, when she had reached the end, she would find the solution of it all. Then came that terrible illness, yet so vivid in her memory, that illness which had first brought Mr. Ford to her notice, when he had kindly called to inquire if there were anything he could do for the young lady or her mother. He had been so kind through all that long sickness, and as she began to grow strong again he had brought her fruits, had taken her to ride and watched over her as carefully as her own mother might have done; he had talked very little, had never drawn her out upon any subject, but this reticence was rather grateful than otherwise to an invalid, and he was so large and strong that she learned unconsciously to depend upon him, and to feel that she could do little without him; it seemed to her then that the days would never again come when she would be strong and physically self-reliant. When he had offered himself to her she accepted him almost as a matter of sheer necessity—she had so learned to depend upon him for her daily need; when she had wanted to walk his arm was ready for her; if she wished to ride he had made it convenient for her to do so; and when she had been too feeble even to move about the room he had lifted her just as a brother might have done. In fact this very familiarity had disarmed Mrs. Middleton of all fears; she never imagined that one to whom Clara talked so freely, in so entirely sisterly a fashion, could ever become a lover.

Clara remembered all now—her weakness, her feebleness, only too

keenly; and that she had failed to notice the great mental want in his nature, until, through returning health she gradually looked out upon life less timidly, and learned as her limbs grew stronger that she required less his arm for her support; but it was too late now, she dared not acknowledge even to herself that mind and heart grew daily more clamorous in their demands for an invigorating nourishment. Now the bitter truth, which she had so long shunned, thrust itself upon her, but duty, still inexorable, stood frowning down upon her. There is no more vigorous a task-master than high-minded youth; and as Clara looked out upon the beautiful landscape, then up to the clear, blue heavens above her, she pressed her lips—whiter than the moonlight—firmly together, and standing erect, said in a slow, determined voice, “I will, I will.”

“Clara, child, you are surely becoming insane out here in the moonlight, come, come in quick!” called Mrs. Middleton; then as advancing she saw the white face before her with its look of keenest sorrow, she folded it close to her bosom, even as years before she had smoothed away her childish sorrows; and Clara felt a quietness creep into her heart, and the peace of “one whom his mother comforteth.”

Presently she lifted her head and in those even, unemphatic tones we always employ when we are afraid lest some tremor of voice should betray us, she asked “Mother do you remember Mr. Tracey?”

“Yes dear, why?”

“I received a little note from him to-day,” Clara answered, “he will be here to-morrow.”

Mrs. Middleton’s heart leaped, she could not help it, she felt that the rescue had come, but carefully concealed her thought, and merely remarked, “Why then he and Mr. Ford will be here together.” This was a new thought to Clara, for in the great enigma she had been trying to solve, she had lost sight altogether of this possibility; but lifting her head now energetically, she said,

“It will be only so much harder then.”

“Yes dear,” answered Mrs. Middleton, “it *is* hard for you whatever you decide, but I cannot let you talk about it to-night; this excitement is enough to make you ill again,” and taking Clara’s arm within her own she drew her toward the house.

An hour after, as Clara lay in her own room, with sleepless eyes, watching the moonbeams and thinking over the strange events of the day, she heard a soft laugh from the adjoining apartment and asked quickly, “Why, mother, what pleases you? I thought you were asleep long ago.”

“I haven’t given you credit for any such wisdom, you foolish child,” Mrs. Middleton answered. “I was only thinking how ludicrous it would be if both gentlemen should come up together to-morrow.”

“Oh dear, it would be dreadful,” Clara answered, and then a little

low laugh assured Mrs. Middleton that she had succeeded in shifting Clara's mind from the troubled thoughts, which she knew she was brooding over, into a less sombre view of the case.

Morning came at length—morning, ever welcome and beautiful among the hills, where songs of praise rise spontaneously to the lip, and the natural expression of the heart is a *Te Deum*. One no longer wonders that David, gazing upon the hills of Lebanon, should have broken forth into those glad songs redundant with oriental imagery. Clara was a lover of nature; for her it had a “thousand myriad voices;” but as she looked forth that summer's morning, her heart sought a something deeper than beauty, and her experience affirmed the truth of the Psalmist's words when he wrote, “The mountains shall bring peace to the people.”

Mrs. Middleton was in unusually good spirits; she was ready to do anything for anybody, from helping Widow Brown shell peas for dinner, to assisting Clara in the arrangement of her hair, for somehow that young lady's fingers trembled so violently that she quite exhausted herself in vain attempts to fasten the braids firmly to her well-shaped head. Mrs. Middleton did not seek Clara's confidence; indeed, there seemed no time, as every one was busy, besides she felt that it would not be safe just then to express an opinion. Clara knew her disapproval of Mr. Ford as a husband; and then Mrs. Middleton believed in the strength and power of love. If there was anything in the old affection, she trusted it would have force enough to resuscitate itself.

Mrs. Middleton was not the wisest of women. Her logic could have been blown to the winds. But a happy married life had taught her the dignity of love, and she believed—what we are too apt to ignore now-a-days—that love has a power of its own; that with it the darkest sorrows may be borne, faults seem virtues, trials, sickness and suffering but chords to bind two loyal hearts yet more firmly to each other; without it, neither affluence nor position, not even gratitude itself could atone for the “one thing that was not.” And so she trusted to this love, nor believed it wrong to trust that through it Clara might be saved, what she felt would otherwise be, a life of wretchedness and misery.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

THE WORLD is full of need; unless we wisely spend our means, we are sure to require them all and more. But that is a poor life which helps no one. And it is only by economy that one can possibly have the joy of assisting others. This, too is worth planning for.

STILLED VOICES.

BY UNA.

WE hearken for them in the dreary silence
That falls with the long shadows of the years :
Woo them with tones from anguished spirits starting,
Tremulous, passionate with hopeless tears.

We sit apart in lonely shady places,
Listening, listening in the twilight gloom.
Sometimes soft footfalls glide in with the shadows,
And the stilled voices float across the room.

They are but echoes stirred in memory's chambers,
As if one strayed through festive halls, where glee
And lights, and music in white day had vanished,
And dreamed he heard the past night's revelry.

We walk in crowded ways, and song and laughter
Sweep by with passion undertoned, or pain,
Yet there's a missing part in this world-chorus
We ever wait and listen for in vain.

We tread the green home-paths worn and familiar,
And rest in wonted bowers, but they have grown
Wintry and wan-palled in a stirless silence,
With the familiar voices from them flown.

There is a blue sea stretching far-relentless,
And mocking with its deep eternal roar,
Hearts that on this side wearily are yearning
To hear the voices on the other shore.

There is a blue sky calmly doming over
Green waves of earth which buried treasures keep,
Lips that spoke pet names once thick grasses cover,
Desolate ones left here above them weep.

Wild arms are flung up to that tranquil azure,
Wild pleading looks, and cries that are a prayer,
Beyond it is the fair celestial city,
And voices that we miss are singing there.

But cry or gaze part not the pearly portals,
And the far jasper walls no strains float o'er,
O God, this longing in the dreary silence
For the dear voices we hear nevermore !

RECOLLECTIONS.

NO. IV—HERBERT INGRAM.

BY GEORGE HARRISON KENT.

THE STRAND, the many-gabled Strand, with its dusty courts and filthy gulleys, its damp cellars and its murky arches, black with ages of smoke and fretted with years of grief and joy alike. Who could write its history, or do justice to the record of its eventful past? Who could from the atmosphere of fiction itself steal inspiration that could intensify its horrors, or unravel the labyrinth of its crimes and its mysteries?

Royalists, roundheads, painters and poets, historians, martyrs and exiles were its people of the past: Publishers, authors, tavern-keepers and merchants of all kinds are its occupants of the present. In its well-worn avenue, newspaper offices abound, nor is there one more familiar to the cockney than the plain brick building which marks itself 198, known as the publishing bureau of the *Illustrated London News*.

"Nothing succeeds like success," which remark has been signally verified in the history of the founder of this paper. In itself it was a happy idea, being a novelty at the time of its appearance; but as the red-hot thunderbolt owes its efficacy to the strong arm of the director, no idea, however valid and practicable, can be productive of any profitable result without the aid of able and powerful prosecution.

The little seedling cast by the winds upon the waste sometimes grows and develops into the noble tree; so a poor boy, the *oisson* of a provincial charity school—sprung from the masses, but born with a will that brooked no denial—carried out, and how successfully! this one of his greatest works; the name of the poor boy—of the great man, was Herbert Ingram.

Ingram was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, not a stone's throw from the old house still standing, in which Fox, of martyr fame, first saw the light; the stay and solace of a widowed mother, he was educated in one of the endowed institutions of the place, and thus like many eminent men, as a blue-coated urchin, with parson-bands, blue stockings, and knee breeches, he began the battle of his successful life. To follow him closely in his career, so early were his shrewd and persevering faculties developed, would impress the reader with the idea that I had been lately posted in the history of the Myristicean state.

No elaborate education was to be obtained in these schools at the time of Ingram's boyhood, in spite of birch and whipstock which were plied incessantly, therefore much depended on the choice of a business which in his case, might be termed his first lucky strike.

Bidding Squeers adieu, he bowed to Caxton, and served that worthy

faithfully through the old fashioned term of seven years, in the principal establishment of that craft in his native town.

Boston is an ancient borough, and was once a seaport of great importance, ranking in the time of Henry the Sixth as one of the five ports of the kingdom in respect to trade with foreign countries; it has however sunk so low in regard to its commerce by sea, that it would hardly be found in the list of ports; yet the writer loves to dwell upon its pleasant memories: its pride and glory is the church of St. Botolph, a magnificent structure with a tower rising three hundred feet from the pavement, crowned by an octagonal lantern from which formerly a light gleamed as a beacon to the voyagers through the tempestuous deeps. It is the largest church without cross aisles in England, and perhaps seats the greatest congregation from one parish, in the world; a chapel was added to it a few years ago in memory of John Cotton, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, on the occasion of the opening, at which the late Ex-Vice President Dallas was present. I well remember how deeply all who attended to celebrate the tribute of love, were impressed with the lofty and noble spirit that animated so good a man as the then ambassador to Britain.

Sir Isaac Newton, Sir John Franklin, Bass, the discoverer of the straits which bear his name, Flinders, the explorer, Conington, the Oxford Latin Professor, are of the dead who were born in sight of Boston church; Tennyson, and a number of lesser luminaries, are among the number living who first drew breath in the glades of the fenny shire.

In this quaint old borough I have met many men from the high and princely, to the less pretending and the poor. In the walls of its old Guild-hall, a relic of bygone ages, I first imbibed as carefully my political creed, as I afterwards cast it aside. From the platform of its spacious Exchange, I first heard the great apostle of temperance, Gough, trill out one of his admirable streams of oratory as pure and sparkling as the crystal water itself; first heard Miss Glyn read the great bard to an admiring audience—men unknown to New York fame—and here for the first time I heard one of those versatile, incoherent, witty, inexhaustable, and altogether indefinable speeches, bristling with eloquence, and glittering with fire, unknown before the time of George Francis Train, who doubtless remembers the occasion when he, personating the New World, shook hands of fellowship and love with one of the borough patriarchs, who did duty for the Old. No uncharitable thought would lead me to think otherwise, but his good will is yet to us of the Old; but hearing the irrepressible Cicero in one of his later roles a year since, mention a little hanging business with one of her Majesty's representatives, leads me to suspect that John is fickle or that George is frail.—“*Tempus edax rerum.*”

Amongst Ingram's relations were several who were rich in the goods of this world, and although they afforded him little pecuniary aid—like generous trees they yielded him welcome shade; from one, a physician

of some note in the profession, he received the prescription for a pill, a gift of but trifling import in itself, yet so ably could he turn the tide in his own favor, of the smallest event, that this incident framed itself into the prime mover and foundation of the great fortune he afterwards accumulated.

With industry equalled only by his perseverance, he sent out this pill to the world as the greatest healer ever known, and in naming the nostrum after Thomas Parr, a man who had lived 152 years, he showed himself equal to the important task of christening a medicine, so much depending thereon. The public appreciated the idea of lengthening out their mortal span, so that the little nautilus sailed gaily on the restless waves of doubt and speculation. Whether the shade of old Parr enhanced the efficacy of the life prolongers I know not, but no doubt the subjects of John Bull and other like rulers were of the same opinion as the good bishop, who, while on his death bed in answer to his servant Tom, referring to his happy escape from mundane affairs, replied, "ah! Tom, there's no place after all like old England," and bought the *pilula vitæ* accordingly.

Parr's Life Pills became widely known through the medium of extensive advertising, and rose to one of the leading panaceas; a little pamphlet supposed to contain an account of the life of the veteran, accompanied the package, which contained a wood cut of the tottering old man gathering herbs, perhaps from the bushes that grew on the battle site of Flodden, to which he conveyed a cartload of arrows when a boy—supposed to be of the same description as those contained in the marvelous pills. This enterprise so thoroughly succeeded that Ingram who was at this time residing at Nottingham, the lace centre, was enriched with a sufficiency that justified him in thinking over greater and more congenial investments.

Illustrated papers were at that time of the useful class, similar to the weekly collections of love stories, entertaining knowledge, and miscellaneous information, dealt out by the *London Journals*, *Leisure Hours*, and *Fireside Companions* of the present; there was no representative sheet of the pencil and engraver, as applied to passing events; whether the idea was Ingram's or not, he seized the opportunity and issued to the world in 1841, the first number of the paper which has long exceeded any limit of success the most visionary imagination could then have predicted for it.

A vast field hitherto unexplored was thus opened to the admirers and students of the fine arts, the success of the enterprise bringing competitors by wholesale into the arena of pictorial literature, which must ever owe to Ingram its first rise and impetus in Great Britain, employing as he did, artists distributed over the world's surface, sketching and taking photographic views for the pages of his interesting paper.

Ten years from the first publication of the paper, Ingram was in the zenith of his fame; the poor boy had found the cave of the Abbé Busoni.

Fortune had lavished upon him her treasures at the beck of industry ; he owned paper mills, landed estates, church livings, and held a large number of shares in various companies, enjoyed a town house in one of the fashionable squares, and a mansion in the country ; all of which he had earned by days of anxious toil, and carefulness ; his life was a healthy reproof to many of the fading aristocratic families, at that time wasting their resources at the card table and on the race course, hastening to that plebeian state which they view with so much distrust, and ever regard with such ill-merited contempt.

Beyond the calls of commercial interest, Ingram was mindful of duty to his fellow men, nor did he shrink from any task likely to increase the well being of his race ; one of the people, and with them in politics, he espoused the liberal cause, and floated his banner for the first time, at Boston, in 1856 ; the event of that election I well remember ; the great amount of spoken parts would have delighted Sloppy himself. In spite of the great excellence of his opponent, a barrister, W. H. Adams, (who afterwards became chief justice of Hongkong), so identified were his interests with those of the borough, that he was elected by a great majority, although the result was looked upon even by his friends, more in the light of a graceful compliment than a political triumph ; perhaps not a little of the victory being owing to the fact that Boston politicians, like so many more, flavor too much of humanity ; in their own parlance, sugar signifies money, and is one of the sweetest and most welcome consolations.

In speaking, Ingram was a failure. After using a great amount of action and gesticulation, a few incoherent sentences was all he could utter ; as a legislator he was one of those silent workers who perform the labors of a representative not by virtue of the position, but from a general desire for the promotion of progressive measures. He advocated the ballot, the abolition of church rates, and was the prime mover in the reduction of the paper duty—a great boon to all interested in literary publication.

Mackay, Lemon, Brooks, and others of his city friends, were present at the canvass of this election. Party spirit ran high—not a few of those ridiculous and amusing scenes taking place which always attended parliamentary contests in the past. The jokes and anecdotes would fill a volume. Perhaps one might be eligible which, happening on this occasion or not, will not hinder it from serving as an illustration :

Near the closing time of the poll, excitement is at the agony pitch, as the latest return gave the number of registered votes about equal. A countryman, riding an ass, appears, which obstinate animal is plastered from top to toe with blue paint, and decorated with blue streamers, symbolic of his adherence to the creed of the radical party, and also justly of that of his master. After a somewhat protracted trial of patience, equally owing to the unruly masses and the traditional won't-go nature of

the beast, Hodge, amidst the cheers and jibes of the crowd, at length arrives at the door of the tellers' booth. "Blue forever!" is the cry of the Radicals, interspersed with Conservative groans. "Bravo, Hodge! Blue forever! Hodge forever!" But to the discomfit of these warm enthusiasts, Hodge registers a plumper for the pink candidate, his only apology being that if the donkey is such a fool as to be a radical, he is not; and amid the hootings and hisses of the chop-fallen rabble, he mounts Bucephalus and steers his willing head to the cottage that reclines in calm serenity amidst its trellis-work of woodbine and clematis.

Midway between the borough of Boston and the village of Kirton, which is distant from the former town four miles, stands one of those old-fashioned wayside inns, so frequently met with in England. It is known by the sign of the "Pin Cushion." A few years since a country carpenter kept this humble hostelry, a seeming refuge for any person that courted obscurity. Unlike the generality of hosts, he, however, was a man of action, and exercised his architectural skill in the construction of small buildings and country houses. Affairs taking a prosperous turn, the contract for the Boston Corn Exchange fell to his tender. This was to him at that time a great undertaking, and once threatened to overwhelm him with defeat. The girders of the iron roof were found to be insufficient to sustain the weight. This was the test to try the unknown man, and he came out unscathed, for he not only constructed a new roof, but completed the building to the satisfaction of himself and the commissioners.

That obscure inn-keeper and joiner is now the celebrated William Webster, who since that time has constructed asylums, churches, and amongst public works of all kinds the great sewers and the Thames embankment, in the city of London, whose contracts have amounted on several occasions to millions of dollars. He is now rich and famous, for which, next to his own talent and industry, he has to thank the late Herbert Ingram, who saw in the country builder the real grit, and afforded him at the most critical period that aid which is so welcome to the climber on the first rounds of the ladder of fame.

When the "Great Eastern" steamship—then the leviathan—was on the stocks, Ingram came forward with his purse and released the monster from the claims of engineers and shipwrights. But we should have to follow the steps of authors, artists, literary hacks, merchants, politicians, schemers, of the aged and the poverty-stricken, who have found relief at that benignant hand, to picture in true colors the frauds perpetrated on his generosity, and the nobility of the soul that inspired the best representative of a successful merchant, and of a shrewd but liberal humanity.

In person Ingram was of middle stature, inclining to corpulence. The distinct lines of his face marked plainly his strength of will and firmness of purpose; a genial smile lit up his features, which always carried a worn

look, and pointed to more years than had played upon them ; devoid of color or of paleness, he had one of those wear-and-tear expressions that seems above the petty annoyances of the path. The quickness of the step and energy of speech denoted the man of action and of earnest. Work, work, work, was his only motto, while his happy reward pointed proudly to the well founded maxim of his busy life.

The circumstances attendant upon his death were very melancholy. He was in company with his eldest son, on a tour through the States, and having visited several of the most important scenes of the New World, was looking forward to meeting his friends in England again. It was not, however, so to be ; for on the 8th of September, 1860, they were both drowned by the colliding of the *Lady Augusta* with another steamer, on Lake Michigan. The body of the father was washed on the shore and conveyed to his native borough, Boston, where he lies amidst the scenes and haunts of his childhood and his youth.

On the day of the disastrous calamity which struck deeply at so many homes, a cormorant, always regarded as a bird of evil omen, perched on the high tower of Boston Church. Many of the people from time to time watched the unwelcome stranger fluttering its restless feathers, while they prophesied some unlucky event would cast a cloud upon the borough before many days had fled. The prediction was fulfilled : for on that day their greatest friend had been ruthlessly driven from the bosom of a devoted family—from the cheerful scenes of a shadeless, happy life, by one of those misfortunes which open to so many human beings the gates of the solemn and mysterious world beyond, of which our whole conception is enshrined around one little word of pregnant sound, around one little name, we give it—Death !

Now, in that old church-yard, where the glad voices of the playful children echo through the dark mysterious aisles, where the fitful shadows play and dance from arch to arch their eve's adieu, beneath the circling eddy of the chattering daws, a sculptured form of whitest marble crowning its graceful shaft of massive granite, keeps silent watch ; and as it tells of gratitude and love, it seems in mystic voice to cheer, and sheds a welcome ray on all that gaze thereon.

AN HOUR of vice is as long as an hour of virtue ; but the difference which follows upon good actions is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminishes our time here, yet it lays up a pleasure for eternity, and will recompense what it taketh away with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure with the expense of time ; so it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange.

(Engraved from Prang's Chromo.)

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

BY C. C. A.

'TIS little Bo-peep, they call me at home,
And here in the woods while I play,
The birds in the bushes around me come,
And "little Bo-peep," seem to say.
 "*Bo-peep!*" "*Bo-peep!*" I told you so,
But if I start, away they go.
What funny birds, my name to call,
And fly, if I answer them at all.

There was one little bright-eyed bird came near,
And looked at me right in the face ;
Saying "Bo-peep" to me, so loud and clear,
That I thought he wanted to race.

And after him I ran so fast,
That I lost sight of him at last.
Is it not mean to call me so,
And run away, just as I go?

A squirrel came down from the tree-top high,
And he seemed to ask me to play ;
" Yes, squirrel," I said ; but he gave a cry,
And he would not a minute stay,
But called " Bo-peep," when up the tree—
I thought that he was calling me,
So I ran fast to coax him here,
But he would not come very near.

The squirrel I chased to the shady brook,
And now he has gone, like the bird ;
They all seem afraid if even I look,
And left me whenever I stirred.
I want to play ; but they run off,
And all my calling makes them laugh ;
My playtime's gone in chasing you,
Bad bird, and naughty squirrel, too.

You were playing the game of life to come,
Little Bo-peep, and as years roll by,
The world, that will charm with its pleasing hum,
Will force, I fear, the frequent sigh.
For schemes that cost you years of toil
Will seem but laid your hopes to foil.
Grieve not ! On Earth such things will be ;
In Heaven *there is* reality.

OUR FOLKS AT HOME—No. 3.

BY *——*——*——

MR. AVERY, on coming home the other evening, found that little Willie had fallen out of a chair and received quite a bruise on the head. At the tea-table this incident gave rise to a variety of anecdotes of personal experience ; each member of the family had some narrow escape or remarkable event to tell of.

" It is wonderful that more children are not killed or maimed for life, by the accidents that happen to them," said Mr. Avery ; " I believe there is a special protective Providence for children. No adult could survive the dangers and accidents they encounter almost daily. It is seldom that I go out of the house without thinking or fearing that before my

return something may happen to Willie. Children do not seem to learn fear or caution. I remember now an accident that happened to me when I was about two and a half years old, that could not happen to a man or child twice without causing instant death. All I recollect is the simple fact that the oxen knocked me down as I was trying to get out of their way. My parents say that father was carting stones from the garden after the spring ploughing, and I was out at play, as they say, but as it seems to me, 'helping papa pick up the stones.' Father was some ways from the cart when the cattle started forward, and knocking me down, the wheel passed over my neck. The cart was an old fashioned New England ox-cart, and very heavy. Of course my parents thought I was killed, and who could have thought otherwise. However, after a little while I began to show signs of life, and to-day, but for my memory, none would know of the event, for no mark of it is left upon my person. The ground being soft, the wheel pressed my neck into the dirt, and this saved me. An inch either way would have crushed my head or body."

Mrs. Lawrence said, pointing to Harry: "There is a boy who has caused me more trouble and anxiety than any one but myself can ever know of. He was always so fair in his promises, that one who did not know him would think he never could do anything out of the way."

"Yes, mother," remarked Harry, "it is true that I was rash and forgetful, but you know my goodness of heart was the great thing. The others were but imperfect traits, apparently, but really germs of my future greatness. Even as a boy, my ambition was unbounded. I would sing a song for a penny, and right away invest the money in candy. I tell you, mother, those investments paid me more satisfactorily than any I have since made. I did not then know the value of money, but of candy I was a competent judge. The boys who had no such gift of song, by which to keep in funds, used to court my acquaintance then, just as you see some poor scion of a decayed stock courting the rich and aristocratic to-day. Indeed, I never again expect to receive the attention bestowed upon me by the boys, who regarded me as the king bee in the sweetmeat line. Mother, do you remember the time I got into the cherry tree?"

"I should think we would all remember it, my son," said Mrs. Lawrence.

Nothing would satisfy "our folks" but the story.

Mrs. Lawrence continued: "We were going that afternoon to make a call on some friends. Before leaving, we called Harry in and told him that several little children about there, had died from eating green fruit, and that he must not go near the cherry tree, as the cherries were not ripe enough yet. He had already picked up a few wind-falls, and this made us the more careful. His father said, 'now Harry if you go near the tree I shall whip you severely when I come home.' Harry promised solemnly not to go near the tree, and we went away feeling safe in this

faithful promise. In about three hours we returned, and what should we see on entering the yard, but this five year old tow-head up in the very top of that cherry tree eating for dear life. We were frightened, and so was he on seeing his father, who went out and gave him the hardest whipping he ever received. Poor little fellow, it was a trial for us to see him whipped. He was the pet and favorite of everybody, and any one of us would willingly have received the punishment for him. Biddy cried bitterly and said, 'Sure Mr. Lawrence he'll never do so any more.' An hour after that the rogue was in the kitchen receiving sympathy and cakes of Biddy. The girls could not bear it, and I believe any one of the family would rather have been whipped a dozen times than seen the little flaxen haired pet struck a blow."

Said Harry, "I did not mind the whipping so much you know, mother, it was father's taking me to jail. He led me up stairs in the garret, got out the worst old clothes I had, an awful old hat, and mouldy shoes, dressed me up in them and told me I must go to jail. That used me up completely. I thought I never could stand it. But he said I must go, and out he went with me, down in the worst alleys, and through the dreadful streets where I had never been before. It was a fearfully dark sight to me I tell you. At last however we compromised the matter, and I promised most sincerely and willingly never to go near that cherry tree again without permission. Father said it was not only for eating the cherries that he punished me, but because I told a wicked lie. That night, sitting in my father's lap, I listened with intense interest to his story of George Washington, who never told a lie. Since then I have tried to be a little Washington, but not always with the best success. Once I took a hatchet and chopped into a choice tree, so as to be just like George, and instead of my father opening his arms and telling me to run to them, he called me to him, took me across his knee and spanked me unmercifully. I asked him why he did not do as George's father did, and he said he would teach me why if I cut any more trees.

"They say General Butler has lately taken to imitating George Washington, very successfully.

"The story is that Butler and Benjamin Wade were visiting President Grant not long since, at his Long Branch Cottage. The President went into the house to get a fresh cigar, and while absent, Butler, who was with Mr. Wade in the yard, picked up a hatchet and slashed into one of the President's choice trees. Grant came out, and seeing the damage said, 'Who has been cutting my tree?' Butler instantly replied, 'Mr. President I cannot tell a lie, Benny Wade did it.' "

"There, that will do for you Harry," said Mrs. Lawrence—the words were not more than spoken when in walked Baldwin.

"Come," said Mr. Avery, "have a cup of tea with us."

"Glad to see you John. Where have you been?" asked Harry, we

have been telling some of our youthful experiences while at tea, did you ever have any?

"I should think so, replied Baldwin, my early pathway was rather chequered, and I was often striped while walking in it; that is I got my stripes when out of it, but carried them sometimes for days after getting back. I recollect one time when my father took a cane to me for engaging in what I considered a delightful and daring enterprise. The only difficulty as I found afterwards, was that it resulted disastrously.

"It was my highest ambition when a boy, to get hold of any thing in the way of powder or fire arms: my grandfather had given me fifty cents for pocket money, and I determined to invest this in powder, and with two or three intimate friends go out in the fields for some sport. I told them my scheme, and at the time appointed we started out—three of us—to blow up and blast every thing available. One of the boys secured an old toy cannon, but as that would not work we abandoned it, and devoted ourselves to blasting stumps, stones, and whatever else offered a crevice large enough to put powder into. Everything went off swimmingly for several hours, when we all determined to make a big blast, 'the biggest of the day.' Now boys, said I, there's a splendid hole in that stump, we'll put in a rouser. I'll fix it. After clearing it out nicely, we put in a tremendous charge of powder, and making a paper fuse, filled up the hole, and laid a train of powder along some distance so that when we set it off we could have time to drop down behind the rocks out of the way. I was bossing the job. Now boys, said I, every thing is ready, give us a match. I took one and lighted the paper that led to the powder. It did not seem to go first rate, and, anxious to make this a grand success, I thoughtlessly poured some powder out of my can upon the paper. In an instant my flask was in a thousand pieces, I was knocked senseless to the ground and badly burned, and fortunately a good deal more frightened than hurt, but considerably stunned. I washed myself in the brook near by, and went home. My condition and story excited the sympathy of my mother, and just as I began to think my day's work had been rather heroic, my father, in regard to whom I felt some anxiety as to the view he would take of the case, came home. Upon hearing the story he said, 'come here my son.' I tell you, Harry, the explosion was nothing compared to the whaling I got. He took me over his knees, and with the cane I spoke of—which was a small rattan—kept for extra occasions, gave me some marks that staid with me some days. When *he* whipped me it meant business, and this was the severest thrashing I ever got."

Poor Willie during the conversation, looked the very soul of honor, for though he did not fully understand the full meaning of the conversation, he knew the case was a hard one for John, and said with a sigh, "Poor uncle Jack."

After some further anecdotes, the conversation turned upon the punishment of children.

"Mr. Baldwin," said Mrs. Avery, "do you suppose the whippings you used to get really did you any good? Do you think you are to-day any better for them?"

"Let us go into the parlor and talk the subject over," said Mr. Avery. "It is a very important one, and I for one would like to hear what opinions this company entertain in regard to it."

Accordingly the family retired from the tea table to the parlor, where the subject was thoroughly discussed. Some favored corporal punishment; others punishment, but never by blows; others ruling by love alone. What they said we will tell next month.

DAVID G. BURNET,

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

As the first man who occupied the presidential chair of the Republic of Texas was a native of New Jersey, it seems proper that he should receive something more than the passing notice, given him in some of our newspapers, at the time of his death. David G. Burnet was born in Newark, New Jersey, April 4th, 1788, and was the youngest of eight children. The late Chief Justice Hornblower, of this State, and Judge Bradley, of the Supreme Bench of the United States, are related to the Burnet family, which has always been noted for its intelligence, culture, and the honorable positions attained by many of its members.

The parents of Burnet, dying during his infancy, he was carefully educated by his elder brother, and at the age of seventeen he entered a commercial house in New York. The firm, failing soon after, he joined as lieutenant, the celebrated "Miranda Expedition," in 1806. This was under the command of General Francisco de Miranda, a native of Venezuela, and was intended to free the country from the Spanish dominion. General John Cumming, of New Jersey, was also a volunteer in this enterprise, which received the encouragement and support of many leading men both in this country and Europe, including Pitt, the great English Premier.

Lieutenant Burnet commanded the launch of the British frigate *Buchante*, when the invading squadron entered the Gulf of Venezuela, and under his orders the first gun was fired in behalf of Spanish American independence. The fort was abandoned; but on account of the death of Pitt, the expedition for the time was given up, and the survivors returned to New York.

In 1808, the revolution was undertaken again with renewed vigor, Burnet joining General Miranda at Caraccas. This unquestionably brave leader, however, was shortly after betrayed into the hands of his enemies,

and was carried to Spain where he perished in prison. The work of independence was carried on and completed by the renowned Simon Bolivar, the "Washington of South America."

In 1813, Burnet changed his residence to Ohio, where he remained until 1817, when he engaged in business in Natchitoches, Louisiana. Here his health became so feeble, and such unmistakeable signs of consumption manifested themselves, that he was compelled to give up his business, and he passed into the wild wilderness of Texas, where for ten years he buried himself from the civilized world among the Comanches of the Upper Colorado. Here he "roughed" it, in the broadest sense of the word, sleeping in the woods, breasting the severest storms, hunting, fishing, and engaging in all manner of physical exercise, until when he emerged from this barbarous life, he was of rugged frame, and of absolutely perfect health.

He now devoted himself to the study of law, and in 1826 settled in Texas. In 1833, he was elected to the convention at San Felipe, the purpose of which was to secure from Mexico a separate state organization for Texas. In the succeeding year, he was appointed Judge of the Municipality of Austin, which at that day comprehended one-half of the entire population of Texas.

On the 6th of March, 1836, the Alamo was assaulted by the Mexican army, led by Santa Anna in person. The garrison numbered one hundred and fifty, and they fought to the last, slaying fifteen hundred of the Mexicans before they finally succumbed, and were massacred. In this memorable affair fell two noted Americans, Colonel Bowie, the inventor of the terrible knife that bears his name, and David Crockett, of Tennessee. The latter, when he found he was betrayed, made a desperate effort and well-nigh succeeded in slaying the treacherous Mexican general.

Four days before the fall of the Alamo, the Texan convention assembled at Washington, declared the state a "Free, Sovereign and Independent Republic." On the 18th, Judge Burnet was elected president of the young Republic, and on the very day that he assumed the duties of his office, news reached him of the fall of the Alamo.

The dark hours of Texas were then upon her, and Galveston Island became, for the time, the seat of government. The disasters of Goliad and Refugio, the capture of Fannin and his command, the burning of San Felipe, Harrisburg, and New Washington followed, and then came the brilliant victory of San Jacinto, and the capture of Santa Anna himself, minus his leg which was lost in this engagement.

The triumph of San Jacinto gave Texas her independence. With the dictator of Mexico in their hands, there was little difficulty in securing terms of the invaders. When the news reached President Burnet, he hastened to the camp of Gen. Houston, where he succeeded in making two treaties of peace with Santa Anna, by which the Mexicans agreed to evacuate Texas, and virtually to recognize the independence of the republic, on condition that Santa Anna should be released.

General Filisiola, the successor of the dictator in the command of the army, ratified the treaties, and the independence of the Republic of Texas was secured, to last until ten years, when the "Lone Star" was added to the galaxy upon the banner of the United States.

General Sam Houston was elected president in October, 1836, and two years later, Judge Burnet was again solicited to become a candidate, but declined in favor of General Lamar; but he accepted the nomination and was elected to the vice-presidency. He presided over the Senate until 1840, when President Lamar resigned on account of ill health, and Burnet again assumed the chief magistracy of the republic. At the expiration of his term, he retired to his small farm on the San Jacinto, where he toiled hard and late, until Governor Henderson's administration began, when he assumed the secretaryship of state, at the close of which he again returned to his farm, where he was enabled barely to earn a subsistence.

Judge Burnet was blessed with that greatest of all earthly blessings—a good wife, with whom he spent many years of happiness—but in 1858 she died, and he found a welcome home with General Sidney Sherman, one of the heroes of San Jacinto.

In 1866, Judge Burnet was elected United States Senator, but Texas was then "unreconstructed," and he was not permitted to take his seat.

In 1868, he was a delegate to the New York Convention, which nominated Seymour for the presidency, and he paid a visit to Newark, the city of his nativity, and which he had not seen for sixty-four years.

He had some intention of settling here, but yielding to a natural longing he returned to Texas, where he quietly expired on the 5th of December, 1870, in the 83rd year of his age. His wife and three children are buried on his little farm on the San Jacinto; his eldest son was killed in battle during the late war, and his last child, William Este, was killed at Spanish Fort, near Mobile, March 31st, 1865, so that the father survived them all.

At the opening of the District Court of Galveston county, on the 6th of December, 1870, the following resolutions were reported and adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of David G. Burnet, Texas has lost one of her earliest, most devoted and gifted sons.

Resolved, That as a citizen of the Republic, and President of the Republic, he acted well his part, and merits the gratitude of his people.

Resolved, That his learning, refinement and culture, and all his rare and varied gifts of mind kindle within us a sentiment of just pride in ranking him as a member of the Bar of Texas, and make us mourn his loss.

Resolved, That his courtesy, kindness, unbounded charity, and all the other Christian virtues which marked his long and eventful life, constitute a good and great character, and will afford us in the future, as in the past, an example to be loved and imitated.

Resolved, That the Court be requested to direct that these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Court, and that the clerk be requested to furnish a copy to the press for publication.

THE UNITED STATES WATCH CO.'S FACTORY, MARION,
N. J.—GILES, WALES & CO.

JUST this side of Jersey City, and bounding the extensive flats between that place and Newark, on the east, is located the model watch factory of this country. Some idea of its appearance may be had from the above engraving, by those who have never visited the works, or seen them. The fact that this establishment is located alongside and in full view of the hundred or more of trains that daily pass over the New Jersey Railroad, in both directions, has made the place more renowned than it otherwise would have been. Notwithstanding, numbers have passed and re-passed without knowing that the beautiful little village of Marion, New Jersey, growing up around these works is due to the enterprize of the largest and most systematic watch factory in the world. In five years from this time, a beautiful young city will attract the attention of the thousands that whirl past, never thinking that the number of years since the place was a mere bog, can be counted upon their fingers' ends.

F. A. Giles, Esq., the originator and present manager of this gigantic institution, is a young man of but thirty-four years of age, and yet so thoroughly prepared by ability and experience is he, that it may be truly said that he is to this immense business, that would craze another brain, what the main-spring and regulator are to the watch which he produces. He supplies the propelling power and controls its movements as the business requires. Mr. Giles is another example among the rapidly multiplying number, of what ability, backed by an indomitable will, can accomplish. He is a demonstration of the glory of our republic, which opens to every man alike a fair field for the execution of honorable ambition, as well as of the possibilities of man's attainments and success. An orphan at the age of eight years, and the eldest male member of a family of seven children, it became incumbent upon him and the eldest sister to care for the others. For several years he was salesman for the

house of Platt & Brother. While with this firm, Mr. Giles conceived the idea of making watches by machinery, and at last, after a few years of successful business, he found opportunity to execute his cherished plan of controlling a great watch manufactory in the successful organization of the celebrated United States Watch Company, and the Marion Building Company, the object of the last association being to furnish homes for workmen, and reclaim and improve the then waste and worthless land where the factory stands.

The illustration must imperfectly answer the purpose of a minute description of the building, except in the dimensions, which are as follows: The factory, constructed in the form of a T, and composed mostly of iron and glass, is two hundred and fifty-three feet in length. The beautiful grounds of the establishment comprise about three acres, laid out with excellent taste, presenting more the appearance of a private palace than a great hive of human industry, where are employed more than four hundred souls, turning out daily about one hundred watches.

It is stated by the New York *Independent*, that at the recent Fair of the American Institute, where there was great competition in this line, the United States watches were regarded as greatly superior in every particular to any on exhibition, and received the highest awards bestowed by the Institute.

We are also informed that this watch has uniformly taken the first premium at every Fair where it has been exhibited. Of such an institution New Jersey may well be proud, and by fostering and seeking to draw manufacturing capital within her borders, she is adding to her material wealth and prosperity more rapidly and surely than is possible in any other way.

HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE :

OR HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING—No. 6.

BY W. ELMER, M. D.

THE BODY'S FORCE PUMP—CONTINUED.

IF WE place our ear over the region of the heart and listen to its action, we find that it has a double sound connected with each beat, entirely distinct and yet following each other in quick succession, after which there is a period of silence. The first sound is deep, dull and long; the second, short, sharp, and higher in pitch—represented by some writers by the syllables “*lubb-dup*,” as showing the comparative length and tone of the two sounds.

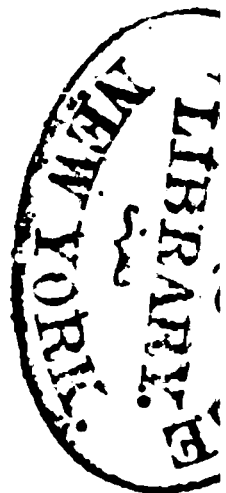
Any one unacquainted with the structure of the heart would probably

be not a little puzzled to know how these sounds were produced, and why the same contracting organ manifested such peculiarities in its tone. Indeed it was a long time before these matters were definitely settled to the satisfaction of medical men. What then is the cause of the sounds of the heart ?

We have already mentioned that in the heart there were two sets of valves—one set to guard the openings between the upper and lower cavities, so that when the blood had entered the lower cavity it could not regurgitate—the other placed at the beginning of the arteries leading from the heart to prevent any reflux into the heart itself.

The current of the blood is thus perfectly established in one direction, with no possibility of an escape backward. Now it has been ascertained by actual experiment, that if the valves of the second set—those situated at the entries of the main arteries—be caught up by curved hooks inserted through the blood-vessels of the living animal, there is no longer a second sound, it is abolished—when the instruments are withdrawn, and the valves permitted to resume their action, the normal sounds return—proving conclusively therefore that this sound is due to the sudden closure of these thin, delicate, tight-fitting valves. The cause of the first sound has not, until within a few years, been as well understood. It is more complex in its character, and other causes contribute to its production. The chief element, however, is, as in the second, the closure of the other set of valves, those between the cavities ; but to this are superadded the sounds produced by the contraction of the muscles of the heart, the rush of blood, and the impulse of the organ itself against the walls of the chest : these all combine to render this sound more prolonged and booming in its character than the second. To the skilled ear of a competent physician these sounds have each a characteristic signification, and any deviation from their natural tone and condition is at once recognized by him as a departure from a healthy state. He has but to place his ear on the chest of a patient to know at once whether the heart is acting regularly and normally, or whether one or other set of valves have become disorganized, and what may be the probable effect upon the life or general comfort of the individual. How important, therefore, the study of these sounds in health to understand their modifications in disease, and what an interest attaches itself to the audible indications of the action of this great central organ of the circulation.

And why is it that the medical practitioner so carefully notes the state of the pulse—which is simply the index of the heart's action—at each examination of the patient ? Why does his finger count its beats, measure its volume, or discern its regularity ? Because the heart, being closely allied to the various functions of the economy, readily sympathizes with their derangements, and thus becomes one of the great indicators of the general condition of the system, a great guide in his medical treatment.



A strong pulse indicates activity of the contraction of the heart, and is generally found in active inflammations. A weak pulse betokens want of force, often, want of healthy blood, or an enfeebled heart, and is the pulse of low fevers and debility. A slow pulse is produced by a sudden and prostrating shock, or may be the result of pressure on the brain. A frequent pulse may arise from various causes—excitement—exercise—mental emotion, increase the number of beats as readily in health as fever or acute inflammatory conditions in disease; so that increased frequency alone is of less definite import than other of the heart's phenomena. Temperament and disposition modify the number of the heart's beats, being fewer in impassive and quicker in nervous and sanguine persons. The influence of sex is very perceptible, being from 6 to 12 beats per minute faster in women than in men. Age has a still more remarkable effect. The pulse being quicker before birth than after. In infancy it is very rapid, and gradually diminishes as life advances—at birth ranging from 140 to 130 per minute—at second year, from 115 to 100—during childhood, from 90 to 80—adult life, 75 to 65—old age 75 to 80. It is said that the heart beats more slowly in sleep, and in the recumbent than the upright posture. Loss of blood, when gradual and moderate, likewise diminishes the frequency, whilst sudden or severe hemorrhage increases it. The pulse is always more rapid after meals than before, and warm food acts more quickly than cold. Stimulating food and drink and alcoholic beverages are well known in their quickening effects. Travelers ascending mountains find their hearts' action increased, owing to a diminution of the atmospheric pressure, whereby the number of respirations per minute is augmented, and as there is always a corresponding relation between the breathing and the heart beats, the latter are of course increased in just the same proportion. The more rapid the breathing the more rapid the pulse. Nominally this relation is about four pulsations to one respiration, *i. e.* with a pulse of 80 in the minute, the number of respirations would be about 20 in the same time; but this ratio varies greatly; as in certain forms of fever or in palpitation of the heart the pulse may be double its ordinary rate, and yet the breathing be but slightly altered. Again, in certain diseases of the lungs the reverse may be the case.

The total quantity of blood in the body has been the subject of much investigation. Observations from the quantity lost in hemorrhages have been made, and a calculation of the whole amount in the system based thereon, but such estimates are not trustworthy, since in slow bleeding, large quantities of fluid are absorbed from the tissues to refill the emptying vessels, and so add largely to the real amount that may be drawn. So too, examinations of beheaded criminals have been made, with varying results. Careful experiments on animals by quick bleeding from many vessels opened simultaneously, are of more value. By a comparative estimate of relative weight and amounts, it has been found that in a well

formed man, the proportion is about one-eighth of the entire weight of the body, or 18 lbs. in a man weighing 145; other physiologists place it at one-fifth; but as yet no perfectly accurate means have been devised for estimating the quantity which must always remain in the vessels, and therefore the chief difficulty in forming the calculation cannot be overcome. It may, however, be set down as an approximate basis, that in a person weighing 150 lbs. there are from 20 to 25 lbs. of blood.

An interesting question also arises. What time is required for the blood to make a complete circulation through the system? Here again recourse must be had to experiments upon animals. If a harmless substance, but one capable of being recognized by chemical tests, be injected into a vein in the neck of an animal and an opening be made into the vein on the opposite side, from which blood can be drawn for examination, it will be found, that in the horse the circulation is accomplished in about 27 seconds—in the dog in 15 seconds—in the goat in 13 seconds—in the rabbit in 7 seconds; that is the blood has had time in this short interval to be carried from the jugular vein to the right heart, thence to the lungs and to the left heart, from this through the head and neck back to the vein on the opposite side. In testing the time through the veins of the leg, from one to three seconds longer is required.

Applying these results to the human subject, taking into account the size of the body and the rapidity of the heart's action, the duration of the circuit through the entire body is estimated at twenty-three seconds. This is simply approximative; but the results in inferior animals may be received as very nearly, if not entirely, accurate.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

DESTRUCTIVE MECHANISM OF ANIMATED NATURE.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D.

A GREAT proportion of the mechanism of animals is designed for the destruction of other animals. The numerous creatures endowed with life, from the largest, that prey upon the herds of the field, to the smallest that are detected by the microscope feeding on others, still smaller than themselves, in the water drop, all have apparatus contrived especially for the destruction of such living things as answer for their food. As much of adaptation of means to the end, is observed in animals that feed upon others, as in those that derive their sustenance entirely from the vegetable world. The life that sustains and develops the vegetable-eating animal, that marks each period of its growth from birth

to the decrepitude of age, and exhibits the perfection of organization through all these periods, is destroyed, regardless of age, or the accomplishment of the design of existence, by another animal, as carefully contrived in all its machinery and functions to destroy, as the other is to live and perpetuate its species.

Even the seemingly harmless animals, that feed entirely upon vegetables, are as much destroyers of vitality as the carnivorous kind. Plants that have a purpose to accomplish, that, as animals, would pass through their stages of development until withered by age, are killed at mid-growth, or at any time, regardless of ultimate design, by animals that require them as food. One organized existence preys upon another. Each has within itself apparatus for maintaining its own life by the destruction of others. This is without exception. That any particular animal shall pass on to worn-out maturity, or perish by the way, depends upon its resistance to opposing forces, or ability to take care of itself by the destruction of other organized things sufficient for its support. The little songsters that enliven the groves, the regarded types of innocence, destroy myriads of insects, each one of which is as curiously and skillfully made as themselves, and as joyful in its existence. Even such birds as are considered above this reproach, and feed upon seeds alone, destroy the living germs of plants which are endowed with all the functions of life, ready for development.

The proper study of animated nature, whether insects, reptiles, fish, birds, quadrupeds, or man, takes into account the nourishment of each individual, and its means of appropriating this nourishment to its use. If the nutriment is external, various contrivances serve for its prehension. The lower orders appropriate it, whether it be of animal or vegetable origin, by a kind of sucking operation—some action that brings the food more closely in contact with their digestive apparatus, and thus live and grow. Other seize it with claws or mouth, in larger masses, and deposit it in the stomach, where it is managed for the purposes of life. Whatever may be the mechanism employed to supply the living being with nourishment, it will be found precisely adapted to the kind of food to be used, and the circumstances under which it is to be obtained. All the arrangements of the plant or animal are curiously contrived for this end—contrived, in many instances, as if in anticipation of the opportunities that may offer for supplying its wants or resisting its enemies. Some species of plants have leaves with receptacles to collect the dew that falls abundantly during the night, to impart moisture during the intense dry heat of the day. Other plants are in a measure fertilized by insects, which they catch and destroy in a trap formed of a sensitive leaf, placed near the stalk. This leaf secretes an attractive substance, on which the insects feed, and when a sufficient number are collected to irritate this curious contrivance, it gradually closes, and imprisons them until they

die. When all is quiet, the trap opens again for another visitation, and thus repeats the process.

Insects without number are armed for deadly encounters. With mouths, claws and stings, it seems as if the purpose of creation was to equip them for constant war service, ever ready to attack or defend, as the emergency may require. With arms at command, and cunning to make them more effective, we often see encounters that for skill, courage and endurance to the death, cause the human slayer of his kind to understand that in this brute quality he is not preëminent. Adverse hordes of ants will engage in conflicts, and fight for days, until they are nearly all disabled or exterminated.

The skill of the spider in spinning his thread and constructing his web is well known. Each thread is composed of many fibrils, all strained to an equal tension, as they pass from his spinner, and laid side by side as the wires that compose the great cables that suspend the Niagara bridge. This cord, almost invisible, is of surprising strength. The spider, armed with jaws to grasp and rend insects larger than himself, and with form of limb and strength of muscle for quick and strong movements, has added the ability to make cordage and weave a net that will entangle whatever insects may wander within its meshes. Various shapes are adopted. Some are placed vertically, and are almost invisible, like gill nets for fish, and entangle [passing flies, which, as soon as caught,] are still further secured by being run upon by the spider. that has been watching near by, and wrapped around by cordage spun for the occasion, until he is so completely hampered that he can make no further resistance. The net is then repaired, and the booty carried off to be devoured at leisure. These cunning spiders have their enemies. The mud wasp, a beautifully blue, steel-colored, small-waisted depredator, will alight on a web, generally such as are built horizontally, with the spider's retreat at the back part, and if the owner does not rush from his hole immediately to seize the intruder, the wasp will shake the web, time after time, until he appears within reach. The wasp then seizes the spider and carries him away to his mud cell, in which he hermetically seals him, to serve as food for the grub that afterwards is transformed into a wasp. These wasps' nests, or mud cells, are found crammed with live spiders, plastered tightly up, without the power of escape. The wasp obviously understands the habits of the spider, and likewise knows he is the best food for his offspring. Armed with powerful jaws and a fatal sting, this beautiful insect is created for nothing better than a murdering freebooter. So it is through all animated nature. Every contrivance of structure, and device of instinct qualifies one species to prey upon another, from the parasite among vegetables to man at the most finished extreme of organized things. Even the plant itself, the first of life manifesting creations, if it do not destroy organic compounds to aid its growth, does, by the mysterious power of

life that operates within it, prey upon inorganic matter, and cause decompositions of mineralized forms that can hardly be effected by the chemist in his laboratory.

This turmoil of life, and strife for existence, has so adapted the living things of earth to their particular places and conditions, that organic destruction is in harmony with organic construction. The loss of one life, at whatever stage it may occur, has some corresponding gain in that of another. The ancient Brahmin, whose gentle delusion extended to all living things, would arrest, if possible, the great destroyer. Under the protection of his religion, nothing would suffer from violence. The natural decay of worn out age alone would languish into death. Animals, disarmed of their offensive weapons, would grow into shapes less perfect, but of a more peaceful type, and the whole fauna of the world would be changed. Natural adaptation would go backward and convert the lion into a lamb, and the lamb into a vegetable.

The ultimate design of this universal war upon life is as incomprehensible as life itself. Amidst all these phenomena there is no loss of the life force. Individuals perish, but as much vitality as animated them passes to others, differently organized perhaps, but still capable, in their turn, to render up all they have received, to the great storehouse of animated nature. As long as the sun, the atmosphere, and the present constitution of the earth endure, the struggle of vitality will tend to perfect each class, and beings that were formed with powers sufficient for their preservation when they were first called into existence, will have these powers strengthened as the necessity for their exercise increases.

This play of life, like the play of electricity, is always seeking an equilibrium. Organization and decomposition, accumulation and dispersion, tension and quiescence, are evenly adjusted, and nothing is added to or taken from the power that, by the fiat of the Almighty, was thrown around the world to animate its crude elements. Were the whole economy of physical existence revealed to us, perhaps we would find that to maintain the balance necessary for vegetable and animal life, the wisdom of God in creating this innumerable destroying host, is as much in harmony with infinite order as life itself.

The very steadfastness of the Almighty's liberality, flowing like a mighty ocean through the infinite vast of the universe, makes His creatures forget to wonder at its wonderfulness, to feel true thanksgiving for its immeasurable goodness. The sun rises and sets so surely, the seasons run on amid all their changes with such inimitable truth, that we take as a matter of course that which is amazing beyond all stretch of the imagination, and good beyond the widest expansion of the noblest human heart.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY PROF. E. A. APGAR, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

THE NEW SCHOOL LAW.

IT WILL probably be interesting to the public to know something in detail, concerning some important features of the Free School Law now in operation. The whole subject of free education among us is very much simplified both as to theory and practical application relieving the executors of the law from much non-productive labor and the State from expense applied otherwise than directly for the children.

The most important feature of the law is that which substitutes for our township school tax a uniform state tax. By this change our school system is for the first time in its history placed upon a sure and substantial basis. Our schools will no longer depend for their support upon a fund which a mere majority at town meeting may any year withhold. Heretofore the continuance of our schools depended every year upon the result of the vote at town meeting upon the question of school tax. If no money was voted, the schools were necessarily closed; if an insufficient amount was voted, the schools were supported in part by tuition fees; and even if enough was voted, the schools only had an assurance of one year's existence, for at the next town meeting all support might be withheld. This method of raising school money has always been the source of much contention and bitter feeling. Every year, those opposed to schools would exert themselves to defeat the tax, and consequently those in favor of schools were obliged to do all in their power to secure the tax, and thus the division line between those favoring and those opposing our system of public school education was kept distinctly drawn. The townships are still authorized to vote school money, and they are even required to do so in case the money derived from the State is not sufficient to maintain free schools nine months, but the amount to be voted will not be, as heretofore, the principal fund upon which the schools are to depend for their support. The principal support will come from the State, and if any sum is needed to be voted by the townships it will be small, and will not meet with that opposition that it has heretofore.

A State school tax is preferable to a local school tax also, because it is more equal and uniform. In the case of a local tax the individual with property is taxed for the benefit of the one without property; but to raise the same amount per child, one section, as for instance a township or a county with but little wealth, might be taxed from two to four times as

heavily as another section more favored with this world's goods. The practical result of this system of local taxation is, that the poorer the section the heavier will be the tax; whereas, just the opposite should be the case if any difference is made. This inequality of taxation is now removed by our State tax. Or, in other words, the very principle which underlies our whole system of public instruction, namely, that property is to be taxed for the support of schools, is made general and uniform throughout the State.

The two mill tax gives \$4.25 per child, and the \$100,000 State appropriation, which is continued, will give 29 cents per child, making a total of \$4.64 per child coming from the State. That is an important provision which gives to each and every district at least \$350. Some of our districts are necessarily weak, and by apportioning to them per capita they could not support free schools.

The provision which places all the school moneys belonging to fractional districts in the hands of the collector of that township in which the school house is situated, deserves special notice. Fractional districts are those which are situated in two or more adjoining townships or counties. At least one-fourth of the districts of the State are fractional, being situated in from two to four townships and often in two counties. Under the law of 1867 each fraction was dealt with almost as though it were an entire district. The teacher kept a separate record of attendance for each fraction; in August, the district clerk was obliged to take a separate census for each part and make separate reports of the same to the county superintendent, and through him to the State superintendent; and in the State report a fragmentary report was made for each fraction. All moneys belonging to such districts were apportioned to the parts separately, and placed in the hands of the several collectors. The trustees of these districts were obliged to go to these several collectors for the money due the district, and to keep separate accounts with each.

Now but one record is kept, but one census is taken, but one report is rendered, and but one apportionment is made. The trustees go to but one collector for all the money due the district, but one financial account is kept, and all the trouble and confusion heretofore arising out of the management of such districts are now avoided. Every fractional district is treated precisely as though it were entire.

That the county superintendents are authorized to administer oaths or affirmations to district clerks will be a matter of great convenience to district clerks.

The moneys coming from the State will all be apportioned in January, and every district clerk will be informed of the amount of money his district will receive about one year before such funds will be available. This will enable him to secure such supplemental amount as will be necessary to keep his school open the required length of time (nine months) either by district tax or by township tax at the spring meeting.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHURCH CHOIRS.

WE DO not profess to be a musical critic, nor to know much about music as an art. Probably our taste and judgment in this respect is about the common average—not above it. Consequently we shall take it for granted that we do not differ from our fellows in general upon this subject. We shall confine our remarks to sacred music and church choirs.

What is a church choir, and what its object?

The general impression has heretofore prevailed, and is still struggling to maintain itself, that a church choir is a company of persons of more than average ability and culture in vocal music, associated together for the purpose of leading others in the songs of the sanctuary.

We say this opinion in regard to choirs “is struggling to maintain itself,” because at present the facts are opposed to such a belief. The disposition of choirs to exhibit whatever degree of proficiency they may have attained in the latest opera air, or other difficult combinations of the art, is so common in most city churches that even mere mention seems uncalled for. Any one unfamiliar with the frequently recurring act of a woman in an agonizing struggle to reach a pitch, or render a performance similar to the last public exhibition of some singer who has great talent and compass of voice, would feel like asking if anything could be done to relieve the object of his solicitude. And yet every one knows that a most ordinary occurrence in our churches is this very thing. It seems to us absurd for ordinary singers in church choirs to attempt to imitate the glorious and thrilling symphonies of the great masters of music, whose whole souls thrilled and vibrated with the power of grand conceptions that they gave off as naturally and perfectly as the ocean does its eternal ever-changing song, as it would be for ordinary preachers to try to imitate Spurgeon, or Chapin, or Gough, or Beecher, or Curtis.

There are no general principles in the oratory of these men that can be studied, other than are found in any speaker. Who will undertake to imitate the majestic utterances of Webster? In what school of oratory did he study? Who taught Beethoven and Handel? They were untaught of schools, in that wherein they surpassed others. Their superiority is in endowment, not acquirement. They are originals, and each unlike the other. The thought that these men could imitate is absurd. They created. They could not imitate even themselves. The song and eloquence of these masters were nature's utterances of divine ideas.

Any minister or speaker who should attempt to imitate the orators whose names have been mentioned, would subject himself to ridicule.

But we suggest that it is no more ridiculous in one case than the other. The eloquence of music moves and thrills us as does the eloquence of oratory. One is spoken—the other is sung. Both are expressions by the living voice. As has been said, there are mechanical principles which govern, and are attainable by all alike ; but great power lies beyond such attainments, and in proportion as the mind—the soul—surpasses mere mechanical execution, this power is felt by others.

None can object to the study of great masters, or to public exhibitions of progress and skill, if the public are notified of the performance. But for a choir to enter a sanctuary and, regardless of place or occasion, force upon the unwilling ears and quick sympathies of a church audience, their agonizing efforts to imitate some opera air or recent singer of high culture and wide compass of voice, is, to say the least, very inconsiderate to those who are *obliged* to listen. It can be safely asserted that nine-tenths of almost any church audience will enjoy and approve of only such songs as tend to praise and devotion, and with which they are more or less familiar, or may easily become so. They regard the choir as they do the instrument, as accessories, simply, not as the church ; consequently any music which does not assist the preacher in the objects of the service, is inappropriate. Go to Boston, or Brooklyn, or to some churches in this city, and listen to the grand volume of song that rises as one voice from a great congregation, *led* by an efficient choir. The *congregation* is singing, and the choir is leading them. Then visit the church where only the quartette is heard. Not a voice from all the house ; if there is, it sounds like a discord. There is no volume, no worship, though there may be fine execution—no soul, though much art—nothing to move to gratitude and devotion. “The music was very fine to-day ; Miss Strainherself executed those high notes admirably,” say the people.

Give us the choirs to lead the assembled multitude in the grand old words and hymns that came by the heavenly inspirations of mighty men, whose experiences were as ours—songs that are not the cold productions of art, but the expressions of living thoughts and emotions, and daily experiences of life, songs sacred by association and sentiment. Every one is familiar with the effect of Parepa’s rendering of “Home, Sweet Home.” There is nothing like it of all her performances. It often creates the wildest enthusiasm. And why, but because the song and sentiment can be understood by every one. Her highest executions of art are not, and cannot be appreciated by more than the very few of superior culture.

The orator may rise to the most sublime heights of eloquence, but unless his theme and language be understood by his hearers, he cannot move them ; and what is true in oratory is also true in song.

Paul Blount, speaking of church choirs, says :

“The organ is the principal thing in a church you know, because no church can be organized without one. It follows that the organist is the

principal person, and "parson" is only a corruption of that word. Let the organist magnify his office.

"When the hymn is announced, let him play over the whole tune, but in such high style of art that no one in the congregation can tell what tune is going to be sung. It will keep them awake and set them all to guessing.

"But with all their guessing, be sure that when the singing commences each person will discover that he made a wrong guess. Will not that teach the people humility? Whatever the tune may be, let it be one that the congregation does not know. Let it be a new and hard tune. For what do people assemble, but to hear the choir? "Congregational singing" is the hobby of untaught clergymen. Teach them better.

"Make the interludes long and highly artistic, abundantly filled with "grace" notes. If the singers have done their duty, and the tune be the right thing, they will be so tired as to need a long rest. This will also serve to keep the congregation standing, and make them glad to kneel down. Anything to make people glad to pray! If the organist do not make the interlude at least twice as long as the tune, he will be considered lazy or unskilled. Do not let the interlude be at all like the tune, nor anybody be able to tell where the interlude leaves off and the tune begins. This will keep all the singers wide awake.

"If the minister has preached a solemn sermon, put up some soloist, after the sermon, who shall screech a very fast composition, with an up-and-down movement. It will relieve the tense nerves of the overwrought people. It will arouse their sympathies, and make them feel that it was a shame that some one didn't help that woman.

"Remember that all must be done for the glory of the choir. It is absurd to work in with the prayers and sermon for harmonious religious effect. If the minister does not work in the prayers and singing, so much the worse for the minister.

"During prayers, be whispering and turning over scores and note-books and consulting. No one of the saints will notice you, for they will be hard at prayer. If any of the congregation do not particularly desire to be praying, it will help to entertain them. Keep things brisk and draw much attention to the choir. The church was built and the congregation gathered for the choir. Mind that; it is a fundamental principle.

"As soon as the sermon begins, go out of the church. If it is pleasant weather, you can have a smoke and get back in time for the next musical performance. You do not come to church to worship; you are paid so much for singing or playing, not for hearing sermons; or, if you are gratuitous, you have laid the congregation already under enough obligations by your professional services.

"Never let it be settled among the singers who is chief. Let each make himself and herself the most important. Is it not enough to keep

harmony in the singing? Why should the singers be harmonious? It is not regular and fashionable to have peace in a choir. The singers owe it to themselves to have strife about something or nothing. Let everything be done through strife and vain-glory. It will give the pastor some concern, and develop his skill in managing.

“Of course they never do this in heaven; but then you are not in heaven—yet.”

THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.

OUR readers will probably be glad to have the following brief sketch of the men who composed the Joint High Commission, whose report upon the questions at issue between the United States and Great Britain has just been presented to the Senate. There is probably at this time greater interest felt than at any previous time. We refrain from the expression of any opinion in the matter, as the Senate has not at this writing made public their action in regard to the report:

The English commissioners were five in number: the Earl de Grey and Ripon, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John A. McDonald, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Montague Bernard.

George Frederick Samuel Robinson, Earl of Grey and Ripon, was born in 1827, succeeding his father as the second Earl of Ripon, and his uncles as the second Earl de Grey. He entered Parliament as a member of the House of Commons in 1853, and the House of Lords in 1859. He is Grand Master of Masons in England. In June, 1859, he was appointed Under Secretary of War, and served as Under Secretary of State for India from January to August, 1861. He was Secretary of War from 1853 to 1866, and in 1868 he was made Lord President of the Council.

Sir Edward Thornton is the successor of Sir Frederick Bruce, British Minister at Washington, and is generally known to the American public. His ability as a diplomatist is recognized, and in that capacity he has represented England in Italy, Brazil, Mexico and some of the South American republics. Since his appearance at Washington, the impression prevails that he is anxious for a peaceable settlement of our difficulties, and believes it will be accomplished.

Sir John A. McDonald is the present Premier of the Dominion of Canada, and represents the Provinces in the Commission. He is fifty-six years of age, a Scotchman by birth but a Canadian by residence and education. His views on the fishing question are positive and clear, from his thorough understanding of the subject.

Sir Stafford Henry Northcote is a Londoner, an eminent graduate of Baliol college, Oxford, and is now fifty-three. He was a Secretary of

the International Industrial Exhibition in 1851, a conservative member of Parliament in 1855, private secretary to Mr. Gladstone while President of the Board of Trade; and, upon Mr. Gladstone's retirement, became its president. He has also been Secretary of State for India.

Mr. Montague Bernard is the Professor of International Law in the University of Oxford, and of course must be a man of ability to occupy that chair. He is author of a work upon the question of English neutrality (?) during our war, and holds that England is justified in the course she pursued, and thinks our country has no right to complain.

Our representatives are Hon. Hamilton Fish, Hon. Robert C. Schenck, Justice Samuel Nelson, Hon. E. R. Hoar, and Hon. G. H. Williams.

Mr. Fish, our present Secretary of State, is a native of New York city, is sixty-five years old, a graduate of Columbia college, N. Y., and a lawyer by profession. He has represented his State in the Legislature, the country in Congress, and afterwards was made Governor of New York. He was United States Senator from 1851 to 1857, and is the successor of Mr. Washburne as Secretary of State.

General Schenck is also a lawyer, and has occupied a prominent place in politics for years. He was born in Ohio in 1809, has represented that State in the Legislature for several terms, and been member of Congress eight years. In 1851 he was appointed Minister to Brazil. In 1862 he was again elected to Congress, and was there a second term of eight years. He is now Minister to England, having recently succeeded Mr. Motley.

Samuel Nelson is one of the justices of the United States Supreme Court. He was distinguished in his profession as a lawyer. He became Judge of the Circuit Court of New York in 1823, and afterwards of the State Supreme Court, and during the year 1837 sat as Chief Justice. He filled that place until appointed by President Tyler, in 1845, to the position he now holds.

Attorney General Hoar was born in Massachusetts in 1816, is a graduate of Harvard college, and a lawyer. For ten years, from 1859, he has held the position of a justice of the State Supreme Court of Massachusetts, when he was made Attorney General by the present administration. Mr. Hoar was early a strong anti-slavery advocate, and has a high reputation as an able lawyer.

Mr. Williams, like all his American colleagues, is a lawyer by profession. He is a native of New York, but removed to Iowa in 1844, and in 1847 was appointed a judge. He was soon after Chief Justice of the Territory of Oregon, under President Pierce. He is a Republican, and served in the Senate as such one term, from 1864.

We want agents in several departments of our business. We do not employ cheap men. Read the advertising pages carefully.

JUNE is really the month the poets dream May to be. Nature is now a pretty maiden of seventeen ; she may show maturer charms later, but she can never again be so gaily, so freshly beautiful. "The leafy month of June," when the flowers are in their greatest profusion and richest hue. This is the month of roses, and their beauty and fragrance call to mind the poetic creations of the past, Herrick's Sappho, and how the roses were always white until they tried to rival her fair complexion, and blushing for shame because they were vanquished, have ever since remained red. Shakspeare's Juliet, musing as she leaned over the balcony by the moonlight, and thinking that "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—Chaucer's Emilie, pacing the garden in the early morning with hair blown backward "while she gathers the roses," carefully "thrusting among the thorns her little hand." Milton's Eve in Eden, half veiled in fragrance, "so thick the blushing roses round her blow." This is the month for lovers—the morning walk, the evening talks among the fragrant bowers—if we were to make love when we chose, or win a lady as we pleased, it should be in June, and among the roses.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

MR. W. A. SANFORD is our general agent for all matters relating to subscriptions, and for establishing agencies and employing agents.

Among the new and interesting features of the next number will be the publication of the first of a series of articles upon different subjects, by one of the greatest scholars of his time, a Jerseyman, whose fame was bounded by no single state or country.

Our subscribers who have not paid for the current year, will find their bills in this number. Please remit promptly, remembering it is the amount of *your* bill we want. By-the-way, send along your neighbor's subscription with it, if you please; and, by-the-way, we will send you, by return mail, a beautiful *steel plate* engraving worth one dollar, with receipts for the money.

Again we say to our subscribers, never write to the publisher about irregularities in receipt of the Magazine, until you have made careful inquiry at the post office of your own town. In nine cases out of ten, the remedy is there. If not, write to us immediately, but *govern your temper*.

At the earnest solicitation of many of our readers, we have prevailed upon Judge Reed to re-commence his articles upon the Laws and Customs of Business. They will be continued for a year at least, and if carefully preserved will make an invaluable reference book for every one who is so fortunate as to possess them. There are few men possessing Judge Reed's faculty of popularizing subjects which all consider important, but too dry and technical to be interesting. From his pen they are sought for by all readers, and there is no person but will find them full of interest and of great practical value.

The steel engraving promised last month for this number is delayed beyond the time when it could be used. It was promised us positively, but we assure our readers that it is no fault of Mr. Sartain's that it was not finished in time, but an unfortunate combination of circumstances which he could not control. Instead of closing Volume III, it will open Volume IV, and we hope and believe this will please all.

In place of it we give a wood engraved portrait of John Bright, as he was in the prime of manhood. The sketch of his life, and especially his eloquent words for this country, will, we believe, prove of unusual interest to our readers. The "masses" of England have always been the friends of this country, and we may thank John Bright for much of the kindly feeling they entertain for us.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

“Dudley,” at No. 16 State street, is selling everything in the stationery and wall paper line at very low figures. Call and get his prices.

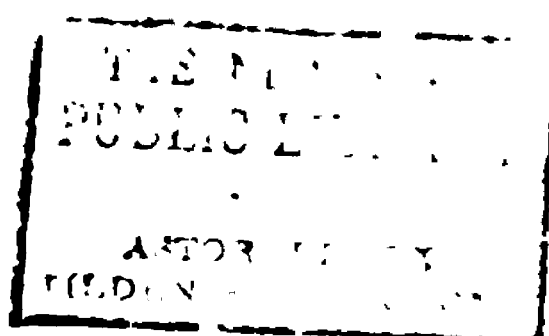
Mr. P. Schwartz, from New York, heretofore well known to many people of this vicinity, has just opened a store at No. 40 Greene street, in this city, and with a new stock of goods is selling at the good old prices of long, long ago. He can do it without loss, for his stock is all new.

On the last advertising page will be found the advertisement of Alpheus Swayze, Esq. It is of special importance to all having any funds to invest in good securities, and to such as may wish to buy or sell real estate. Mr. Swayze is well known throughout the State, and it is only needful for us to direct attention to his advertisement, which is clear and explicit.

Our readers who are within reach of Philadelphia will certainly find it to their interest to call upon our friend, Mr. Averill Barlow, at his furniture ware-rooms, 45 South Second street. Everyone knows that in upholstered goods there is more opportunity for fraud than in almost any other merchandise, hence the necessity of buying only of men known to be reliable. Mr. Barlow has one of the finest establishments in the city, manufactures his own furniture, sells very low, is one of the very pleasantest men we know, and, more important than all, is strictly honest and truthful in dealing with customers. Call and see him.

Baily & Son's advertisement will be found on the last page of the cover. In fire insurance, one of the companies they represent is the “Royal Fire Insurance Company,” of Liverpool. This is second to no other in the country. Their specialty in life insurance is the “Provident,” of Philadelphia, a “Quaker” company, and universally acknowledged to be perfectly safe, and most careful and economical in its management. These gentlemen have one of the finest ground floor offices in the city. Drop in as you pass the corner of State and Greene.

In these days of burglars there is a great demand arising from a real necessity for some simple and cheap but safe burglar alarm. This demand is met by the invention of J. H. Thorp. The device is a simple alarm, like the bell of a clock, to be attached to any door or window in all parts of a house, so as to give an instant and loud alarm upon the slightest disturbance of anything with which it is connected. It is both a burglar and fire alarm, and the price is but \$2.00 each. John O. Raum, our well known and esteemed citizen, and Wm. P. Brewer, Esq., are the owners for New Jersey, for the sale of township and county rights. Already those who have secured sections are doing well, and the remaining territory offers a fine opportunity for enterprising men to secure a paying business. Full particulars may be found on the third page of cover.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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BEECHER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated,

Pure, Progressive, Practical, Popular.



VOL. IV.

JULY, 1871.

No. 19.

MISS EMILY SARTAIN.

THE APRIL number of this Magazine was embellished by a portrait of Ex-Governor Olden, of this State, engraved on steel by the talented artist whose name stands at the head of the present article. The plate was not only an excellent one, considered as a likeness, but was greatly admired by competent and critical judges as a work of art; and when it was seen by the inscription that this masterly production was from feminine fingers, the interest attached to it was naturally increased. Not that any good reason exists why as much should not be expected in the art line from the fairer sex as from men, only that they attempt the practice less frequently, and more especially the difficult art of engraving on steel.

The present age is characterized by its wide departure from the methods of our fathers in almost everything, and this change is strikingly apparent in the way we now have come to regard the efforts of women to emancipate themselves from their ancient thralldom, by entering upon branches of industry previously shut to them, as it were. Many of these were especially and peculiarly appropriate to them, from their superior patience and delicacy of perception; and yet the stronger sex monopolized them, and ungenerously resisted as encroachments on their supposed prerogative, any female attempts to pass the boundary. At first the ground was disputed inch by inch, but at length the barriers have mostly disappeared, much to the future elevation of woman and the world's profit.

The various paths in the region of art have, however, been occasionally trodden in all ages by female votaries, and the works of many of them rank high in the estimation of connoisseurs. Prominent among the fine works in Italian galleries are pictures by Elizabeth Sirani, the Bolognese, whose mysterious and sudden death at the early age of twenty-six was not without the suspicion of having been the result of poison; Artemesia Lomi, the Roman, commonly called Gentileschi, whose powerful painting in the Florentine Gallery, of Judith slaying Holofernes, can never be forgotten by any one who sees it; Beatrice Siries, the Florentine, whose

works adorn the walls of palaces in France, as well as Italy, and whose personal appearance is known by her portrait in the celebrated collection in Florence. In times nearer our own, Angelica Kaufman flourished in England, and was extremely popular. Two of her works are in the collection belonging to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, at Philadelphia, one of which is her own portrait. But in the art of engraving on metal, the name of Caroline Watson is worthy of all honor. She engraved portraits in the manner called stipple, on copper, and in an admirable and elaborate style. Among her works is a portrait of our American artist, Benjamin West, from a portrait painted in London by another eminent American, Gilbert Stuart. She was born in London, in 1760, but the date of her death appears not to have been recorded.

Of the sister art of engraving on wood, it is not now within our province to speak, further than to allude briefly to the beautiful and accomplished Italian girl, Isabella Cunio, daughter of Count Alberico Cunio, Chief Magistrate of Imola, near Ravenna, who at the early age of sixteen, designed and engraved on wood a portion of the series of eight illustrations of the "heroic actions of Alexander, King of Macedon." The rest of the set were the work of her twin brother, the Cavaliere Alessandro Alberico Cunio. These are the earliest productions of the kind of which we have any record. The brother and sister had the most tender affection for each other, and after the former was killed in battle, which happened before he was yet nineteen years old, Isabella languished and died ere she had completed her twentieth year.

The discovery of the art of printing upon paper from engraved metal plates, is one of far greater importance than is usually thought. It is the invention of Tommaso Finiguerra, a Florentine goldsmith and engraver, and was achieved not later than the year 1440, although but little practiced for publication till twenty years later, when it is probable the plate printing press came into use. He resided on the Ponte Vecchio (old bridge) over the river Arno, sometimes called the Jewellers' Bridge, from the circumstance that *all* the shops or stores which line the roadway on either side, were, and are still, occupied by jewellers only. The jeweller's art, as practiced in those days was essentially, and belonged, to what are termed the *Fine Arts*, and Raffaello, the prince of painters, was a member of their society. It was a part of Finiguerra's business to engrave and ornament silver paxes for the churches, and they were wrought in a style called *niello*, which is the name, a black metallic compound that melts at a lower temperature than silver, and with which therefore the engraved lines of the silver plate could be filled by means of heat, without injury to the plate.*

* Niello was composed of silver, copper, lead, sulphur and borax. It was pulverized, and then laid on the engraved silver plate, and heat applied from below till it melted and flowed into the lines.

The superfluous niello was removed by scrapers, files and pumice stone, and when the whole was polished the work was finished.

The invention of plate printing arose out of the natural desire felt by the engraver to retain for himself an exact copy of his work, and also to test the perfection of his labors before filling it with niello. At first, Finiguerra made reproductions by means of melted sulphur, having previously filled the lines with soot mixed with oil or size. This suggested to his mind the next step—the possibility of pressing damp paper into the engraved lines by means of a roller, the lines having been first filled with a tenacious black ink. The experiment succeeded, and from this small beginning sprang a great and ever-enlarging business, the vast proportions of which, in the course of four centuries, has exceeded all possible computation, and is only equalled (as it will no doubt be surpassed) by the comparatively new art of heliography.

It is not then that the art of engraving is an invention of the fifteenth century, but only the application of it to a new object—that of multiplying impressions from it upon paper, in the production of pictures in black and white, resembling a pen and ink drawing, and thus forming the art which we understand by the term “chalcography.” There can be no question as to engraving having been practiced in very remote ages, but used only for purposes of ornamentation and inscription. Dagger sheaths, patera, and other objects have come down to us thus adorned; besides that, since the Egyptians of the earliest periods executed such delicate cutting in their encorial and hieroglyphic inscriptions on so obstinate a material as granite, it is fair to infer that they did the like on metal. In the book of Exodus, chapter xxviii, verse 36, we read that the Lord commanded Moses, saying, “And thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and *grave* upon it like the *engraving* of a signet, Holiness to the Lord,” which sounds as if it was an art quite familiarly known at that time. Doubtless the great father of all the workers in metal, Tubal Cain, practiced and taught it.

The great importance of Gutenberg's discovery of the art of printing from raised type, as used in reproducing written manuscript, multiplying books, and the general diffusion of information, cannot, of course, be over-estimated. But has not this overshadowed unduly that other printing art, which, by reproducing and multiplying impressions from engraved plates, has made the inhabitants of each country acquainted with the noble and beautiful productions of skill and genius that exist in all others, as well as in their own; has diffused a knowledge of the grand and instructive examples of painting, sculpture and architecture, informs us not only of the face and expression of distinguished men and women, but also of the leading features of the landscape scenery of all countries in the world. All these objects, now so familiar to the untraveled student, but for this art of multiplication of prints, could have been studied only by the few, and then at the expense of long and toilsome journeys through

remote countries, consuming far too much of life in mere preparation. If true now, that "Art is long and time is fleeting," how much more emphatically true then.

It forms an interesting and curious retrospect to take a general survey over the past four centuries of this art, from our lofty standpoint in the present, seeing how, from the first labored production, new methods arose from time to time, modifying, though not superseding, the old. New combinations, new capabilities developed, before thought impracticable, new inventions, new materials. The necessities growing out of increasing demands and larger editions required the use of steel plates (introduced a little more than half a century ago) which have now almost wholly taken the place of copper. The invention of lithography, its first rude beginnings; then, litho-tint and other varieties; now, chromo-lithography; lastly, the almost miraculously instantaneous sun picture, which snatches a minute delineation of the restless ocean wave, and the flying spray as it bounds upward from the opposing rock on which it breaks. Who can predict what next?

The branch of engraving so successfully practiced by the accomplished lady whose portrait graces our present number, is termed mezzo-tinto, although along with the work properly so called, is mingled a large proportion of line and stipple engraving. The style is more used in England than any other, for works exceeding in size those used in books. In Italy it is scarcely ever practiced; there the use of line engraving prevails almost entirely. In Germany and France it holds a medium position between the two extremes. The style derives its name from the circumstance that the subjects treated by this method in the earliest period after its invention, were only such as admitted of a large amount of middle-tint, or half-tone, in the distribution of the masses of light and dark, it being then believed that no others were adapted to the style. The process is of the utmost simplicity, and as the best general idea of it may be obtained from the anecdote related of what is said to have suggested the invention, it may be well to repeat the story, without scrutinizing too closely its reliability.

Prince Rupert, to whom its origin is popularly attributed, is said to have taken the idea from observing a soldier in his camp engaged in polishing a rusty sword. The rust had been, on some parts of the blade, entirely ground out, on others it remained with all its original roughness, while in some parts the cleaning was but half done. This suggested to his mind that a new mode of engraving might result, if some means were used to roughen all over a metal plate, so that it would take secure hold of plate printers' ink when applied to it, then to remove this roughness in parts, by grinding, scraping, or burnishing wherever the lights or middle tints of a picture require it. Thus when wiped over in the way practiced by plate printers, the ink would come away just in proportion

to the degree of smoothness the plate had received in such parts. Where the plate had been polished bright, the printer's ink would wipe clean away, and the damp paper pressed on to it would come away unstained, forming the high lights of the picture ; where the roughened surface was left entirely unscraped, there it would print a positive black ; and where the roughness was but half removed, there it would print the middle tints. Such was the theory framed. The result of the experiment proved it to have been well founded, and *mezzo-tinto*, a compound Italian term, signifying middle tint, took a permanent and respected position among the arts. Thus much for the probable fable, which really furnishes a good idea of the process.

The invention is attributed, with a good show of reason, to Ludwig von Siegen, an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse. There is a print by him extant, in this style, a portrait of Amelia Elizabetha, Princess of Hesse, dated 1643.

The mechanical skill to be acquired before successful work is produced in this branch of engraving, is infinitely less than in the line, or even in the stipple style ; but, on the other hand, it calls for more of that artistic ability and self-reliance which results from mastery in drawing, and enables the engraver to proceed in a painter-like manner. For a rapid and spirited scraping of a mezzo-tinto plate, a thorough draftsman is needed. One reason of this is, that the artist in this line is deprived of many of those aids and appliances which are at the command of the line or stipple engraver for mapping out and locating his high lights, and for placing exactly, and tracing around the forms, which belong in the broad masses of light. Hence he must operate with the surer intelligence, and free, confident manner, which naturally belong to a painter. Therefore, the best education is to first learn to paint in oil colors, which of course includes a knowledge of drawing.

Such was the course of study pursued by the subject of our present notice, and which doubtless contributed, not only to the striking excellence of her productions, but also to the facility and rapidity which is a marked characteristic of her execution. She has been an earnest and laborious student in the Art School of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts at Philadelphia from the time that Mr. Christian Schussele received the appointment of Professor in that institution ; an instructor unequalled in his faculty of imparting knowledge of an art of which he is one of the brightest ornaments. Under the intelligent and judicious guidance of the Professor, she labored diligently in drawing from the casts of antique statuary, of which the Academy provides the student with such an ample collection, and also in painting in oil colors from the living models furnished in the same school. The lectures on artistic anatomy, which form part of the art course of instruction, had also its share in the advancement of the pupil. With this thorough ground-

work she was well prepared to profit by the instruction and many years' experience of her father, the veteran artist, John Sartain, in the art of engraving.

In addition to the advantages enumerated, possessed by Miss Sartain in common with the rest of the pupils, male and female, in the Pennsylvania Academy, must not be forgotten the important one of more than a year's observation of the finest examples of art in Europe. Making two visits to the Old World, travelling through Italy, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and Great Britain, and studying on the way, with interest and care, the many collections of pictures, from Naples in the extreme south to Edinburgh in the north, could not but result in greatly maturing the judgment, and elevating the taste and aspirations of one so observant, and so eager after improvement, and ever ready to transmute opportunity into the gold of realization. She appears to be endowed with a remarkable natural aptitude, for the usual school training which preceded her art studies, was gone through with the same quiet determination, and rapid, as well as solid achievement, that has distinguished her in after pursuits. The testimony borne by all her instructors—French, German, Italian,—is of her calm persistency and swift mastery of whatever she applied herself to. Professor Bishop is extravagant in his praises of the way in which she mastered the difficulties of musical science under his instruction ; not of the practice—she had no time for that—but of the principles. We may add that her acquirements in the regions of literature are, at least, equal to her Art knowledge and experience and are not confined to the boundaries of her native language.

But our business is not to write a panegyric, neither is it to furnish a biography, and, for the latter reason, we are not called upon to be over inquisitive touching that most tender and delicate point—a lady's age. Suffice it to say, that the portrait we present is a good likeness, and just now done, and so, gentle reader, you can freely share with us the inestimable American privilege of—guessing. With this luminous item of information we will close our rambling article on a lady, whom, it is safe to assert, is an ornament to the profession she has chosen.

MR. SPURGEON says: "It is a remarkable fact that ministers of the Gospel are not able to live on much less than other people. They cannot make a shilling go so far as other people can make a sovereign. Some of them try very hard, but they do not succeed. A member once said to a minister, who wanted a little more salary as his family increased: "I did not know that you preached for money." "No, I don't," said the minister. "I thought you preached for souls." "So I do; but I could not live on souls—and if I could, it would take a good many the size of yours to make a meal."

CHILDHOOD.

IT WAS a little joyous child
Came dancing o'er my path,
Her laughter graver thoughts beguiled—
Such boon sweet childhood hath.
Oh who can mark their joyance bright,
Nor feel the saddened heart more light.

Yes, weary were this world of ours
Without your winsome ways—
Songs gladdening summer's rosy bowers,
Smiles brightening wintry days
And well your reckless faith and love
Our fruitless carefulness reprove.

Sweet child! I bless'd thee in my heart
With earnest prayer above
To him whose little one thou art,
To glad thee with his love.
Such gladness as thy heart may keep,
When thou hast learn'd our tears to weep.

—Selected.

A LEGEND OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY WILLIAM SNELLING.

IF THERE is any merit in a story being told by a person who is perfectly familiar with the scenes which it relates, this legendary tale of the Highlands of the Neversink has that merit, if no other.

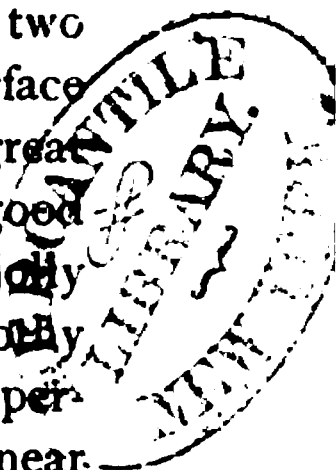
At the period which our narrative describes, Monmouth county, New Jersey, was very sparsely settled by a somewhat lawless race of hunters and fishermen, who moved about from place to place in pursuit of their unstable occupations, having no desire or intention of cultivating the soil. The only settlement in the county was a half-dozen houses nestling in a beautiful valley among the hills, not far from Raritan Bay, dignified with the name of Middletown; now somewhat famous as the rendezvous of the shattered army of the British after their defeat at Monmouth, and as the scene of the celebrated Middletown Peace Meeting, in 1861. At the time of which we write, however, the red man still pursued the wild deer along Neversink Heights, and the bear and the wolf prowled their pine-clad fastnesses.

On one of the wildest and most romantic spots in the Highlands, within the sound of the deep roar of the Atlantic surf, and the ever murmuring music of the Bay shore, stood a rude log cabin, occupied by a gigantic and strange old negro, named Cudjo. Among the hardy but superstitious fishermen who frequented the waters near Sandy Hook during the summer, from Amboy and other parts, Cudjo had an exceedingly questionable reputation. The belief was current among them that he was formerly one of Captain Kidd's pirate crew, and that he was stationed in that wild and lonely place to keep guard over buried treasure hidden somewhere among the hills, or, as was more generally believed, concealed beneath the earth floor of his cabin. When the smoke has been descried curling above the pine tops as it rose from his cabin, and he was seen by the fishermen from the bosom of the bay, moving about in the vicinity of his shunned abode; often have these fishermen relieved the tedium of their occupation by recounting the deeds of blood and cruelty of which Cudjo was popularly supposed to have been guilty, and to speak of the fabulous treasure that he and the evil one kept watch over. It is not strange that among these wild and uncouth spirits there were some whose greed for gold was profoundly aroused, and their minds set all aflame with visions of the grandeur and magnificence which this hidden wealth would enable the possessor to enjoy.

It was observed after a time that the smoke no longer ascended from the hut of Cudjo, nor was he any more to be seen moving among the hills. Various and amusing were the conjectures indulged in by the

fishermen as to what had become of him. Some surmised that he had starved in his hut; others mysteriously wagged their heads and hinted that he was Old Nick himself, and had merely departed for a time to attend to important business *below*; others stoutly asserted that one of Captain Kidd's ships had been after him and that he had left that region taking all the buried treasure away with him, and one had the actual hardihood to declare that he had seen a long, black, piratical craft hovering off the coast during a terrific storm, and had plainly discerned upon her decks villianous looking fellows in red caps, making signals to some person on the heights of the Neversink. But conjecture gave place to certainty and all were proven to have been at fault, when a few of the braver of the fishermen, their courage stimulated by frequent and copious potations of brandy, paid a visit in a body to the apparently deserted hut. The first object that greeted their eyes on entering the open door of the cabin, was one which caused them to recoil with amazement and horror. Stretched dead upon the floor, his head all mashed, with the brains protruding through the broken fragments of his skull, lay the huge body of poor Cudjo. It was significant that the whole interior of the hut had been turned up with a spade, apparently with a view of discovering something which had been buried there. Nothing more was discovered by which a clue to the murderer could be obtained. The remains of Cudjo were consigned to the earth near his cabin, and the pine tops sighed his mournful requiem.

About two months after the burial of Cudjo a boat containing two fishermen might have been seen moving rapidly across the smooth surface of Raritan Bay. Tom Darewood, the elder of the two men, was a great fearless fellow, whose only ambition and aim in life was to make a good catch of fish, sell them to advantage, and get what he termed "jolly drunk" on the proceeds. The other man, whose name was Timothy Little, was a slight, well-made man, rather intelligent, and yet superstitious and timid. These men were bound for the fishing grounds near Sandy Hook. Arriving there they pursued their avocation with but indifferent success until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when they began to observe and comment upon the threatening aspect of the weather. Masses of clouds were rapidly spreading over the horizon from the west, and other signs, portentous of a severe storm, were not wanting. The deep reverberations of distant thunder came rolling across the smooth water, and occasional flashes of lightning lit up the dark recesses of the approaching tempest. After a hasty consultation, the fishermen deeming it unsafe to cross the bay in the face of such a storm, concluded to put in for the shore at the Highlands, and to stay there until the fury of the tempest abated. By this time there began to flit across and ruffle the surface of the water those premonitory, sportive little gusts and whirlwinds that always fly in the advance of great and sudden tempests, like



skipping, playful couriers, come to tell of the approach of their king. The water, as if in sympathy with the news they brought, began to roll in long, dark undulations, the sea-fowl flew screaming for the land, and the fishermen hastened to depart for the same stable refuge. They had not made far towards the shore however, when the storm came tearing along the face of the deep, carrying a cloud of spray in its teeth, and leaving an angry turmoil of wild and tossing waves, where a peaceful and glassy surface had a short time before reflected the broad summer sun. The progress of the fishermen amidst the raging waters, was slow, difficult and dangerous, and for a time it seemed as though their small but stanch boat would be overturned by the furious onset of the storm. But when its first fury had spent itself they were able to proceed with a little more ease and rapidity. As they were thus toiling along, buffeting the waves, Darewood rowing, and Little steering, and baling out the water which continually dashed over the sides of their boat, the latter called Darewood's attention to some object floating upon the water some distance ahead, alternately appearing and disappearing as it bobbed up and down by the action of the waves. They were unable to determine what it was by the momentary views they were only enabled to obtain, and the laboring boat requiring all their attention, they bestowed no further thought upon it, supposing that it was nothing more important than a floating log or a dead fish. A few minutes after Little had seen this object, as he was leaning over the side of the boat emptying a basin of water, his horrified eyes encountered the upturned face of a dead man staring him in the countenance. The corpse was lifted upon the crest of a wave as Timothy leaned in that direction, and he was thus brought into very close and disagreeable proximity to the fearful looking object which the ocean was carrying upon its bosom. The body had evidently been in the water for a considerable time, and was a terrible thing to look upon. One of the eyes had disappeared from its socket, while the other stood out with a cold and stony stare; the lips had either decayed or been eaten off, leaving the white teeth gleaming through the ragged flesh; while upon every other part of the body, decay had laid its loathsome touch. Little turned away with involuntary disgust and fear from this abhorrent looking object, but Darewood declared that it would ill become them as toilers on the sea, to leave the dead man floating tombless about the ocean, and insisted on making the corpse fast to the boat and taking it ashore for decent burial. He accordingly attached the body to the stern of the boat by a rope, and thus towed it to the shore, which they reached about nightfall. There still appearing no indications of an abatement of the storm, the two fishermen, after a brief consultation and scanning of the weather signs, agreed, although with evident reluctance on the part of Little, to ascend the Highlands and pass the night beneath the shelter of the deserted hut formerly occupied

by the negro Cudjo. When they reached the cabin they found everything just as it had been left when Cudjo was buried; the loose earth remaining precisely as it had been upheaved, the heavy spade with which it had been done still standing in a corner, and the few articles which constituted Cudjo's household gods still occupying their appropriate places. On the whole the scene was a forlorn and lonely one, ill calculated to inspire cheerful reflections even in the most sturdy breast. The men built a fire upon the hearth, before which Little squatted down, looking with a dejected and half-terrified countenance into the bright embers, conjuring out of their changing forms strange and startling fancies, in keeping with the gloomy cast of his thoughts. Darewood, on the other hand, his stolid mind utterly unimpressed by the situation in which he was placed, pulled from a capacious pocket in his great coat a large bottle of brandy, and prepared to spend the night in his most approved style of philosophic enjoyment. His frequent and copious draughts of this potent liquid obscured what little clearness of intellect he possessed, and while Little was cowering by the fire the other was fast becoming oblivious to all terrestrial concerns.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the storm raged with fearful violence. The variety and terrifying character of the sounds outside the cabin that saluted the keenly sensitive ears of Little, who still sat before the fire with his face buried in his hands, were not at all calculated to dispel the gloomy feelings that kept him so painfully wakeful, and caused the minutes to seem long creeping hours. Darewood was now in a state of drunken insensibility; and this only made Little's situation seem more desolate and lonely. The storm howled and clattered about the miserable hut, shrieked around the corners and among the logs, shook the loose door as though violently seeking an entrance, and ever and anon, as fierce blasts pursued each other over the hill tops, would scream out with appalling suddenness and fury directly over the log cabin and its thoroughly wretched inmate. It seemed as though the foul fiend himself had broken loose and was taking his course across the Highlands with all his hellish crew howling in his train, in pursuit of lost souls whose wails of despair mingled with the roar of the storm. Add to these dismal sounds the sharp breaking of the waves upon the Bay shore, the tremendous roar of the surf bursting upon the Atlantic shore, and the rushing sound of the torrents down the hill side, and my readers have some conception of the character of the night that made Little's coward heart quake.

Suddenly, during one of the momentary lulls, such as always occur in the most violent storms, a new and still more appalling sound greeted the trembling man's ears. *It was the sound of human language uttered in inhuman tones.* The words were distinguishable, but the voices with which they were spoken were unearthly, and conveyed an impression of death and the grave. It struck Little as a chilling blast from the tomb, and he

ceased to breathe, and his heart stood still while he listened ! He would fain have persuaded himself that the sounds he had heard were the fanciful creations of his excited imagination, and so waited, in dread uncertainty, for the next lull in the storm. When it came, even the poor comfort of this doubt was dispelled. The singular voices were now plainly heard, and the two beings, engaged in conversation, were undoubtedly approaching the cabin. Nearer and nearer they come, louder and louder were heard those fearful tones, when suddenly, as a fiercer blast than usual went tearing across the hills, the door of the cabin flew open, and there entered two terrible shapes, gibbering and chattering together, with a familiarity that evidently had its origin in the abodes of the dead. As Little gazed upon these midnight visitors, indescribable horror seized the trembling wretch, and terror froze the very marrow of his bones. In one he recognized the murdered negro, Cudjo, the earth which filled his mouth and ears and grizzled head, dropping to the ground as he stalked in huge strides along, or mumbled forth his half-broken English. The large sheet which had been used for a shroud still clung to his terrible form, and in some places had been forced into the decaying flesh, dark and dank from the noisome contact. Close behind this hideous thing followed a no less awful object ! It was the dead man from the beach, dragging after him the rope with which he was towed ashore. This repulsive and unearthly couple approached the fireside and conversed together in friendly and familiar tones. They sat down on stools which Cudjo produced, and talked and laughed, and drank in horrible mockery of the jovial mirth which characterizes the reunion of long parted friends. The dirt fell crumbling from the mouth of Cudjo as he boisterously talked, and the sounds seemed to come hissing from the tongueless and lipless mouth of the other. After indulging in this infernal confab for a short time—it seemed ages to Little—Cudjo arose and started to walk across to the opposite corner of the room, apparently with a view to replenish the bottle from which they had been drinking. As he did so a startling change came over the drowned man. A fiendish vitality seemed to instantly pervade his repulsive form ; he quickly but stealthily arose, glanced hurriedly around, with his one eye gleaming murderously, snatched up a heavy spade standing near, and stalking quickly after the unsuspecting negro felled him to the earth by a terrific blow over the head. Cudjo fell with a low groan, and the water-fiend, whose one eye now gleamed with an ominous phosphorescent light, beat him over the head again and again with the oruel iron, until the quivering and mangled form of his victim was still in death. The murderer then commenced, with the greatest apparent excitement and eagerness, to dig up the earthy floor of the cabin, as in consummation of some long cherished design. As he threw the earth in his energetic fury, and discovered nothing to reward him for his toil and crimes, his lipless

mouth gave vent to most horrid blasphemies, and his loathsome form became still more frightful with the rage and disappointment that seized him. As he thus upturned the earth like a raging demon, he gradually approached the spot where Little sat; and as he neared him, the hurried breath of the fiend, laden with fearful imprecations, seemed to the terrified fisherman to smell of sulphur, and to be hot and scorching. The proximity of the death shape to poor Little also enabled his fascinating gaze to see more distinctly the disgusting and abhorrent marks that the grave and decay had written upon its features, and the acme of his terror being now reached, he gave a faint but despairing shriek, and fell into a deep swoon.

When he came to his senses the sun was shining brightly through the broken window of the cabin, the rain drops were flashing like sparkling gems on the boughs of the trees, and the birds were cheerily singing their matin hymns. Darewood still lay upon the floor sleeping off the effects of his intoxication, and everything appeared, to the astonished eyes of Little, exactly as when they had entered the cabin the previous evening. Little awoke Darewood from his sleep, and the two went together down to the beach to see if their boat was safe. All was well; and there upon the sand, just as they had drawn him up, lay the corpse of the dead man—the only real object that recalled to Little's shuddering recollection the fearful characters that acted a part in the midnight tragedy. They soon consigned the body to a shallow grave, and then rowed away, leaving the everlasting song of the sea murmuring in his senseless ear.

The murderer of Cudjo was never discovered. Perhaps the two fishermen buried him on the shores of Raritan Bay! Who knows? It would not be the first instance of Divine wrath and justice arresting the steps of the wicked flying from the scene of their crimes.

A merchant who lately died at Ispahan and left a large sum of money, was so niggardly, that for many years he denied himself and son every support, except a crust of bread. One day, however, he was tempted to buy a piece of cheese, but before he got home he reproached himself with extravagance, and instead of eating the cheese, put it into a bottle and contented himself with rubbing the crust on the outside of the bottle. Returning home later than usual one day, he found his son eating and rubbing his crust on the door of the closet where the bottle was kept. "What are you about?" he exclaimed. "It is dinner time father, you have the key, so I could not open the door. I was rubbing my bread against it, because I could not get at the bottle." "Extravagant dog!" cried the father, "*could you not do without cheese one day?*"

JAMES E. EMERSON.

BY J A BEECHER

MR. EMERSON will be fifty years old in less than a year, if he lives; is at this time in perfect health, as the portrait above indicates; has received over thirty different patents for his original inventions; conducted successfully several business enterprises; traveled from the forests of Maine to the Pacific, from thence to the Atlantic shore, across the water and throughout the continent of Europe; never drank whiskey or beer, nor used tobacco in any form; is an independent inventive man, and the owner at present of what promises to be one of the most important inventions of modern times. In short, he is a man who has made his mark in the world, and left enduring monuments to his patient, persistent and successful mechanical labor. Our readers will be glad to know something about him, and more of what he has done.

Born on a farm, brought up to its labor, and that of milling, which so often constitutes a part of farming in Maine, where forests were then, and are now, to be cut down and cut into lumber for market; Mr. Emerson, as a natural consequence of his inventive genius, learned the trade of a

carpenter, after arriving at his majority, and followed it for several years in Bangor. In 1850 he removed to Lewiston, and contracted to put up the first manufacturing building erected in that place, which has since become an important manufacturing city. While here, he established a manufactory of wood-working machinery, and also produced his first invention. It was a single machine for making bobbins, or spools for cotton manufacture, which had heretofore required three machines to produce.

In 1852, he was one of the large number who were drawn to the shores of the Pacific by the glowing reports that came from its golden fields. He had sold his stock and machinery in Lewiston and gone to New York, from which place he intended to go to Chicago and follow his trade there as a carpenter. The ship was to sail for Panama just four hours after Mr. Emerson decided to go to California. After purchasing his ticket to the Isthmus of Panama, he had about three dollars left, but availing himself of the generosity of stranger friends, he landed in San Francisco, January 7th, 1853, making the journey in one month and one day from the time of sailing from New York harbor.

Many will remember this fatal trip of the Cortez, when seventy-two out of the four hundred who sailed from Panama, died on the passage. When four days out, Mr. Emerson and two others were taken with Panama fever. Violent headache and inward fever, accompanied by stupor, were the first prominent symptoms. His two comrades were handed over to the ship doctor, and died in less than twenty-four hours. The doctor kindly offered his services to Mr. Emerson, in the shape of quinine and stimulants (brandy, &c.), which were declined, and when pressed, positively refused. The doctor said, "If you don't take something to throw off that fever, you will die in less than six hours," to which this identical reply was given: "Well, medicine shan't kill me, I don't believe in dying so easily as all that."

Mr. Emerson said, in describing the circumstance: "I then got up; my thirst was intolerable. I knew where the ice was kept; it could not be bought; it was only for the bar. For nearly three hours I hung around the door, until the barkeeper brought a second piece of ice, about eight inches square, and put it in the box. As his back was turned for a moment, I seized the ice and made off with it, he calling after me. It was a case of life and death; I felt it then; I know it now. I was successful in evading him, and safely reached the upper deck, where I laid down under a bench, and with a tin cup, which I frequently filled from the tank, drank freely of ice water, often swallowing pieces of ice. I made a bag from a piece of oiled silk which I had in my trunk; this I filled with ice, and placed it upon my forehead; the piece of ice lasted about twenty-four hours, rolled up, as it was, in a thick blanket. When the ice was gone, my fever had left also. The doctor said I was too contrary to die; but," said Mr. Emerson, "that's how I saved my life that time."

We quote Mr. Emerson's exact words in regard to the use of liquor:

"My father was a strict temperance man. I had been rigidly taught to follow his course, and I now respect his slumbering ashes for that glorious example. Just before going to the ship, I, in company with several old Californians, went into a store 'for a small outfit,' as they called it. Among other things, they said that I must have a little brandy to put in the water on the Isthmus, or it was death to drink it in that hot climate. So I thoughtlessly took a pint bottle of it. My first bottle, too. Near sunset, when the busy shore was lost in the misty distance, I went to arrange my things, and came across this bottle. I took it by the neck, held it up, and looked at the setting sun through its glowing contents. I thought of the example of my father, and also that I had undertaken a perilous voyage; I considered how many had fallen victims to the delusion of using the accursed poison; I drew the cork and opened one of the port-holes, when a sailor said, 'Don't throw that out; give it to me.' 'No, sir,' said I, 'you shall not have it, nor will I use it.' I threw the bottle, with its contents, into the ocean. That is where my first and last bottle of brandy went. I noticed during the passage that the brandy drinkers were the ones that died."

On reaching California, the first thing Mr. Emerson did was to go to work in a saw mill for nothing per day as wages. He wanted to show them what a circular saw could do. In five days he had charge of the mill, at ten dollars per day. He remained nine months in San Francisco. After this he put in operation a mill of his own.

A constant source of expense and annoying delay was the running of the saw upon the spikes in the logs, which made it necessary to file down all the teeth in the saw, at great labor, besides making it smaller each time. This set Mr. Emerson to thinking upon the subject with a view of inventing something better than the old solid tooth circular saw. He one day ran his saw upon a spike and broke some of the teeth. Said he, "If this occurs again, I will invent something better than this, if it takes a month." It was not more than two days before the saw met another spike, which broke out some of the teeth. Mr. Emerson stopped the mill, and it stood idle for a month, at the end of which time he had invented and successfully tested a saw with adjustable teeth, which not only met all the expectations of the inventor, but far exceeded them.

It has been thoroughly demonstrated that circular saws with inserted teeth will do more work, at less expense of power, than solid tooth saws, besides having the advantage originally sought of substituting new teeth in place of broken or injured ones, and requiring no gumming. For several years he prosecuted a large business in establishing his new system of inserting saw teeth. This, like many other great inventions, was the result of an individual necessity pressing upon an inventive mind, which forced out from it this remedy.

After a seven years' residence in California, he returned to Trenton, N. J., and engaged in the manufacture of edged tools. During the war, the firm of which he was a member received large contracts for swords and sabres, and the last, especially, were regarded as the best that were furnished the government.

Just preceding the close of the war, he superintended the erection of the building and machinery of the Mercer Coal and Iron Company, Pennsylvania. He returned to Trenton, after satisfactorily completing these works, and became superintendent of the American Saw Company of this city, organized to manufacture his circular saws. At the Paris Exhibition this Company exhibited the largest saw in the world, manufactured at a cost of two thousand dollars, which measured sixty-eight inches.

A very important invention among the many Mr. Emerson has produced, is that of perforating saws with apertures. It lessens the amount of filing, prevents expansion and contraction of the rim by heat, and the saw becoming fractured below the teeth, which invariably commences at a sharp corner made by the file. The original cost of a large saw is nearly or quite expended in three times gumming and straightening; hence the great economic value of this invention.

We have no further space to devote to Mr. Emerson's numerous inventions, and can only briefly describe his last and probably the greatest work of his life. It is a circular saw for cutting stone of all kinds. Mr. Emerson saw at once that in sawing stone the stone-cutter's chisel must be imitated, and that a circular saw must be so constructed that the teeth could be held as if in a vise, and the chisels made so that they could be turned over and over in the saw, so that when a short bevel wears on one side, or that side coming in contact with the solid part of the stone, that the tooth can be turned over, and the opposite side used and repeated, on the same principle that the stone-cutter turns his chisel over and over until it is too blunt on the edge for further use, and must be forged out and re-tempered. In the use of steel teeth in sawing, the points must be as hard as the edge of a mill pick for dressing burr stone (a silver white). The saw must run very slow, and the stone feed positive, and each tooth cut a regular chip, and all that it will bear.

In the use of diamonds, carbons, or other hard mineral points, for sawing harder stone, such as granite, &c., an extension diamond-holder is constructed, so that the diamond is imbedded between two pieces of steel, made separate from the saw-plate, clamped and held in the saw with the same device that the teeth are held in place. These diamonds may nearly all be imbedded in the holder, so that a mere corner will project and cut the corners of the kerf in advance of the chisel, which chips off the centre or heavy part of the kerf. The adjustable diamond-holder seems to be indispensable in making even the diamonds a success. The throat piece of the tooth-holder is ingeniously and simply arranged, so that a

moveable jaw is constructed similar to the jaws of a nut-cracker, and the grip on the chisel is equal to the grip of a machinist's vise, and is so simply arranged that an entire set of thirty chisels may be removed, and a new set inserted, in a circular saw, in less than three minutes. Considering that the cost of sawing marble and brown stone is from twenty-five to one hundred times more than that of sawing an equal amount of lumber, some idea may be obtained of the importance of such an invention. There seems to have been little done in this direction, previous to Mr. Emerson's application for a patent, which contains eight prominent claims, covering the entire principle of the use of adjustable, reversible and interchangeable chisels or cutters for sawing stone; also the use of adjustable diamond or carbon-holders, the use of diamonds or carbons alternated with the chisels, and the manner of fastening them in the saw-plate. In view of the vast amount of marble sawing, consisting of table and bureau tops, mantels, tombstones, &c., besides building stone of all kinds, this invention seems to be among the most important of the present age, and will be watched with great interest. Mr. Emerson expects to use circular saws for this purpose, some of which will be eight feet in diameter.

NOT A ROMANCE.

BY IDE WILLIS.

CHAPTER IV.

THEY had scarcely seated themselves upon the verandah, under the cool shade of a great walnut tree, before the sound of carriage wheels reached their ears. Clara started suddenly and almost rose to her feet, then quickly reseating herself she looked anxiously at her mother, hoping her agitation had not been observed; but Mrs. Middleton, whether purposely or not, never lifted her eyes but sat sewing with such a quiet, satisfied expression, that Clara seemed to feel the very atmosphere of her presence and grew calm at once. They both looked up as the sounds grew nearer and nearer; to Clara's inexpressible relief the carriage held but a single occupant; more joyfully and eagerly than she otherwise would have done, but for the burden that seemed so suddenly lifted, she ran down the steps, caught Mr. Ford's hand gladly enough to have satisfied any lover, and when he stooped to kiss her, she responded far more cordially than she had ever imagined possible again.

Mr. Tracey had seen that kiss ; and a sudden faintness so overcame him that he gladly accepted the offer of a rock, which stood by the roadside, to rest and recover himself. It was self-evident now ; there was no longer any doubt as to the position of affairs ; he could not visit her as a lover, but he could visit her as a friend. He rose and walked toward the house.

Some fascination had kept Mrs. Middleton's eyes down the road ; she saw and recognized Mr. Tracey at once, then said calmly : " Clara, I think there's the friend you have been expecting all the morning."

" Yes," Mr. Ford responded, " he has been my companion all the way, but he chose to walk up the hill."

Poor Clara ! it had come then, just as she feared. Mrs. Middleton was the first to welcome Mr. Tracey, which she did most cordially. Clara laid her hand, trembling and cold, in the one that was held out to greet her ; he grasped it, as she remembered he had ever done, frankly and firmly ; the touch gave her confidence to look up into his face, and mention something of the change that had taken place in him, although she knew Mr. Ford's eyes were carefully watching her ; but half jealous as he was, he could find nothing to object to in this greeting.

The gentlemen were introduced, while Mr. Tracey disclaimed all necessity for any such formality, as they were old-time acquaintances, and then, in a pleasant, easy way, he gave an account of their mutual dependence and obligations during their journey. It was a happy circumstance that they had something to laugh over and exclaim about, or the awkwardness of the position might have been too much even for Mrs. Middleton and Mr. Tracey. As for Clara, she was scarcely conscious of what she said or did ; it was such inexpressible joy to watch him as he talked ; to note how time had increased his manhood and dignity ; lines of care and thought were added to his face that she had never seen before ; but there was about him a peculiarly frank boyishness of manner which charmed her more than all the rest. He had not lost the heart and soul, the keen enthusiasm, which made all things glow under his touch, and is ever a more potent attraction than mere beauty of person.

Mr. Ford either could not or would not talk in company ; he had never done so, and therefore his silence was no disappointment to Clara now, although she would have given worlds to have had him sustain his part of the conversation. Mr. Tracey frequently referred to him, but his response was invariably a mere monosyllable, or, at best, an unnoticeable remark.

At dinner, Clara seated herself next Mr. Ford. She had determined that she would not, in anything, attempt a concealment of the true position of affairs ; but however honorable her intention, she had placed herself in rather an unfortunate attitude, for now every glance, every change of expression could be noted by him who sat opposite her, while her very embarrassment and want of ease, so different from other days,

betrayed that she was neither happy in the present nor indifferent to the eyes that so often rested upon her—though never rudely ; they seemed rather looking beyond than at her—rather seeking the solution of an enigma than occupied in the present.

As Clara and Mr. Ford were so extremely taciturn, the responsibility of the occasion rested upon Mrs. Middleton. Not naturally a talkative woman, she exerted herself to the utmost now to supply the deficiency. She was surprised at the decided position in which Clara had entrenched herself, while her heart ached as she watched the look of pain that so often swept over her face. Mr. Tracey had noticed it, too, and felt, with a lover's keen instinct, that once more she had placed herself in a false position ; but he knew, too, that the same spirit which had enabled her to sacrifice all once, might again animate her to a deed no less unselfish.

Before dinner was over, Mrs. Middleton suggested that they should form a fishing party for the afternoon, as a shower which had fallen somewhere in indefinite space during the night had cooled the atmosphere. Anything was preferable to the necessity of conversation, and they gladly assented to the proposition.

As Clara was not yet strong, Mrs. Middleton insisted that she should ride, while the others took a "short cut" across the fields. As the carriage really belonged to Mr. Tracey, it was but natural to suppose that he would drive to the creek ; such a thought, however, did not seem to occur to him ; he shouldered the fishing rods, called to them not to drive too rapidly down the hill, as the horse was hard-bitted, then turned and helped Mrs. Middleton down the path that led toward the creek. Whatever their conversation, it certainly did not affect Mr. Tracey's manner during the remainder of that afternoon, except that, perhaps, he watched Clara more anxiously, while his own heart suffered more keenly.

As the drive by the road was considerably longer than the field path, Mrs. Middleton and Mr. Tracey had reached the creek and were sitting quietly upon a log when Clara and Mr. Ford arrived. Mr. Tracey rose involuntarily as if to assist Clara from the carriage, then, upon second consideration, resumed his seat, remarking to Mrs. Middleton with a sigh, that "it was many months since he had gone upon such an excursion as this ; he had been so utterly shut out from society for the last few years."

There was no opportunity for reply, as Clara came up just then, looking more natural than she had during the entire day, and said : "Why, this is not the place, mother. See, Will—" but there she stopped ; it seemed impossible to add another word. She had not meant to call him *that*, and the very mention of the name blinded her eyes and paralyzed her tongue.

Mr. Tracey had dropped his head, and did not lift it now as he said, in tones quivering with emotion, "Thank you, for calling me *that*."

Then a silence followed which no one seemed to have courage to break,

and Clara shivered as the tones of Mr. Ford's voice fell upon her ear, asking "if this was the place, and what sort of fish they expected to catch in that little creek?"

"Then she pointed to a bend farther up, where the water was deeper, and said, in tones, from which the tremor had not quite died away: "The creek is very much broader and deeper up there; we've sometimes been able to catch famous trout; but it will save us a good many steps if we cross here. I think we can manage it," and she looked at Mr. Ford as if appealing to him, for she knew his strong arms could easily carry her.

"Oh yes," he answered; "any one standing on that stone could lift either of you over;" and he pointed to a rock not far from where they stood, which lifted itself above the water. "I'll go back and tie the horse and get the shawls, while Mr. Tracey helps you across."

This was not what Clara had intended—not what she wanted, and although she looked at him appealingly, he failed to see that there was any mistake to rectify, and left them.

Mr. Tracey leaped to the rock, then said with a boyish toss of his head, "I only wish there were some real danger, I think I should like to be a genuine hero for once; and yet, after all," he said reflectively, "I doubt if an unnecessary sacrifice is heroism. Mrs. Middleton will you give me your hand? no—please lay both hands on my shoulders and I will endeavor to prove equal to the occasion."

Mrs Middleton did as she was directed, and was surprised to see how easily he guided her from stone to stone until she reached the opposite side of the rather broad but shallow creek in safety. Then turning he leaped back lightly and gracefully to where Clara stood.

Could she, should she allow him to lift her over; she drew back hesitating, her large, dark brown eyes resting upon him full of doubt and perplexity; he raised his hands towards her and said pleasantly, "Come!" She stepped forward a little and yet hesitated still more; he dropped both hands, and lifting his dark blue eyes to hers, said in tones full of sadness: "Clara, do you not trust me?"

"No, no, it is not *that*," she answered as she accepted his assistance, and in less than a moment he had carried her across the stream. It was a moment of joy to both, a moment of conscious bliss that each felt could never come again. He had so longed for one positive joy—for one emotion that should fill his heart with rapture, now it seemed to him the past darkened months were buried in oblivion, and he could not withhold the cry that sprang to his lips:

"Clara, *dear* Clara! Forgive me," he said a moment later, as they followed in the path Mrs. Middleton had taken, "I ought not to have come at all, I would not if I had known—will you forgive me?" but Clara's eyes were suffused with tears, and her voice had scarcely strength enough to make audible the little "yes" she attempted to utter.

We are not surprised when a physical wound leaves a scar to mark the spot where we have once endured intense bodily anguish ; but we shrink from the least exposure of mental suffering, and are willing rather to enhance our misery than permit another's eye to mark our weakness ; and so, though to both the sorrows of the present seemed almost unendurable, they smiled as Mrs. Middleton turned to greet them, and Mr. Tracey proposed that they should stand under the shade of a tree near by until Mr. Ford overtook them. That gentleman came up presently, and his tall form looked almost princely against the dark foliage as a back-ground, and each mentally acknowledged that he was certainly very handsome. In a few moments more they had deposited shawls, baskets and fishing rods on the banks of the stream, and Mr. Ford selected for himself the spot which he considered most favorable to the work of the afternoon. Whatever motive had moved the others to this excursion, and they each felt that it was not the ostensible one, to him it meant fish—and nothing but fish.

Mr. Tracey chose a romantic little spot, not far distant, under the shadow of several umbrageous elm trees, where he spread out the shawls for a carpet, then threw himself upon the green earth, and leaning his head on one hand, said, enthusiastically : “ Isn't this delightful ? I always think there is no harmony sweeter than the babbling of a brook with the swaying of the leaves overhead, and the chirping of the insects among the grass. It is so long since I have enjoyed such a scene as this, that it seems to me like a little snatch from Paradise.”

But Clara did not respond to the remark ; she was busy making preparations to join Mr. Ford, which she did in the most dutiful manner possible. She sat with him for the next half hour, during which he chided her repeatedly for disturbing the fish with her prattle, and finally telling her to “ leave him, like a good girl,” she rose, half-vexed, and rejoined the others.

Mr. Tracey looked up joyfully as she approached them, and asked if she were tired of fishing already.

“ No, not exactly,” she answered, with a little pout ; “ but George won't let me talk ; he makes me keep perfectly still.”

“ Poor child !” Mr. Tracey answered, with an amused expression. “ Come sit here with us, and we'll endeavor to comfort you, as well as give you all possible liberty of speech.”

Both Mrs. Middleton and Clara answered with a hearty laugh ; then Mr. Tracey declared that his part of the labor would be to bait the hooks, and remove the fish which the ladies caught, an agreement which perfectly suited them. The hours of that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon seemed to Clara like so many oases in the life which she looked back upon and forward to. She clung to each moment with tenacious grasp, and marked with a heavy heart the rapidly lengthening shadows. She no longer felt

ill at ease ; it seemed no more difficult to talk to him now than it was four long years ago, when her best and noblest thoughts found ready expression for him. Ah ! he understood her, that was the charm ; she needed not to explain to him the meaning of her words ; he divined their intent at once ; and as Mrs. Middleton and Mr. Tracey watched her cheek glow and her eye beam, while the slightly careworn look passed away from her countenance, it seemed to both that she looked happier and younger, even by years, than she had a few hours previous.

Widow Brown had agreed to delay supper an hour later on their account ; but even that time had nearly slipped away when they called to Mr. Ford, and that gentleman came toward them with a basket evidently well filled ; he displayed, with genuine delight, to their admiration the trophies of the afternoon, while their efforts combined could scarcely be called a success. Mr. Ford lifted Clara, as they re-crossed the stream, then placing her in the carriage, they drove toward home.

Supper over, Clara suggested that they should take shawls and camp-chairs and spend the evening out among the rocks ; this she knew would take them away from the necessary evening clatter of a farm-house ; besides, Mr. Tracey had said that he must go in a couple of hours, and she longed to realize the most from these brief, bright moments. He admired Clara's taste in selecting so charming a spot, and then as they spoke of the beautiful landscape which surrounded them, they naturally questioned him of the scenery in the Old World. He had scarcely touched upon this before, and now he portrayed to them, with fine artistic appreciation and all the enthusiasm of one who talks to a delightful audience, picture after picture of European scenery.

As Clara watched his expressive countenance, and listened like one entranced to his glowing words, she felt that this was indeed the realization of the vision of her dreams. It seemed to her that she could no longer hide from those around her, her heart's bitter agony, when those enraptured hours drew to a close, and Mr. Tracey, glancing at his watch, spoke of the pleasant afternoon he had spent with them, and of the necessity for leaving at once, as he feared he had already overstayed his time. Again the old, weary look settled on her face ; again she rallied all her forces to meet this present and crowning difficulty. Could she let him go without one word—not even one—to tell of how she had suffered and hoped : how she had loved—aye, and loved him still.

Mr. Tracey shook hands with each ; he spoke again of the afternoon—pleasanter by far than any he had enjoyed for months ; said that in a few weeks he should leave the States for his adopted home ; then, looking back from the carriage with a “good-night” and “good-bye,” he was gone.

They stood looking after him for a moment ; the hopes that had filled Mrs. Middleton's heart for the past few hours had gone with him ; with a

heavy sigh she watched the carriage as it passed out of sight. As for Clara, the very "blackness of darkness" seemed to have settled round about her; she longed to call upon the mountains to hide her forever and evermore.

Mr. Ford was the first to break the silence: "He's a nice sort of fellow; I like him. I never heard you speak of him, Clara."

She shut her lips firmly together to keep back the cry she longed to utter, and said coldly: "No; I have not seen him for several years."

Then a long silence followed, which no one felt inclined to break; finally Mr. Ford rose, pushed back his chair, said that he would like to retire if it was convenient, and, after kissing Clara's cold cheek, he turned to Mrs. Middleton, who directed him to the room Widow Brown had prepared for him.

Mrs. Middleton returned to the verandah, where Clara was sitting; she kissed her several times almost passionately, as she said sadly, "Good-night, my child, good-night!" then passed into the house.

Yes, it was *night*—a long, long night—that she looked out upon; even her mother seemed to have deserted her, and she must bear her life's great burden alone—all, all alone. She looked down the road where he had disappeared so recently; she rose and mechanically followed down the path; out of sight of the house, she seated herself on the very rock where Mr. Tracey, only that morning, had found support, when all his hopes, like bubbles, vanished at a single touch. There was no longer any necessity for the restraint that had overtaxed her throughout the day; she laid by her armor of will, pride and reserve that she had worn so successfully, and being only a woman, she wept hot, passionate tears, such as are only born of bitterest despair.

In the meantime, Mr. Tracey, slowly descending the hill, recalled the events of the day. His heart ached within him as Clara's face, with its look of painful resignation, appeared and reappeared, each time sadder than before. Had he, after all, acted wisely? Was it not evident, even to the dullest observer, that she did not love this Mr. Ford? Her mother had told him that Clara became engaged while recovering from sickness, might not this in some way account for it all? At any rate he could at least have told Clara that he appreciated her unselfishness, and that whatever came, she might rely upon him as a warm and true friend. Now, he was going away forever; his last and only opportunity was gone. He drew the reins tightly, and the horse, having reached the foot of the hill, stopped. Mr. Tracey did not urge him forward; he jumped out of the carriage, drew him to one side of the road, fastened the bridle to a tree, and commenced to ascend the hill. He thought it more than likely they would still be sitting on the verandah; in that case he would call Clara aside for a few moments—he felt that he could arrange it somehow. Something white attracted his attention, and in another instant he knew

it was Clara sitting out there in the moonlight, her slight frame shaking with convulsive sobs. He scarcely knew if it were joy or sorrow that held him for a moment silent, then reaching both arms toward her, he called in deepest, tenderest tones, "Clara, darling!"

With one little cry of "Will!" she sprang toward him and was folded in his arms.

It was such a joyful, exulting heart-cry, in just that tone which a tired, lost and hungry child might say "Father!" when he heard his own pet name called by the fond, parental voice. There were no words spoken; there were none that could make more real to him the fact that she loved him with all the wealth of her strong and womanly nature; he folded her again and again to his heart, that but a moment before had been aching and hungering for one little manifestation of her love. Then holding her at arms' length for an instant, that he might feast his eyes upon her, he said, in glad, eager tones: O, Clara! Clara! I never dreamed an hour ago that such joy was in store for me; you *are* mine; you *do* love me; I know it; nothing shall take you from me."

To Clara these few moments had been like the phantom of a dream—there seemed nothing real, either in heaven or upon earth; she felt sure that it was all a deception of her brain. But as he again drew her toward him, and begged her to speak—to say that she loved him, she endeavored to escape from his arms, and only answered, "Will, you know it cannot, cannot be."

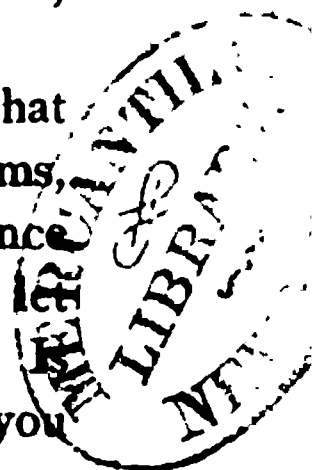
He held her to him closer than before, with a firm, strong clasp that made her feel, whatever came, she was safe while encircled in his arms, and said, "Clara, you *must* not leave me, you *must* listen to me. Once you sacrificed your heart and mine for another, now—no, I shall not let you speak—I have some things to say to you, and you must hear me. It is right for you to cheat him into the belief that you love him, when you know your heart is mine?"

Clara interrupted him: "But what if you had come later, when—when I was not even as free as I am now?"

"Thank God, I did not come 'later,'" he answered. "I came in time to save you, and him, and me, each of us, from a lifelong misery. You, poor child, would have taken up your cross like a martyr; but do you think he would never have asked from you the love a man has a right to expect from his wife? And Clara, this outside play you have so successfully carried on during the afternoon—think, could you keep it up for years?"

Her only answer was a shudder.

Mr. Tracey went on: "Then tell me, little one, into how large a part of your life can he enter? Would he even comprehend one-half your thoughts, if you should presume to express them in his presence, which I know you do not?"



"But he is very kind," Clara answered, as she felt called upon to defend him, "and he is not responsible for his nature."

Will Tracey shrugged his shoulders just a little as he said: "Very true; the ostrich is not to blame for being an ostrich; but if the eagle chooses him for her mate, why then she must be content to give up soaring."

Neither of them spoke for a moment; Clara's thoughts were such a medley of difficulties that she could not decide which to bring forward first. Mr. Tracey unclasped his arms, stepped back a little, and looking her full in the face, said: "Clara, you little piece of morbid conscientiousness, answer me: Is the right *all* on one side, the wrong *all* on the other? If you have made a mistake, one that is remedial, is it not right rather to correct the error than endure it? If you say that you do not love me, I will leave you at once." He waited a moment, but there was no response. "But if you do love me, and Clara, I *know* you do, then it is perjury to take upon yourself the solemn vows of marriage, unless your heart goes with them. You did not know that I would come back to you, nor even whether I was alive or not; and you were true to him when you gave him your promise; but Providence has sent me to you *in time*, Clara, and the old love is not dead, and you are untrue to him unless you tell him all. I do not ask any more than that—that you shall tell him the truth—the *whole* truth, Clara, or I—"

"No, no; I am sure that would not be kind; I will tell him—yes, I will tell him *all*," she said, firmly.

"God bless you for that, my darling," Will answered as he caught her once more in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers in the first kiss he had ever given her.

That one kiss swept the past into oblivion, and that moment was to each the birth of a new existence; it was no more possible for Clara, after that, to return to the old life, than for a galley-slave set at liberty to return voluntarily to the chains of his captivity. Will broke away at last, more for her sake than his own, as he said she needed rest, and he should be there again at the close of another week, he could not leave court until then; in the meantime she must telegraph him the result; he could not wait the requisite time for a letter, and bidding her good-bye, not now as he had done several hours before, he was gone.

No woman likes an indifferent lover; and perhaps there was no thought Clara dwelt upon more joyfully, as she stole silently to her room, than the rapture and enthusiasm of his love. She was so happy that she could not sleep; it was too much to realize at once; the intensity of her emotions amounted even to pain; she longed for something to take her for a few brief moments from this realm of bliss; then she thought of Mr. Ford and—fell asleep.

In the morning Clara awoke with a severe headache, but her first conscious thought was one of rapture; she rose, dressed herself, and in

spite of pain and the events of the day that lay before her, looked happier than she had done for years ; in fact, she could not repress the joy that leaped from her eyes and played around her mouth.

"My dear, how well you are looking," Mrs. Middleton said, as she entered her room ; "You have borne this better than I could have done at your age. You are like your father, child."

Then Clara threw her arms about her mother's neck ; "O mother, mother, I am so happy ! Will came back last night ; we had a long talk together, and—" but there Clara hardly knew what to say, and as Mrs. Middleton was shedding tears of joy, words were quite unnecessary to complete the sentence.

They greeted Mr. Ford as usual, and as the family were already assembled in the dining room, there was no opportunity for him to offer a morning's caress. After breakfast they seated themselves on the verandah for a while, then Clara proposed that Mr. Ford and herself should take a ramble over the mountains ; she, wary child, knew to what she was leading him, while he followed on in blissful ignorance of the future.

Not very far from the house Clara seated herself on a little grassy knoll, and pointed her companion to a log near by ; she felt that she could not conscientiously spend another hour with him until she had made him acquainted with the events of the previous evening and had told him all her story. Mr. Ford listened patiently, as she with considerable hesitation commenced ; he did not interrupt her nor even question her, he only said when she had nearly finished and paused, seeming to wait for a response :

"I always knew, Clara, that I wasn't good enough for you, and that you were much too smart for me. I felt," he said, rising, "when I got into the buggy with that man yesterday, that something evil would come of it ; but," he added, resuming his seat, "I am a man, and can bear it better than you."

Clara felt very sorry for him and told him so ; while she blamed herself, as she truly felt she was blamable, and thanked him again and again for all his kindness to her. Indeed she had never liked him so well as now that he was no more to her than a friend ; but when she compared this to the wondrous love that had so completely absorbed her, it was like the twinkling of a tiny star to the great sun that had for some hours extinguished all lesser lights. Mr. Ford did not propose to leave until the next morning, as that was the time he had allotted for his visit ; Mrs. Middleton and Clara exerted themselves to the utmost to make the day in every way pleasant for him ; and judging from appearances they succeeded very well.

Next morning Clara once again took the gray mare, and this time drove Mr. Ford to the village ; after she had left him at the depot, she

sent this message to Mr. Tracey: "All's well that ends well. Now and forever yours—Clara."

As he had promised, he was with them again at the close of another week; he seemed even more quiet than before, "because" as he said, "he was so intensely happy," and there was such a glad, joyful rest in his eyes, that, as Mrs. Middleton said, "it was a pleasure to look at him."

As he must leave the States, certainly before the expiration of six weeks, he insisted that the wedding should take place before his departure; then Clara and her mother were to accompany him to England, where he would remain a year or two until his business engagement there could be brought to a close.

The wedding was a joyful one; joyful as weddings ever should be when hearts not hands are united in the indissoluble bands of marriage. The little party sailed at once for Europe, where they now are, else I should not have ventured to write this story.

Mrs. Middleton, before her departure, succeeded in obtaining for Mr. Ford (toward whom her gratitude knew no bounds) a lucrative position in a wealthy firm of which her brother was a member. Report says that he has found comfort in the bright eyes of a reputed heiress, who is extremely devoted to him, and wonders, as well she may, how any one could discard so handsome a lover.

READING AND REFLECTION.

BY W. C.

"**R**EADING makes a *full* man, writing an *exact* man and conversation a *ready* man." The cogency of this remark is at once recognized; and the profound wisdom of the author and his large and varied experience in human affairs serve to add force and importance to his words. We often find in a single sentence of his a volume of thought—in a single volume, a whole library.

But it is *judicious* reading to which Lord Bacon refers, that makes the full man. It is attentive, methodical reading, followed by prolonged reflection—the concentration of the mind upon the subject at hand in such a manner as to master it so thoroughly that it becomes, as it were, a part of the mind itself. To read thus, is to learn. Reflection is at once an indispensable requisite and a necessary consequence of proper reading. As the etymology of this word indicates, it is the *bending back* or turning back, of the mind upon that which has been previously presented to it.

What is read must afterward be dwelt upon by the mind, in order to be retained in the memory and utilized in after life. He who reads without concentration and subsequent reflection becomes, it is true, in a certain sense, a *full* man, but his fulness resembles that of the skeleton sponge saturated with water. His half-acquired knowledge is soon evaporated, leaving his mind as hollow and weak as before. But the judicious reader is like the *live* sponge on the submarine rock, which not only absorbs the water but retains its nutriment and assimilates it to itself.

This is a prolific age in the world of letters. Good, bad and indifferent authors almost overwhelm us with the corresponding qualities of books and periodicals in such large numbers, that in our ability to read but a few, we are at a loss to make proper selections. There is too general a desire to become familiar with nearly all—too great an ambition to keep up with all the recent publications. The same author to whom we above referred has said that some books are to be chewed and well digested, others to be swallowed, and still others merely tasted. It is well to have a slight knowledge of a large number of good works—sufficient, at least, to be able to refer to them to advantage when necessity may require it—but our time should be principally employed upon a few. Some one has aptly remarked that in books, as in society, it is best to have many acquaintances and but few intimate friends. To acquire that knowledge which is power, we should read *much* not *many*, heeding the sagacious admonition of Pliny: “*Multum legendum est, non multa.*” The learned of all ages have acknowledged the importance of this precept. The old Oriental saying: “Beware of the man of one book,” has come down to us as a proverb. A thorough understanding of one department of knowledge outweighs by far a superficial acquaintance with a hundred branches, and makes the acquisition of such practical utility as to be available whenever business or pleasure, duty or necessity may call for it.

Reflection upon any important subject read will generally lead to repeated readings—hence to familiarity and thorough acquaintance. To this end it naturally induces *conversation*; and herein lies the means whereby one may become, as Bacon says, the “ready” man. The communication of our thoughts to others causes them to be impressed more indelibly on our own minds; and in this we have the paradox, that we give to others what we do not part with, and enrich our own store in the giving. Communicativeness is too frequently ignored, not only as a method of strengthening our knowledge, but as the means of making it useful to others, and of drawing from others in turn, that which may be of advantage to us.

These habits of reflection and communicativeness are a most invaluable discipline to the memory. And although, as some metaphysicians assert, the mind is a vast storehouse which retains everything it has ever received or acquired, its knowledge is of but little avail if it cannot be called up

with readiness when the occasion demands. There must be a renewal of the ideas formed in the mind, by repeated exercises of the senses or reflection on the objects which at first occasioned them. Locke, somewhere in his celebrated Essay, has beautifully said: "The ideas of our youth often die before us, and our minds then represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching; where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. The pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colors, and, if not sometimes renewed, vanish and disappear."

TO MY ABSENT WIFE.

BY CHAS. W. JAY.

THERE is never an hour of the day my dear,
But my spirit is with thee,
And I fancy I hear thy footsteps near,
And the light of thine eye on me,
And the smile that plays on thy gentle face
From sorrow sets me free.

Rough is the path I tread, my dear,
And few are the friends I own,
Yet the thorns therein I do not fear,
As I journey on alone;
For I know thy heart responds to mine
In a living undertone.

The coward hand of hate my dear,
May smite as it smote before,
But in your whispered words of cheer
Hope bids my courage soar,
And nerves my soul to noble deeds,
And will for evermore.

God bless your loving heart, my dear,
My Mary, kind and true;
My all of life while lingering here
Is centered still in you,
And should death call you from my sight
Be mine the summons too.

OUR FOLKS AT HOME—No. 4.

BY *—*—*

IT WILL be recollected that as we closed the last article all had gone from the tea-table to the parlor, where the subject of punishment of children was brought up for discussion by Mrs. Avery's question to Mr. Baldwin, asking if he thought the whippings he got so freely when a boy were of any real benefit to him.

"Certainly they were," said Baldwin; "had it not been for their wholesome restraint I should never have had the fear of anything human before my eyes. I believe Solomon was right when he said 'foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.' Children who grow up without restraint of this kind are generally ungovernable and passionate."

"You have no evidence of this," said Mrs. Avery; "how can you tell, but what, if instead of being whipped at all, your parents had taken you alone and explained the character and consequence of your doings, a better and more lasting influence for good might have been exerted, and you would have tried to do right from principle and love for your parents, rather than from fear of punishment?"

"I do not think children can or will reason so closely," said Baldwin; "they are wilful, careless and thoughtless, and the way to impress them with the importance of these things is to let them suffer the penalty of their acts. In this way they will learn that fire burns, and that disobedience is painful."

"Yes, the way to teach a child to reason, you would have us believe, is to thrash his body; but I say, if you wish to develop or decrease a faculty of body or mind you must operate directly upon it by the means best adapted to your purpose. If you would have a child obedient teach it how to obey. Illustrate the beauty and benefit of obedience. If you wish to develop the better nature, the faculties which represent and constitute that nature must be exercised. Thus, if you would teach a child to be benevolent, or gentle, or noble, you have only to operate upon and bring into use the faculties of mind and heart that prompt to such actions. If you want a child to be ugly and unkind, all you have to do is to treat it accordingly, so that these feelings shall be frequently exercised. In that way they will soon gain strength and increase to any degree sought for. My conviction is that a child should, and will, be very nearly a perfect cast of the pattern from which it is formed. Hence we may generally know from seeing children what one or both of their parents really are. It will often require acute observation and superior judgment, but in the use of these we may know the home life of every family where

there are children. Children and fools tell the truth, and though the former may be early taught the arts of deceit and put on the pure robes of outside society, yet a breath often lifts them or they are carelessly dropped, and the garments of daily life appear. There are few who are wise enough and possessed at the same time of sufficient self-control to practice the true principle in the government of children; but if they could always govern themselves before their little ones, how simple and natural would it be for them to imitate their parents in this, as they will do in other things, and how seldom would it be necessary to reprove or punish."

Harry agreed with his sister, and said if he had children, they should never get a blow from his hand; and if any one else ever struck them, he would thrash that man, if it was the last thing he ever did. This idea of school teachers whipping scholars—it ought never to be allowed.

Baldwin remarked that where children had no government at home, it was exceedingly difficult for any teacher to manage them at school without an appeal to fear. Many of them hear few word of kindness there, and see only discord and strife—indeed, they learn little else—hence they are ripe to practice these evils, and others that grow out of them.

"So much the more need that they should be met with words of kindness and love," said Mrs. Avery; "they will be to all such like rain-drops to thirsty plants, for in every human heart there is kindness, and a place that love may reach and keep."

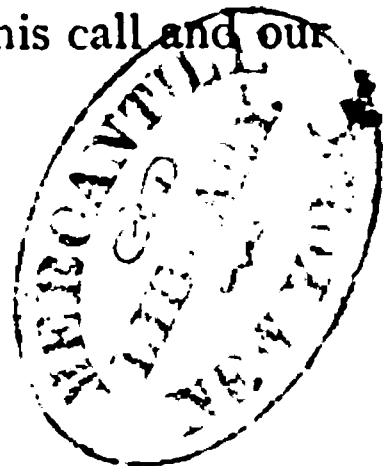
The company generally agreed that Mrs. Avery was about right in her views on this subject, and she had a slight advantage over the others in being a mother, so that when she wound up by asking what they who opposed her knew about children, practically, they had to acknowledge that she was ahead in experimental government of children, and thus far had done very well in carrying out her ideas, for all have to acknowledge that Willie is a sweet boy, and very obedient to love's requirements, but for any number of threats he will not budge an inch.

Mr. Avery had said nothing thus far, but it was evident that he did not fully agree with his wife, and, when asked the question, acknowledged that he did not. "None of us are perfect," said he, "and until we are, our children cannot be. Consequently, unless our children are fools or angels, they will have faults to be corrected, and propensities that should be checked and controlled by an experienced hand. And it will almost always happen that if a child is smart and determined, it will, when very young, perhaps, manifest that determination in differing with you very materially. Then you or the child must conquer, for a direct issue has been brought; and while such issues should be avoided as often as possible, when they are raised they should be met promptly and energetically; and there is but one way to decide them. The parent must govern or lose his position as governor in the future. Once overcome, no

further trouble need occur. I am free to say that punishment is generally necessary once; it need not be whipping; none but the one who is to decide the question at issue can determine; judgment should decide, passion often does. Other occasions may render punishment necessary, but not upon a question of authority. Authority is the first great law of God, and it should be of the parent. Love is the first great attribute of God, all-pervading and all-embracing; it should be that of the earthly father. Law must exist and be in force, but to hide its thunder with the mantle of love, so that its sternness may seldom appear, is good and wise. Authority should be used only when necessary to compel obedience, and then the lesson should be, *love made authority necessary.*"

The gentlemen went out, and the ladies had a call from some of our newly arrived neighbors, who may or may not form part of the next chapter in "Our Folks at Home." It will depend on this call and our impressions of the callers.

A CONVERSATION AT STERNE'S.



We invite attention to the following article. The author was an eminent scholar and metaphysician. This paper is part of a chapter giving a conversation supposed to be held on a Southern Pacific Continent, the Atlantis of Plato, or the Terra Australis of Doctor Swift; a place where the eminent men of times past were assembled and held familiar intercourse.

The work, from which our article has been taken, has never been published, the author being engaged in its completion at the time of his death. As an especial favor, we have been allowed the use of the manuscript from which we make the extract. Other subjects, embracing nearly all the higher departments of learning, are treated in the same masterly manner, showing an amount of historic, classic and philosophic knowledge, which but few men of letters possess.—ED.

AS SOON as we met at Sterne's, and I was made personally acquainted with Garrick, I said, "Mr. Garrick, you must have great satisfaction now, in constant intercourse with Shakespeare, of whose works the English public award you the praise of being the first faithful interpreter. If as you justly observed, 'he dipped his pen into his own heart,' you are the only person, according to report, who truly deciphered the characters he drew with it. I am delighted to find, that in this city; the theatre has been purified and refined from the corruptions which vitiated it in your day, and that without subjecting it to the rigorous regimen imposed in the Court of Louis XIV, who interfered with freedom of thought and action, it enjoys the liberty of the English and American without their licentiousness."

GARRICK—It was always my ardent wish, to see the stage purified and rendered a fit place for the refined circles of society and even the most scrupulous devotee in religion. I am afraid this is impossible with the more gross and illiterate portions of the people, as their appetite seems to relish only the coarsest and most objectionable food. Bawdry, buffoonery, caricature, and extravagant burlesque, seem to be all that can awake their sleepy senses, and stimulate their sluggish minds into pleasurable action. But, surely, that conflict of the passions which takes place in tragedy, and that exposure of minor vices, faults, absurdities and improprieties of behavior which is effected in comedy, may be made pungent enough to interest a polite audience, without having recourse to any language or representations in the slightest degree offensive to modesty, morals or religion. This was in a great measure attained in Paris, under the influence of French taste, and is effectually accomplished in the higher theatre of Saturnia.

STERNE—If in the middle ages, and even as late as the fifteenth century, the Church allowed without censure the coarse exhibitions of Scripture characters and events, called Mysteries and Moralities, which would justly scandalize a Christian assembly, surely she need not now discourage the elegant performances of genius, and the able display of those magnificent scenes and characters which do honor to human nature, which elevate and liberalize the mind, and refine the sentiments of spectators. Reflecting as in a mirror upon the vision of mankind, those great examples of virtue and vice, which history presents, we may render the stage her imitated model, when she assumes the chair of that philosophy which promulges by their means her noblest lessons.

PROSPERO—I am told that Roscius was quite astonished, as much at the comparative purity as superiority of the modern above the ancient drama, and now speaks of the Roman as too foul and disgusting to have been endured. It was this kind of exhibition, with which the Fathers of the Church were so greatly and deservedly dissatisfied, and against which they very naturally and vehemently declaimed. Besides that the pagan theatre in their days recognized the existence and dominion of their detestable idols, and was literally as they termed it the temple of demons, scenes were represented in them and sentiments boldly proclaimed, which would now be heard or witnessed in no part of Christendom without indignation and disgust. Hence Gregory Nazianzin and Apollinaris, as we are informed by Sozomen, aware of the invincible attachment of the people to amusements of this kind, and of their determination to enjoy them, in spite of the denunciations of orators and invectives of the pulpit, instead of seeking their destruction, took the more prudent and practicable course of correcting the evil by furnishing them a purer and less objectionable recreation and instituting a Christian theatre.

GARRICK—No one can be more sensible than I am and always have

been, of the evils which arise in our cities out of theatrical performances, and I have read with attention and serious consideration, the many objections, some flimsy and others weighty, which have been urged against them. I have even toiled through the treatise of that singular and inconsistent writer, J. J. Rousseau, who could pass sentence against this art on the score of its immorality, while himself living in habitual adultery and the indulgence of other vices that strike at the root of civil society. But, after all that can be said and done, there is one view of the subject which appears to me conclusive, and which I am assured, will produce a strong impression upon every liberal and philosophic mind, whatever may be its effect upon fanatics who set off their own sanctity by an abuse of this custom, or of some over-zealous divines who have misconceptions of it—and that view is, that whatever may be the evils attendant upon these exhibitions, their suspension or abolition in our large capitals, would be immediately followed by the rise and progress of habits and vices much more to be deprecated than any which grow out of them in their worst forms. There is some elegance in this species of indulgence, and no inconsiderable improvement to the taste and understanding; but the riotings, gamblings, debaucheries and assassinations, which would soon follow its subversion, would fill our towns with perpetual tumult and misery. These results have been experienced in Paris, upon one occasion when an attempt was made by the magistrates to deprive the people of this their favorite pleasure during the holy week; and the attempt was not repeated from a full conviction of its inexpediency—inasmuch as during that short occlusion of the theatres, more burglaries, riots, murders and assassinations were committed, than during whole months at other times. These considerations, I think, should reconcile the minds of pious persons to establishments of this kind, and although they may not be induced to become active promoters of them, or frequent attendants upon their exhibitions, at any rate to remain acquiescent to this indulgence by others, devote all their exertions to the purification and wholesome regulation of them. Religious persons may be assured that the wisest and most practicable course of proceeding, is to confine their attempts to reformation and improvement upon this subject, since their utter extirpation, or even intermission, save at the pleasure of the parties interested, is out of the question, and utterly impracticable. They would accomplish something, if instead of denunciation, they would imitate Gregory Nazianzin, and endeavor to establish a true Christian theatre.

PROSPERO—Mr. Garrick, you must have been highly gratified with that beautiful compliment paid you by Mr. Sterne in his *Tristram Shandy*, as indeed in other places, commencing with the interrogation, “how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?” And Fielding, in his *Tom Jones*, with similar address and dexterity, has extolled your performances,

when he introduces Jones' uan, Partridge, as witnessing your personation of Hamlet, at his first visit to the theatre, and indulging his remarks in the undisguised simplicity of nature. I allude to the exclamation of Partridge, after looking for some time at the ghost scene, with intense concern and evident terror: "Is this your Garrick, your great actor? I could act in the same manner myself, and everybody could do likewise; but as for the others, it is easy to perceive that they are great performers." This was one of the most delicate compliments ever paid a dramatist, and a most ingenious method of indicating the highest perfection in the art of personating characters upon the stage.

GARRICK—Nothing was undertaken either by Sterne or Fielding, that was not executed in the most finished style. In pronouncing these decisions, these elegant writers not only discovered a thorough knowledge of such subjects, however flatteringly applied in my case, but had reference to a principle which exerts a most extensive influence upon the progress of literature and the arts. It would seem to me as if it were an invariable law of nature, that mankind, in the uncultivated state of their taste, are more captivated by distortions and disfigurations of truth and nature, than by genuine and faithful imitations of them. The rough daubings of a signpost, or the outstretched features of caricature and the gigantesque, and the broad grinnings of travestie and the most extravagant burlesque, give the vulgar more satisfaction than the nice touches of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the sweet expressions of Guido, or the delicate lights and shades and inimitable coloring of the Venetian school. The same observations apply to the sister arts of poetry, painting, fine writing and the drama. The highest effort of a cultivated taste is to relish nature and art in their unadorned simplicity, and in a chastened elegance consist their greatest beauty and perfection.

PROSPERO—Mr. Garrick, what is the opinion which your long experience and acknowledged skill led you to form in regard to that mixture of the comic and tragic, which we find in many of the most finished productions of Shakespeare? You know that a controversy has been maintained about it among critics, some justifying the practice, and others condemning it as unnatural and ill-advised.

GARRICK—Under wholesome restrictions and limitations, it always appeared to me not only innocent, but in furtherance of the great purpose of the tragic muse, which is an exact copy of nature, with a view to moral instruction. Nature never displays herself upon an extensive scale, without blending together the ludicrous and pathetic in her diversified operations. Scenes of rejoicing and festivity are oftentimes shaded by sorrow and misfortune in human life, and the riotous pleasures of the marriage festival are not unfrequently the prelude to the funeral procession. The horrors of the midnight scene exhibited at Macbeth Castle, in the tragedy of Shakespeare, are certainly enhanced by the contrast

which is presented between the coarse pleasantries of the doorkeeper and the murder of Duncan within the house ; and the licentious jokes of the grave-digger in Hamlet communicate a more touching pathos to the funeral of Ophelia. The only rules to be prescribed upon the subject and rigidly adhered to, are, that the comic part of the drama should enter naturally into the course of events, and not appear to be forced or constrained, and so incorporated into the action, as not to impair the force of the tragic, or tend to defeat or mar the principal design. These rules, I think, are violated in the scene of the senator and courtesan, in the Venice Preserved of Otway.

PROSPERO—I am gratified in discovering that the sentiments of one who is conversant in affairs of this kind, and has eminently excelled in the delineations of nature, are so precisely accordant to my own. It has long been my opinion, that the human mind has been so mysteriously constructed by the Creator, that its emotions are never so lively and pungent as when it makes rapid transitions from the pathetic, or some degrees of the pathetic, to the ludicrous or ridiculous, and vice versa. And I am confirmed in this opinion by two anecdotes stated by a French writer, who was a nice observer of these recondite operations of nature. He introduces them into his work for a different purpose, but they serve as an illustration of mine. He mentions that a lady of high distinction in France, I believe Madame Noailles, was once kneeling at the bedside of a daughter dangerously ill, so much so, that little hope remained of her recovery. During this state of anxious suspense, amounting almost to despair, upon one occasion, wrought up into a paroxysm of grief, she exclaimed in the presence of the family, O my God ! save this my child, and take from me all the rest of my family ! At this ejaculation, the nobleman, her son-in-law, and husband of the sick lady, rose from his seat, walked up towards her with great gravity, and with evident chagrin accosted her in these terms : Madame, do you include me ? The effect of this pompous absurdity was irresistible. The mother sprang from her kneeling posture, and ran out of the room and through the entry in a fit of clamorous laughter, which for some time she could not subdue. The patient, hearing her mother's merriment with great astonishment, inquired into the cause, which being explained, she joined heartily in the laughter, and from that moment began to improve in health. Here is a double illustration of that principle of our nature to which we have adverted. From the dull uniformity of feeling in the daughter upon her sick bed, she was roused by the ludicrous, and began to participate the emotions of others, insomuch that by this new action in her mind, her body was stimulated and restored to health. In the next place, the mother, in her state of dejection and wretchedness was more acutely sensible of the ridiculous, since at another time, such absurd pomp in her

son-in-law, instead of merriment would have excited only contempt and disgust.

STERNE—His conduct was, indeed, truly absurd. But what is the other anecdote to which you alluded, as this is very agreeable?

PROSPERO—That is sooner told. It was that of a French officer, who in a battle between his nation and the Germans, having been disarmed by a German soldier, his conqueror demanded his life. My life! exclaimed he, shrugging up his shoulders, with great coolness and apparent indifference, mixed with a tincture of sport; ask anything else, but I cannot spare my life. This reply disarmed the rage of his adversary, and threw him into a fit of laughter; and circulating the reply along the ranks of the army, they joined in the merriment, and this fortunate joke saved the Frenchman's life.

GARRICK—All these facts I can readily believe, and they confirm the impression which I mentioned as mine, in reference to the works of Shakespeare, and I am glad it can be defended by such sound philosophy. During my experience in these matters, I have remarked that our auditors lend a more breathless attention to the tragic parts of the play, after they have enjoyed for a short time the refreshment of the comic. The dreadful scenes of tragedy are sometimes too painful to be properly said to be enjoyed, notwithstanding the consciousness of fiction that always reposes in the mind during the exhibition.

PROSPERO—You do not suppose, then, with some late writers, of no slender popularity, that the spectators beholding the performance of a tragedy, ever become so rapt in illusion, as to believe the fiction to be a reality?

GARRICK—Certainly I do not. If that were the case, would they not upon many occasions, have attempted to kill us, if in no other way they could have prevented us from committing murder upon the stage? If they had thought me a real Othello, would they have sitten in silence and inaction, while I was smothering Desdemona; or if they had conceived of me as a real Cato, would they have allowed me to commit suicide?

STERNE—Those who maintain such a ridiculous crudity, might well-nigh as plausibly assert, that when persons are reading my *Tristram Shandy*, they feel themselves really in the presence of Uncle Toby, Dr. Slop, Corporal Trim, and the whole Shandy family.

PROSPERO—What do you think, Mr. Garrick, of the Greek tragedians?

GARRICK—They are masterly writers, and their productions most excellent of their kind. Sophocles was the Shakespeare of his day. There are many touches and descriptions of his, that are in the true spirit of the great English master of nature. The scene in which Clytemnestra is slain behind the curtains by her son Orestes, and the plaintive cries she utters, though a proof of the defective moral sentiments of the Greeks, are genuine strokes of the tragic art, and really sublime. His

Œdipus, too, has many fine passages. But these efforts, though admirable, were made in the infancy of the drama, and Shakespeare carried it at once to maturity and perfection. His performances are magnificent monuments of genius, that without expecting to see rivalled, we must forever contemplate with wonder and astonishment. Every one of his tragedies breathes the fire of inspiration.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—IN LAW—No. 1.

BY JUDGE REED.

UNDER the law of England, known as the common law from which all American law is derived, the personal existence of the married woman was for most purposes merged in that of the husband. The wife was precluded from the enjoyment of property, for whatever belonged to her while single, or came to her while married, passed absolutely to the husband and under his control. In common phrase, "What was her's became his, and what was his remained his own." She could possess nothing to her separate use. She could sell or assign nothing during her life. She could dispose of nothing by will.

The law presumed the necessity for the preservation of peace, when two persons are destined to pass their lives together, that one should be acknowledged preëminent, in order to avoid or to terminate disputes. Because man was the stronger, and because he was supposed, by his education and associations, to have acquired more experience, more aptitude for business, and better judgment than woman, the preëminence was reposed by the policy of the law in him. Of course there are exceptions in this respect, but the law designs to keep in view the ordinary course of things, and those who would entirely abrogate this rule hold out to the woman a dangerous snare.

It is conceded that the rule of the common law is in many respects cruel and oppressive, and not in accordance with the existing state of society, but in making the changes that are at present going on, great caution is needed in order to improve and liberalize the marital relation. In New Jersey, the first movement to relieve the condition of married women, relative to the control of their husbands over their property, was by an act passed in 1852. This provided that the real and personal property of any female who was married, or who might thereafter marry, should not be subject to the control of her husband, or liable for his debts, but should remain her sole property, as if she were a single female. Before

this time, if a woman had property at the time of her marriage, or property came to her by descent or devise, the creditors of the husband could take the property (subject to her right of dower, which I will explain hereafter) and apply it to the payment of those debts. If a woman was cursed with a drunken or spendthrift husband, there was no protection for her and her children.

It was occasionally partially guarded against by *settlements*. That is: before marriage certain property was vested in trustees for the use of the wife and her children. Courts of equity enforced these contracts. After marriage, all the property that came to the wife, unless tied up by trusts, was at the entire disposal of the husband. This precaution was seldom adopted when wills were made, and very frequently no wills at all were made, and the property came to the wife as heir or next of kin.

So this act of 1852 remedied many cases of oppression by allowing the married woman to hold her real and personal property for herself and her children. But while this act gave the married woman the right to take the rents and profits of her estate, it did not give her the right to dispose of the same during her life, without her husband's consent. She could not make a deed of land, or an assignment of a promissory note or bond and mortgage, alone. She was still incapable of making a contract, just as she was under the old law.

In 1864, the Legislature gave her this right in certain instances. If her husband happened to be an idiot, lunatic, or imprisoned in the State Prison on account of any crime, she could sell or transfer any interest in any property, real or personal. In 1868, the Legislature gave her this right if she was living in a state of separation from her husband by virtue of the final judgment or decree of a court having jurisdiction.

In 1864, the Legislature gave the married woman the power to dispose of any real or personal property by *will*. As we have already stated before this, no married woman could in any case make a will. This law provided, however, that she could not affect any interest to which her husband would be entitled, at her death, by law.

It is, therefore, an important question, What interest has the husband in the real estate and personal property of the wife, upon the event of her death? We will speak of this in our next.

The keeping one day in seven holy, is of admirable service to the state, considered merely as a civil institution.—*Blackstone*.

The poor man who envies not the rich, who pities his companions in poverty, and can spare something for him that is still poorer, is, in the realms of humanity, a king of kings.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

DURATION OF ANIMAL LIFE.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D.

THE duration of the life of any particular animal depends on its kind of structure, elementary, and anatomically, as well as upon its place and mode of subsistence. Some have their lives extended to a century, whilst others live but a few hours. If we examine the longest lived, such as some reptiles, the whale, some kinds of birds, the elephant, and man, we will find the tissues of which they are composed are so slowly changed, under the normal condition of their lives, the growth, absorption, and renewal of them being of such a character, that the induration which makes the decrepitude of age, is slow in taking place. The land tortoise, a reptile well known for longevity, is constructed of a gelatinous muscular fibre, with comparatively soft bones and shell. He lives on vegetable matter, moves about slowly, becomes fat, and is torpid during the cold weather. With few enemies to molest him when encased in his shell, those that pass from the egg state to this defence, live year after year in lazy security, and answer the purpose of their creation. They do not harden, and grow stiff by excessive labor as do man, the horse, and the dog, and thus become prematurely old. Fish, particularly the larger kinds, attain great age. Whales are supposed to live a century. But little accuracy can be expected in computing the years these monsters roam through the different seas, but evidence from harpoons bearing ship marks, and dates, found embedded in captured whales, is conclusive that the adult whale will live the greater part of a man's life without undergoing much change. The slow propagation of these monsters, the softness of their muscular fibre enveloped in fat, their food, all tend to that slow assimilation, and expenditure of nutritious matter, which is most consistent with a long life.

The peculiar life element, nitrogen, plays an important part in the duration of animal existence. Where the food consists almost entirely of nitrogenous compounds, such as flesh, the greater amount of vitality imparted to such as live on this food, hurries them through their existence, other conditions being equal, in a shorter time than those which feed on a less stimulating nourishment. The tortoise and the whale are supported by vegetable, and other matter, that contains but little nitrogen compared with the food of carnivorous animals. The whole lion tribe, whatever

may be their magnitude and organization, soon show symptoms of age. The exertion necessary to procure food, strains every muscle to its greatest tension, and these muscles need constant supplies of highly animalized matter to restore their waste. This wearing away, and renewal, hardens the tissues that are thus constantly in a state of action until they become unfit to perform their perfect functions, and at a period, early, compared with the time it took to bring them to maturity, these carnivora fall into decay. An old, worn out lion, is not unusual in the jungle. The buffalo, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, less stimulated by their vegetable food, and less exercised in its procurement, live to a greater age.

Without bringing other examples in proof of the kind of food and exertion necessary to maintain life having an influence upon longevity, the laws that operate to this end, when duly considered, will show the harmony of the whole animal economy. The time appointed for the individuals of each race to live, seems adjusted to the accomplishment of their peculiar work. The ephemera, in the sunshine for a few hours, fulfil their function and die. Their larvæ are longer in coming to maturity, but one short season rounds the whole existence, from the embryo to the perfect insect, and during these stages, whether it has been created for devastation or to be devoured by some other, the wave of life has swelled and subsided. All that remains can rest until another season, when by the air and the sun it will be set in motion to repeat the same phenomena. Other beings, having purposes to accomplish that cannot be embraced in so short a period, have a slower organization.

It would be curious to trace the connexion between the elements of the air and influences of the sun in the life process, and to accurately determine how much nitrogen, one of the elements of the air, and the principal constituent of all the vital parts of animals and plants, has to do with the duration of organic existence. That kind of structure requiring altogether food of which this element constitutes the greatest part, such as the viscera and flesh of animals, should, with the vigor imparted to it by such aliment, live as long as that depending on the scanty supply of nitrogen obtained from vegetables, is not consistent with the idea that the decrepitude of old age is nothing more than the hardening of tissues by the amount of resistance they have had to overcome. The life force is most rapidly and most powerfully expended in the carnivora, and if they are such as by their habits require a daily supply to meet the exercise to which they are daily subjected, their lives must be shorter than those as continually, although not as powerfully called into action, that feed upon vegetables. In the latter, the life processes being slower, induration is later in causing decrepitude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY PROF. E. A. APGAR, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

NEW SCHOOL HOUSES.

IT IS hoped that next Winter the Legislature will do something to facilitate, and compel, if necessary, the erection of new school houses where needed. The following is a true description of a certain house now being used for school purposes in this State :

The yard surrounding the house and the highway join ; no fence divides that portion traveled over by animals and that portion designated as the school house grounds ; both yard and highway are occupied in common by animals and children ; examining the outside, we find three weather-boards hanging at one end by the only remaining nail, and seven are gone entirely—probably long since used for kindling wood ; nearly all trace of the coat of paint the house once had, has disappeared ; we enter through a door hanging on but one hinge, and nearly ready to fall to pieces ; everything inside presents that dilapidated, forlorn and dingy appearance which characterizes the outside ; there are forty pupils in the school ; the room in which they are huddled together is about large enough to give sufficient space for ten ; all the benches upon which these children sit are made of slabs, set upon four legs ; they are about two feet high, and wholly devoid of any support for the backs of the pupils. These poor children sit here from day to day, suspended between heaven and earth, with feet dangling in the air, with curved backs and contracted lungs, breathing the foul air and dust—poor, suffering victims of their parents' short-sighted penuriousness. Seven window panes are broken out, and the spaces left admit nearly all the light the room receives, for the portions of glass remaining have ceased to be transparent, on account of the dust and cobwebs gathered upon them ; an old-fashioned "ten-plate stove" adorns the centre of the room ; a piece of tin is fastened with wire over a hole in the stove-pipe, and a pan is placed underneath the stove to catch the sparks of fire which sometimes fall through the crack in the bottom. It would be such a pity if this precious building should burn down ! In several places the floor is worn through, but all the holes except one are covered with boards, over which the children need not stumble, if they are careful and lift their feet high enough ; large patches of plastering have fallen from the side walls and the ceiling, and in several places, through the ceiling and roof, the sky may be examined with advantage in astronomical observations ; when it rains, the

children have a holiday for during such times the storms inside are unpleasant; the dirt upon the floor, if carefully swept up, would fill a half bushel measure at least, and after that there could be gathered enough old paper and sticks to fill another measure twice as large; the windows are supplied with shutters, which are kept closed at night by placing rails against them.

The above is a faithful description of one of our school houses; but with slight modifications, it will serve to convey an idea of the condition of no less than ninety-eight so-called school buildings in this State, which are valued at sums ranging from fifty cents up to one hundred dollars! Of course, these buildings contain no blackboards, globes, maps or other aids to assist the teacher in his work.

Without argument, I simply repeat that it is hoped something may be done by the Legislature next Winter to secure the erection of suitable school houses in these districts where the inhabitants are so blind to their own interests. Our children spend nearly one-half of their waking hours in the school room. The school room is their home during several years of culture and development, and considerations of health, taste and morality require that this home shall be made comfortable, neat and convenient. If necessary all State aid should be withheld from those districts which do not provide school accommodations.

We would not have the reader to infer from the description here given, that our school buildings in general are poor. During the past three years the people have manifested great interest in the cause of education, and in no respect has this interest shown itself more conspicuously than in the improvements that have been made in our school accommodations. Since the year 1867, \$1,769,000 have been expended in building and repairing school houses, and the total value of our school property is now double what it was three years ago. Many of the buildings that have been erected are models in capacity, in beauty of finish, in convenience of arrangement, and in the manner in which they are furnished. For the good work that has been done the people deserve great credit, but this good work should not be marred by the existence of a single building such as the one described, and as long as we have any such remaining our work in furnishing proper school accommodations is not complete.

“A school is an epitome of a nation. All kinds of government are exemplified therein on a small scale. In the management of a school, it will be acknowledged on all hands that it is better for a teacher to induce his pupils to do their own work than to do it for them.”

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THINGS THAT CONCERN YOUNG MEN.

THERE are multitudes who think that to live in extravagance and luxury is the height of human happiness. Hoping that some might be willing to adopt simpler habits from knowing how our greatest men live and accomplish so much, we requested two or three, well known to the young men of the country, to say something about their habits. Greatly to our regret, we have space for only one reply, but this is from a man whose labor for years has been simply marvellous. We hazard nothing in saying he has done more work than any other man of his years now living, and yet his powers of body and mind are perfectly preserved. Many a younger man cannot lift 265 pounds. There is a valuable lesson in all this. Who cannot see it?

First among Americans as a journalist and author, is the Hon. Horace Greeley, or, as he is sometimes called, the White Coated Philosopher of the *Tribune*. There is nothing that can do real good to young men in which Mr. Greeley does not take a hearty, personal interest, and it is our hope that every young man who reads this prompt and instructive response to our inquiry, will feel that it is addressed to him personally:

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, NEW YORK, May 3, 1871.

Dear Sir: I know of nothing in my habits that deserves public attention.

I was formerly called a "Grahamite:" that is, I rarely ate meat; and it is still my conviction that meat should be eaten very sparingly. I eat, however, like other folks, not having time to make myself disagreeable to everybody by insisting on special food wherever I go, since I travel much and eat in many places in the course of a year.

I ceased to drink distilled liquors Jan. 1st, 1824, when I was not quite 13 years old. I occasionally drank beer for four or five years thereafter, when I abandoned that also. I cannot remember that I ever more than tasted wine.

I stopped drinking coffee about 1834, because it made my hand tremble. I am opposed to nerves.

I did not drink tea for a quarter of a century ending in 1861, when I had brain fever and was very ill. My doctor insisted that I should drink either claret or tea, and I chose the tea, which (black) I have generally used since, though not uniformly.

My favorite exercise is trimming up trees in a forest with an axe, cutting out underbrush, &c., &c. I wish I could take more of it, but my farm is distant and my family scattered. I sometimes lift weights at the Lifting Cure. I have only lifted 265 pounds since I became 60 years old, Feb. 3d last.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

J. A. Beecher, Esq., Trenton, N. J.

“ Then came July, boiling like fire,
That all his garments he had cast away ;
Upon a lion, raging yet with ire,
He boldly rode and made him to obey.”—*Spenser*.

JULY is the hottest month of the year—sometimes called the sweet Summer time “when the leaves are green and long ;” a perfect description of foliage then. If the month can be spent in the country and in leisure ; if we may walk beside the shady brooks, and harmlessly lie upon the banks of mossy streams ; if we may roam through the woods with a chosen companion, sit by the waterfall, range the glen, or tent on the beach, then this hot July shall be the poet’s sweet Summer month for us. But if we must stay in the dusty, busy city, in its heated houses or narrow offices ; if we must work and not play, then let it be as Spenser calls it. Hot and dusty as it is, though, July has to us Americans a real glory that no other month can boast. It is the birth month of this republic.

CONFIRMATION AT THE SIGHT OF FULTON'S MONSTER.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated,
Pure, Progressive, Practical, Popular.

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SIGHING AND SINGING.

BY SIXELA.

CHAPTER I.

•
ANNUNZIATA.

FLORENCE of to-day is a busy, noisy city; the picturesque old walls are being destroyed and leveled into broad boulevards, which makes the city much colder in winter, at least so the common people say. Magnificent promenades are in process of construction. The sixteenth century architecture that looks down upon the Arno is giving place to the meaningless piles of stone erected at the present day, and all the host of so-called modern improvements are marching in to take possession. In short Florence is becoming a European capital, the capital city of Italy and the Italians; of a nation still being fused out of many elements. It is also problematic what the end will be, whether the casting will turn out royal, democratic, or in the original pieces, objecting to all fusion. But the Florence of 1840 was a quiet town, where Leopold II resided, and administered partial justice to the people of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. Florence of 1840 was an Italian town in every respect. Modern innovations had not made their appearance, and foreigners had not colonized it. The inhabitants lived quietly, which for an Italian means lazily and contentedly. There was not much wealth in Florence, but a large number of middle class families not absolutely dependent on their daily earnings, resided there.

Among these was the family of Signor Badelli, who lived in the Via Maggio, not far from the "Casa Guidi," where the greatest poetess of our century lived and died. Signor Badelli had a wife and three children, the eldest being a girl of sixteen. Three years before the commencement of our story his elder brother died, and his widow with her only child, Annunziata, came to live with the family. Annunziata was then twenty-

three and made herself very useful by teaching the younger children. Her father left considerable property—quite enough to satisfy the wants of herself and her mother and give them many inexpensive pleasures.

Annunziata was handsome, not only handsome for a Florentine, because the homeliest women in all Italy are to be found in Florence, but handsome in reality. Her mother was a Roman and had transmitted to the daughter that well-known regularity of features, large melting black eyes with long lashes, and a perfectly modeled figure. Her education had been unusually good, for she was animated with a genuine love of study, so that after leaving the convent she had begged her father's permission to continue her music and languages under the guidance of instructors, and her father had granted the request most willingly. Thus Annunziata's outward life was tranquil and happy—happy because her highest faculties were most actively exercised in a proper and legitimate channel.

But her spiritual life was less peaceful. Those very ceremonies that during her convent life were expected to make her religious and happy had produced entirely the contrary effect. The weary, monotonous repetition of prayers had become distasteful to her. The convent confessions were, to her certain knowledge, a mere farce; but above all, a long succession of events had been continually in direct opposition to her most earnest and devout prayers. Disappointment broke down her faith in prayer; her total abstinence from prayer produced indifference in her mind, and this gave place to incredulity and absolute skepticism. If Annunziata could have been tranquilly skeptical, she would have fulfilled her social duties, enjoyed the pleasures of this world, and given herself no thought for the future. But she could not rid herself from the truths of her early teachings. There was an ever-present feeling in her heart of the existence of another world—of some relation between it and our own, and of an individual responsibility to be pure and to struggle towards a nobler life. She was conscious of such a mental struggle. She was also conscious that she made no struggle whatever to become spiritually better, and this was a source of continual anxiety to her. For many months she had absented herself from confession and from mass. She could be cold or even wicked, but she could not be hypocritical. Sometimes she could drive the subject entirely from her for several weeks and enjoy a certain negative state of happiness; then a flood of questions, doubts, and fears would rush tumultuously into her thoughts, and whenever she crossed the Ponte Santa Trinita she looked long and earnestly down into the Arno and yearned to be beneath its waves, until she was aroused perhaps from her reverie by the voice of her little niece, saying "Aunt Etta, can you see the fish? I can't." And once when she was unusually low-spirited, she determined to try the chances of another world, and went to the top of Giotto's Campanile, intending to throw herself down. The sun was setting behind the Bello

Squardo, and casting its last rays upon Fiesole and Monte Sennario. A heavy bank of cumulose cloud lay just above the western horizon. It was so dense that only the extreme edges were silvered, and the rest of it seemed too leaden to be floating in the air. To the south were some fleecy clouds that caught each ray of the descending sun, transforming themselves into a panorama of transcendent glory; undefined streaks of purple faded into violet and into the soft hazy blue of the Italian sky. The rose color blended and was lost unconsciously in neutral and silver tints, while long reaches of golden perspective seemed to be shadowy realizations of the heavenly street that was of gold and like transparent glass.

This cloud contrast caught Annunziata's attention, and she thought: "Can it be possible that this is typical of the two future states? How that dark mass seems to represent remorse, inaction, and black hypochondria, but in the other cloud that flood of warm light tells of life and love and joy. No! it is but a vapory illusion; nothing can be worse than my present life of mental torture, and I shall soon know whether there is any future, and in what its misery or bliss consists."

Annunziata measured with her eye the two hundred and seventy-five feet of space that lay between herself and eternity. She looked around her to see where she might most easily spring over the parapet, and glancing downward she saw the dismal procession of the Misericordia Brothers in their black uniforms and masks, bearing a litter across the Piazza del Duomo. At that moment the Fraternity chapel bell tolled, and the keeper of the tower came out to see what was going on. Annunziata saw that her design would be frustrated unless she could fix the keeper's attention on something so as to be unobserved herself, and determined to address him as if she were a stranger in Florence, and then say afterwards that he need not remain up there with her, because she wanted to stay and study the landscape some time longer. So she said to the man:

"Pray tell me what that procession of men all in black may be?"

"Ah! the Signora is a stranger then, and does not know that those are the members of the Misericordia Society, that was founded in the middle of the thirteenth century. It is a numerous body, and many of its members are wealthy and belong to the nobility. They serve in turn, and when any member is on duty he must go the moment he hears the bell ring—no matter where he is or what he is doing—whether it is day or night, he must go and render any service that is commanded by the Superior. They nurse the sick; take charge of persons who are injured by accident; transport the dead bodies of poor people to their own rooms, and care for their burial and all such things. The litter that passed by a few moments ago probably contained the remains of a very respectable old lady who had become reduced in circumstances, and who died this morning in the Via Saturno."

“Why did she die?” said Annunziata, abstractedly.

“Ah! Signora, her daughter killed her. It was just a week ago that the young woman drowned herself in the Arno, and the poor mother fell into a swoon when she heard the news, and died this morning.”

Annunziata felt a cold shudder run through her limbs, and her heart stood still at the hitherto unsuggested thought that in killing herself she might become the murderess of her mother. Selfishness alone had ruled her mind, and this sudden announcement of what it might lead to, shocked her. She perceived that the keeper was watching her face, and fearing that he might read her thoughts, she said quickly, but with a careless tone—

“That was very sad—and why did the young girl drown herself?”

“It is a long story, Signora,” answered the keeper, “but in a few words. She was engaged to a young man before her father died, and after her father’s death all the property that he left was lost, the young girl was forced to earn a living, the *fine young man* turned out badly and deserted her, her mother fell ill, and so the poor creature’s life became unbearable. There is some excuse for her, but she will have her mother’s death to answer for besides her own. The good Lord and St. Neponnick have mercy on her soul. Ah, Signora, it is a bad sign for our people when they haven’t courage enough to meet the trials of life, even if they are severe ones; but how continually do we hear of intelligent people that have means, and friends to love them and to miss them, who take their lives, and perhaps the lives of others, for some trivial cause. That is not only wicked in itself, but shameful and disgraceful to any man or woman who would be deemed worthy of the name. It is pure cowardice, or else the promptings of a bad, sinful mind. Yes, Signora, if you had seen the trials that I have, you would believe that nine men of every ten have longed, at some time of life, to end it—but only the cowards do so.”

Annunziata felt faint at the idea of the fearful act that she had so nearly committed, brought thus before her mind by the words of the plain speaking old man, and turned silently to go down the tower. She could scarcely walk, and when she had descended the four hundred and ten steps of the stair-case her strength failed. She sat down upon the last step—said that the windings had made her dizzy and the fatigue had made her faint. She sent for a carriage and drove immediately home. She knew that her lateness would excite alarm, and she felt also that she could not appear calm as usual in the family circle, so she determined to feign an illness which was almost a reality. Her mother, with anxiety in her face, met Annunziata at the door, saying—

“My darling Etta, where have you been? why are you so late and what makes you so pale? Has anything happened?”

“No, mother, dear. I only took a long walk, and coming back I felt quite faint and sat down on the steps of the Campanile and had not the

strength to go on again. I haven't eaten anything since morning, and I think if I go to bed I shall be well again by to-morrow."

Her mother's fears were quieted by this plausible explanation, and thinking that rest was the best remedy, she assisted Annunziata to retire, brought her some supper, kissed her tenderly, bade her good night, and left her alone. The constraint of another's presence was now removed, and Annunziata made no effort to control the wild thoughts that whirled and rushed tumultuously through her brain. She thought of her cool, premeditated ascension of the Campanile—she thought she saw again the black cloud that took demon forms, and flashes of blinding light coming from the bright one—long processions of Misericordia brothers passed before her eyes, until at length they stopped and set down a litter—they uncovered it, and the face of her mother seemed to look at her in stony silence. Annunziata's aching heart could bear no more, and found relief in a flood of tears, that blessed comfort known to women, but impossible, if not incomprehensible, to men, who only know how to groan. The first paroxysm of remorse and shame spent itself, and Annunziata lay sobbing convulsively and heaving those deep nervous sighs that tell the story of the fierce storm that has passed. The pointed words of the old keeper came back continually to her—"It is cowardly—or else the promptings of a sinful heart." Again and again her mind reverted to the young girl who sprang into the Arno, driven to desperation by desertion, poverty and illness, and then she reflected upon her own base ingratitude. She had means enough to be happy without working; she had occupation enough in teaching her little nieces and in caring for her mother; she had health and talents and a pleasant future in view, and yet she would fain have yielded to a vague doubt of her future life in another world, and would have accepted its worst certainties rather than bear one trial amid all these blessings. Thus Annunziata reasoned with herself, worried, fretted and wept, now calmly making good resolutions, now overcome with shame and remorse, now brooding again over the questions that had troubled her, almost sorry that her attempted suicide had been frustrated. At length, as the day dawned and the birds began to twitter, she fell asleep. Her mother came to the door quite early in the morning and again a little later, but heard only the quiet, regular breathing of her daughter, and went away without going to the bedside, which was fortunate for Annunziata, for the traces of tears would have aroused Signora Badelli's suspicions. The sun was high in the heavens when Annunziata awoke. It seemed a month to her since the time when she left the house to go up the Campanile. Twenty-four hours had brought years of experience, and she had emerged from the storm of conflicting passions calm and resolute. Her mind was not satisfied about the future, but she was decided on one point—that her premeditated suicide would have been an act of base cowardice, selfishness and ingratitude. She determined to go once more to confession, to busy herself

more actively in good works, and to cultivate a cheerful manner, even though it might be contrary to her real feelings. Signora Badelli was rejoiced to find that her daughter was not really ill, but remarked her excessive paleness and forced her to keep her room, and in two or three days Annunziata looked as bright as ever and seemed very cheerful and happy.

CHAPTER II.

"WOMAN'S NATURE VERSUS CONVENTIONALISM."

THE bells of Florence were ringing the Ave Maria on a glorious Saturday evening, just a week after the events narrated in the last chapter, as Annunziata dressed herself to go out. She went to her mother's room and said :

"Mother, dear, I am going to confession."

Her mother kissed her forehead and murmured: "God be with you, my child."

Annunziata left the room silently and bent her steps toward the little church in the Via Romana. The last gleams of the short southern twilight had faded, and the small altar lamps cast faint shadows through the low church arches as Annunziata entered. Figures could be dimly seen kneeling here and there. The silence was only broken by the rumble of passing vehicles, and the low murmurings of the old women who were praying audibly. Annunziata saw by the lighted candle that only one confessional was occupied by a priest, so she knelt down in the appointed place and told all the story of her mental struggle, her intended suicide and her repentance. Sobs frequently interrupted her narration, but she repressed her emotion and continued to the end, saying, finally, "Father! can such sin as this receive absolution?" Annunziata was certain that she did not know the priest personally, and she also felt confident that he did not know her. She was glad to have it thus, for she preferred that her guilt should remain secret—she could not have borne her shame before any one who knew her sin. The priest had not spoken during her confession and she now awaited his answer, expecting a dreary homily on human sinfulness and the imposition of some severe penance, in which she had no faith. The sound of the priest's voice startled her. It was deep, full, pathetic, and betrayed much emotion.

"My daughter," said he, "you have by no means sunk into a low moral condition; as long as there is any activity, any struggle, in the soul there is christian life and hope, but spiritual repose is a spiritual death that requires the especial grace of God to bring it again to life. You were, to a certain extent, correct in arguing out the absence of a second life, merely from our surroundings, but you have abjured the existence of a revelation and the fact that our religion is almost entirely

a matter of faith. Your faith was weak, and you wandered in one of the most frequented of the devil's by-paths, but your self-struggling shows that true christian ambition still exists in your heart, and God forgives and absolves such sins even as yours. Your heart, my child, is not bad, but you have been led astray. Return, therefore, to your home and fulfill all your duties; be busy in kind works to the poor; banish from your mind all thoughts of the future and live in the present only; cultivate a cheerful, happy manner, and use those forms of prayer and worship that you have always used, even though you cannot fully and heartily enter into their spirit. Come to the communion to-morrow, and again to confession two weeks from to-day."

The priest pronounced the usual form of absolution slowly and with great feeling, and Annunziata left the church and hurried home. She felt more calm than she had for many days, for confession, whether to God, priest, friend or stranger, unburdens the mind of an undue weight of responsibility for past actions, and this, combined with the refreshing stimulus of good resolutions, made her heart comparatively light. Early on the following morning she went to church. The same deep toned voice that she had heard the evening previous was chanting the mass. Annunziata felt an unconquerable desire to look at the priest, knowing that it was the same one to whom she had confessed. She could not keep her eyes on her book, but fixed them on the priest. His face was manly and honest. It bespoke generosity and frankness in the large mouth, much force of will in the broad jaws, great powers of observation in the prominent eye-brows, and fidelity in the large, clear, hazel eyes. Annunziata turned again to her book, satisfied that the face and character of the man were in harmony with his rich voice.

As she knelt to receive the consecrated wafer and the priest placed it upon her tongue, she felt conscious that he recognized her, but she struggled hard to turn her thoughts to the solemnity of the ceremony, and recited her prayers in a true spirit of penitent humility, thus driving out of her mind all other ideas but those of devotion. Mass being ended, Annunziata returned home, determined to follow out the priest's counsel. For the next two weeks she was unusually active in all her duties, and in taking care of a poor old woman who lived near by, and whom Signora Badelli had assisted for a long time, but it seemed to Annunziata that she did all this only from a strange desire to appear better and nobler in the eyes of the priest when she should go again to confession; however, she was happier, and ceased to ask herself the cause.

At the appointed time Annunziata went again to confession and told the priest how much happier she had been, and how she had carefully followed the course he had advised, and then said:

"Father, I do not know why it is, but your being seems to have exercised a strange influence over me; the kind gentleness of your voice

seemed to me a whisper from heaven. I think I could be better and nobler if it were only for your sake. You will pray for me sometimes, will you not? and you will not despise me for my sins if you should ever know me in the world, will you?"

"Daughter," replied the priest, "you must be good, not for my sake, but for the love of God, and I shall, of course, pray for you as I do for all my parish, and especially the penitents who come to me for confession. Go, and may our Lord ever bless you."

Annunziata felt chilled by this formal answer, said nothing more and left the church, determined still to hold fast to her good resolutions of leading a more actively religious life.

A few days later, as the family was at dinner, Signor Badelli said :

"I have concluded that our little Theresa is old enough now to take singing lessons of a master, and I am told that the Abbe Salvatore is an excellent teacher and so I have engaged him, and he is coming this afternoon to try her voice."

"How does it happen," said Signora Badelli, "that a priest gives singing lessons?"

"You must know," replied her husband, "that his parents educated him for the priesthood, but music is his favorite study; he has a powerful, rich, bass voice, and has obtained the position of singing-master in the Seminary, and also has permission to give a few private lessons. His clerical duties are very light. He sings the mass and hears confessions occasionally, but he never visits in the parish and seldom preaches; in fact, it is said that he is not a strict believer in all the ultra opinions and teachings of the Church, but he is a good singing-master, and further than that we need ask no questions. I shall ask Etta to remain in the room while Theresina takes her lessons, so that she may hear the master's teaching, and then be of assistance to Theresina in her practising. Will you be so kind, Etta?"

"Oh, certainly, dear uncle," said Annunziata, "I shall learn a good deal myself, too, I am sure."

Annunziata had listened to her uncle's remarks with intense interest. She knew that the name of her father confessor was Tommaso Salvatore, but until then she had known nothing more about him. She was half pleased and half frightened at the prospect of seeing him so often. She could not explain to herself the strange influence he possessed over her. It did not seem natural after two meetings, both at the confessional. And again, his power was not the usual priestly power arising from that knowledge of the inner life, of the guilt or crime of another. For this knowledge, on the part of the priest, inevitably and unconsciously generates in the penitent's mind an unacknowledged fear of its divulgence. But Annunziata felt no fear; she only experienced a desire to be purer, to be morally equal with her father confessor. She even asked herself whether this feeling was love, and felt sure that it *was not*.

According to his word, Tommaso Salvatore came that afternoon and was presented to the family by Signor Badelli. He tried Theresa's voice and made her sing several songs that she knew. When she had finished he said :

"The quality of the Signorina's voice is very fair, and I readily perceive that she has had some training. I should judge that her previous master possessed a fine intuitive knowledge of music, but was deficient in technical teaching, because Signorina Theresa sings with feeling and expression, but her execution is neither precise nor easy."

"Be careful ! be careful !" cried Signor Badelli, laughing, "for the previous teacher is listening to you herself," and he proudly drew Annunziata forward.

"Look," continued he, "how your mingled praise and blame, Signor Maestro, have called the blushes to our Etta's cheeks."

"To be sure," said the priest, "but she looks none the worse for them; and had I known that the Signorina had been the teacher of whom I was speaking, I should, nevertheless, have spoken just as I did, because I teach singing purely from the love of it. Too many teachers descend to senseless compliments and false flattery merely to curry favor, but for my part, I think that the art is too noble to be dragged down to the level of a trade, and in the capacity of master I should never hesitate to criticise what was bad, and to praise what was well done. Those who really love music for itself will accept correction and be thankful for it. Those who pretend to love music, but use it only as a means of displaying their talents, soon grow impatient of my so-called severity and we gladly part company, and I feel sure that Signorina Annunziata does not belong to the latter class."

"I assure you that I do not, Signor Maestro," replied Annunziata quickly. "I blushed only because I was conscious that you had mentioned my very weakest point, both in teaching and in singing myself; instead of being offended I thank you for your frankness."

Signor Badelli then asked the priest to sing, and Salvatore complied with a readiness and absence of affectation that is seldom met with in fine singers. He sang in the very best Italian style, bringing his voice really from the chest, but apparently from the head—making both crescendo and decrescendo on many single notes; executing the finest passages of art with a natural ease, and combining the Italian dash and freedom with the mathematical German precision. Salvatore then appointed the hours for the future lessons and took his leave, having made a pleasant impression on the Badelli family, and not least of all, on Annunziata.

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

Ten poor men can sleep tranquilly on a mat; but two kings are not able to live at peace in a quarter of the world.

THE MORSE STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

UNDER the balmy summer skies,
Where flowers repeat the rainbow dyes,
And trees look up with blossom eyes,
The statue of our Morse behold!
Let meadows wave their plumes of green!
Ye purple hills smile on the scene!
Ye heavens aglow with golden sheen,
Crown the white day with cloudless gold!

Inventors are reformers, they
Point out new paths, and lead the way,
Short'ning the toil, length'ning the day,
For culture and for noble deeds.
They pave our roads with bars of steel,
They bridge our seas with the wingèd keel,
They speed our cars with the fiery wheel,
The lightnings are their golden reeds.

The statue a proud people raise,
A monument of love and praise,
Unveiled to the admiring gaze,
May in the far hereafter rust;
But the memory of Morse will be
Cherished upon the land and sea,
Long as the lightning flashes, he
Has fame which blossoms from the dust.

Let messages be swiftly sent
From continent to continent,
Full of good news and compliment.
Wave high ye flags of stars unfurled!
Ye winds make every thread a lyre!
Skilled fingers touch the electric wire!
Girdle the globe with words of fire!
"Let there be light" around the world!

"Let there be light" in every clime,
Light in the dens of vice and crime.
The lightning is a torch sublime,
To light the nations far and near,
Along the rugged steep that rise
To higher planes where purer skies,
Shall welcome the white flag that flies
From hemisphere to hemisphere.

[The boy Colt inventing his revolver.]

SAMUEL COLT.

SAMUEL Colt was born in Hartford, Conn., July 19th, 1814. To say that he was a headstrong, unruly and ingenious colt gives a tolerably fair idea of the boy; for while his father determined he should have a good education, young Colt persistently discarded books and schools, and spent most of his time at work in his father's factory, or studying into the machinery. At thirteen, desiring to remove him from the factory attractions to a place where he would be obliged to study, his father sent him to a boarding school at Amherst, Mass., but here, proving unruly beyond the measure of boarding school walls, he ran away and went to sea, shipping as "a boy before the mast," on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. The ship's name was "Caroo," commanded by Captain Spaulding. Like other boys who run away from home, and go to sea, or for that matter anywhere else—young Colt soon found that reading romances of youthful adventurers was one thing, and becoming one was quite another, and that the difference was decidedly in favor of the reading.

He proved himself ingenious by inventing a revolving pistol during the voyage, and whittled a wooden model of it during such times as he found relief from duty, which for a boy was quite a feat; especially as (unknown to him) men of genius had whittled before him, with the same object in view, under much more favorable circumstances, and had succeeded in producing nothing that was not more dangerous to the object behind than what might be before it. The voyage was a long one, and the voyager was subjected to many hardships known only to those who have occupied that most perilous position of sailing before the mast.

Colt's father in early life was a merchant, and one of the first settlers of the now large and thriving city of Hartford. Later he became a manufacturer of woollen, cotton and silk goods. His mother was the daughter of Major John Caldwell, a prominent banker of that place, and is said to have been a woman of superior character and fine mental attainments. Evidently the boy's father, though an estimable man of standing and influence, did not know much about the peculiar characteristics and wants of his son. He made the same mistake that thousands of others have made before and since, but with less disastrous results. He tried to make an educated dunce out of a natural genius, by putting him through one of the fashionable school-mills of his time, that put in and ground out every boy alike regardless of his own needs and preferences, and happily he did not succeed, as unfortunately many parents do. After returning from his voyage he became an apprentice in his father's bleaching and dyeing establishment, under the instruction of Wm. T. Smith, Esq., one of the best practical chemists of New England. In this school he exhibited remarkable aptitude, and soon became known as one of the most dexterous and skillful operators in that section.

At eighteen he embarked in an unusually bold and hazardous undertaking, for one of his years, though he had the appearance and size of a full grown man. Assuming the name of Dr. Coult, he travelled throughout the United States and British America, delivering lectures on chemistry, and illustrating them with a series of skillful and highly popular experiments. In two years he realized a handsome sum from this entirely successful enterprise.

For five years he had continued to study and improve the model of his revolver, and now with the money realized from his lecturing tour, he set himself at work to perfect it still further, until after two years of hard study and labor, he brought it to a state of perfection far beyond his brightest hopes. In 1835 he received a patent from the United States for his invention, and also in England and France, visiting these countries for that purpose.

Mr. Colt having secured his invention, now set to work to organize a company for the manufacture of his revolver. Birds of ill-omen said it would kill those who used it, that practically it was a failure, and things looked discouraging. By persevering in his efforts, Mr. Colt secured the aid of New York capitalists and a company was formed with a capital of \$300,000, called the Patent Arms Company, and an armory was established at Paterson, in this State.

The inventor now endeavored to induce the government to adopt the arm in the military and naval service. For two years he was entirely unsuccessful. Officers opposed its introduction on many grounds, which would cause us to wonder at their blindness. Mr. Colt met these objec-

tions carefully, one by one, and silenced them, until at last the government consented to give the revolver a trial.

In 1837 the Florida war raged with great violence, and the Seminoles, secure in their fastnesses in the Everglades, bade defiance to our troops. Their skill in the use of the rifle gave them a great advantage. In this emergency Col. Colt's revolver was introduced. The savages were astounded at seeing their enemies fire six or eight times without reloading, and when the war was brought to a close it was acknowledged that the revolver had played a conspicuous part in the result. The speedy close of the war was an unfortunate circumstance for Col. Colt, as it put an end to the demand for his pistol, and in 1842 the Patent Arms Company was compelled to wind up its affairs and close the establishment. No more of the revolvers were manufactured for five years.

In 1847 the war with Mexico began, and General Taylor, who had witnessed the effectiveness of the revolver in the Florida war, requested the government to arm the Texan Rangers with it. But the government found that not a pistol was in Col. Colt's possession. He had parted with the last one, and had not even a model to serve as a guide in making others. The government gave him an order for one thousand, which he agreed to make for \$28,000. Here he found himself in a dilemma, having no pistol to work by. He advertised extensively, offering an extravagant price for one of his old pistols, but failed to procure any. At this juncture he went to work and produced a new model far superior to the old. He had no manufactory of his own, but hired an armory at Whitneyville, Connecticut, about six miles out of New Haven, where he made the first thousand revolvers, which gave entire satisfaction to the government, which gave large additional orders. He soon removed his business to Hartford, Connecticut, where he hired and fitted up larger and more complete workshops, realizing handsome profits and laying the foundation of his future immense establishment.

The success of the revolver had become so generally known throughout the country that the close of the Mexican struggle did not materially injure his business, as he feared would be the case. The discovery of gold in California was made about this time, which greatly stimulated the already steady demand. An essential part of a gold seeker's outfit was a revolver, whether bound to Australia or the Pacific coast. The arm was perfected from time to time, and Col. Colt took out a new patent, covering the many improvements made at the suggestions of officers and others in the government service. It was adopted as the regular arm of the army, and navy and different sizes were made for each branch of the service. The Crimean and Indian wars followed very closely upon the close of the Mexican war, and large orders for the weapon were given by the British government, and in a short time it was formally adopted by the leading governments of Europe.

Col. Colt's success was so rapid that in 1851 greatly enlarged facilities were necessary. He immediately began the prosecution of a magnificent plan that made many of his friends tremble for his future prosperity. He resolved to build the largest and most perfect armory in the world. Just south of Mill river, in Hartford, there was about two hundred and fifty acres of what was considered worthless land. It was submerged every spring by freshets in the river. Col. Colt bought the meadow for a nominal sum, and astonished the good people of Hartford by proceeding to surround it with a strong dyke, or embankment. This was two miles in length, one hundred and fifty feet wide at the base, from fifty to sixty feet wide at the top, and from ten to twenty feet high. Its strength was increased by planting willows along the sides. Having drained the meadow, Col. Colt began the erection of his armory within the embankment. It was built in the form of the letter H, and consisted of two long parallel edifices, connected by a third in the centre. The front one of which was five hundred and sixty by sixty feet, and the rear parallel five hundred by forty feet; the central building connecting these was two hundred and fifty by fifty feet. These were three stories high. Besides, there were numerous smaller structures for offices, ware-rooms, watchmen's houses, &c.

In 1861 his orders were so enormous that the armory was doubled in size, the new buildings being similar to the old. Its capacity was one thousand fire arms per day, which was greater than Harper's Ferry and Springfield combined. In 1861, Colt's Armory turned out about one hundred and twenty thousand stand of arms. A portion of this immense establishment was devoted to the fabrication of machinery for the manufacture of his pistol, and it is generally sold to parties purchasing the right to manufacture. The machinery of the Government works, at Enfield, was furnished by Colt, and all that in the Imperial Armory at Tulin, Russia.

He erected within the enclosure of the dyke a number of tasteful cottages for his workmen. Altogether he expended two and a-half millions of dollars upon the land and buildings. Among his other cares, the intellectual and moral welfare of his employees were not forgotten. Few mechanics are favored with as pleasant residences as those he erected for his workmen, and a public hall, library, courses of lectures, concerts, the organization of a fine band of music formed entirely from his own operatives, to whom he presented a superb set of musical instruments, and a military company provided by him with tasteful uniforms and otherwise treated with great liberality, were among the methods by which he demonstrated his sympathy with the laboring class. His armory is the largest and most complete in the world. All articles needed with the revolver, flasks, balls, cartridges, &c., are made here on a large scale. The establishment is a noble monument to the inventive genius and business

capacity of its founder. Col. Colt also invented a submarine battery, which is pronounced by competent officers to be one of the most formidable engines for harbor defence in the world. He was prominent in bringing about a system of submarine telegraphy, and the inventor and successful operator of one as early as 1843.

In a few years after 1848, Col. Colt acquired a very large fortune and built an elegant mansion in Hartford, and surrounded it with all the luxury of wealth and taste. In 1855 he married Miss Elizabeth Jarvis, a daughter of Rev. Dr. Jarvis, of Portland, Conn., a lady of beauty and refinement. The success of his weapon made Col. Colt famous the world over, and during his frequent visits to Europe he was made the recipient of many honors. He, with his family, was invited to be present at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander II. From nearly all foreign governments he received decorations of rings, medals, diplomas, &c., in acknowledgment of the service rendered the world by his invention. He died at his residence in Hartford, January 10th, 1862, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

His life is a prominent example of what an individual can accomplish by ability and indomitable energy and perseverance.

In closing this sketch, we desire to acknowledge our obligation to Mr. McCabe's interesting volume, "Great Fortunes," published by George Maclean, Esq., Philadelphia.

LET HER SPEAK.

SHE has something to say ; you may tell it
By the flush on her beautiful cheek.

She has something to say to the people ;

Let her speak, if she will, let her speak !

Let her speak for the good of the nation,

Let her help the oppressed and the weak ;

Let her sweet voice be heard through creation,

Let her speak for the truth ; let her speak.

God has never made woman with talents,

With genius and beauty combined,

To be fettered with folly and fashion,

Aye, a cross betwixt matter and mind,

She has something to say to the people,

To the sad, the oppressed, and the weak,

She has something to say to the people,

Let her speak for the truth, let her speak.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

MY PLAYMATE.

THE blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

•

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who kept her father's line?

I wonder if she thinks of them,
 And how the old time seems—
 If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
 Are sounding in her dreams.

O, playmate, in the golden time!
 Our mossy seat is green,
 Its fringing violets blossom yet,
 The old trees o'er it lean.

I see her face, I hear her voice,
 Does she remember mine?
 And what to her is now the boy
 Who fed her father's kine?

Extract from Whittier's Poem.

OUR FOLKS AT HOME—No. 5.

BY *— *— *—.

JUST as the gentlemen went out, the ladies, who had a few days before called on the newly arrived strangers in our neighborhood, were handed the cards of Mrs. Morris and her daughter. These people were from the town of R——, Pa., a place having a population of a few thousands less than our own. Report said they were a highly respectable and worthy family, and had left R—— because they thought the educational advantages of New England superior to those of any other section; but as Mr. Morris was a New England man, we infer it might have been owing, in part at least, to that love, which dwells in the heart of every one born and reared there, for his own section and society.

Mrs. Morris made a very favorable first impression upon the ladies of our house, though the call was exceedingly brief, and of course formal, as first calls generally are. The daughter was about sixteen, and though there was nothing striking in her appearance, she was more than usually easy in manner, and showed, by her tone of voice and expression of features, more than ordinary home care and culture.

After the usual compliments and inquiries were passed, Mrs. Avery said, "We have just been having an after-tea discussion upon the government of children, which brought out at least as many different theories as there were persons present."

"And I presume," remarked Mrs. Morris, "that you found those who had no children, if any such were present, were most positive in the assertion of their beautiful *theories* of government."



"Your presumption is entirely correct," said Mrs. Avery, "and I happen to think of a little incident to further illustrate its truth. When I was young, my mother had boarding with her, a bachelor brother. He was forever saying to her, 'Why don't you make those children mind?' or 'Can't those young ones be kept still? If I had children, they would be taught better manners and obedience.' We used to fear for our lives when he was about. He finally got married and had children, and of all unruly young ones his were just about the worst I ever saw."

"That is generally the way bachelor theories turn out," said Mrs. Morris. "No two children should be governed exactly alike, unless two of exact dispositions can be found, so it seems to me at least. Temperament should determine the question."

Conversation soon turned upon the place where Mrs. Morris had formerly resided, and that to which she had come.

"I think you will have a hearty welcome to our town," said Mrs. Lawrence. "We have the reputation abroad of giving strangers such welcomes; and while it is pleasant for them, it is, if considered from a purely selfish standpoint, to our own advantage, and is really one of the principal attractions of a place in selecting a home. We consider every person who comes to our town as worth so much to it in dollars and cents, and more than this in the higher considerations of morality and education, should they be active promoters of these things, as we are glad to learn you are."

"Our reception has indeed been very cordial," said Mrs. Morris, "and I begin to feel quite at home already. I cannot help noticing the difference between the welcome we have received here, and that which would have been given us under the same circumstances in most towns of Pennsylvania. There people seem to look upon a stranger as an innovation, and this is especially true if he comes from another State. They look on at a respectful distance, allow a very free tongue, and wait. You cannot move an old Pennsylvanian any faster than you could an iron-clad gun-boat. But when you once gain their confidence, it is not very easily shaken. This treatment of strangers and lack of public spirit has kept our own town behind the times in ratio of progress, and instead of a place of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and the advantages which belong to it, we only number about the same as we have for ten years. Even around us places with not so many facilities for growth are passing us because the town is so meanly economical in regard to public enterprises, and slow in encouraging strangers to take up their residences with us, and I am quite glad to leave the place, as many others are doing. It is a common remark that 'it is finished,' and nobody of spirit wants to live in a finished town."

"By the way, Mrs. Morris," said Mrs. Avery, "I suppose you have received a little circular from our church committee of ladies?"

“Yes, it was received when we had been here but two days, and I can assure you it was a most delightful visitor, and something I never heard of before. It made us feel that people here took an interest in us, and were really glad we came. Mr. Morris has spoken of it several times in contrast with our own people.”

The circular consists of a pleasantly worded note of welcome, a cordial invitation to the church services, sociables, &c., and gives notice that the ladies will soon do themselves the pleasure of forming an acquaintance. This is sent to any person of respectability, and with due consideration for denominational preferences. As all the churches have adopted it, strangers may find a welcome in the church which accords with their religious preferences, which are generally known as soon or before they arrive. This is signed by a committee of ladies, whose duty is to call, as early as is convenient to the comers.

Mrs. Morris thought it would be an admirable thing if it could be generally adopted, for it often occurs that strangers are neglected, not so much from the lack of a desire to call as owing to obstacles and delays.

“Mrs. Avery, you have not as many natural advantages that tend to the rapid growth of a place as we have, and yet my husband tells me that in five years the town has improved and increased its population considerably, more than R——— has done within the last fifteen. It really seems wonderful. I think it must be owing to the public spirit of its inhabitants.”

“We have paid great attention to public improvements, and people here have come to think that money judiciously spent in that way is always well invested. There is no opposition to reasonable and liberal expenditures now, though I can remember when it was not so. The croakers were silenced by our progressive, go-ahead men, and they have taken back seats now, or fallen into the ranks of progress—most have chosen the latter. Since we have had handsome walks and improved roads, every one who comes here remarks, ‘What a pleasant town;’ of course we feel proud of it, and think it pays. A great many people are coming here from towns about us, and many of them are persons of wealth who will be a great benefit to the city. Property has doubled in value in the last six or seven years, and we attribute it to city improvements.”

“Mrs. Avery, why is there such a difference between people of the various sections of this country? Do you think it is partly owing to climatic influence?” said Mrs. Morris.

“Somewhat, perhaps, but more, I think, to other causes. You know it is a common saying, and to me is exceedingly suggestive of the actual truth, that in Boston the inquiry about a person is ‘How much does he know?’ in New York, ‘How much is he worth?’ and in Philadelphia, ‘Who was his grandfather?’ and persons take rank socially according

to the degree in which they have these somewhat dissimilar requisites. My impression is that being near Philadelphia, and of course imitating, as all smaller places do, the large centres nearest to them, you are like that ancient town—rather slow. Your people fall back on their family connections a good deal, and even though very much reduced in circumstances, they have the stiff dignity of the old aristocracy which characterized the place years ago, and does now to some extent. Then those who have suddenly become rich make excruciating efforts to copy the old aristocracy, and the two together possessing the money, and consequently the influence in public matters of expenditures, overbalance the progressive element, and putting their money in a safe investment, outside the State, perhaps, leave your towns to die, at the root first, and then wither at the top."

"I think this may be true," said Mrs. Morris. "I think now of three or four families in R—— who would answer this description, and they are representatives of certain classes there. We have some of your fine, old aristocracy, and there is something to admire in it, though it does not thrive on American soil in this century. These you can count on the thumbs of your hands. But we have a good deal of the 'paste' aristocracy which at a distance looks like the real, but contact reveals its true character and coarseness. They carry the balance of power in our own town, and their principal aim is to let people see their power, and then refuse to use it for the public good. I do not think there is as much of this anywhere in New England as in the States between the South and North. They partake about equally of the influences of both, and as they border on either are more or less affected by southern or northern sentiment. There is more of a homogeneous spirit among New England people, and intelligence is oftener the standard by which a person is judged."

"There is no doubt but what a poor man can have a good social position here if he chooses, and is intelligent enough to take it. I know some such who have a great influence in this place."

"I think your conversation is rather profound," said Miss Annie, who had been entertaining little Willie with stories, of which he is very fond.

"I suppose it has been rather dry to you, my dear, but it seems to me very enjoyable to talk about these things, especially as women are expected to have an equal voice with men in these things, before long. I suppose your ladies here are strongly in favor of 'woman's suffrage, Mrs. Avery?'"

"Not generally; we think there would be many advantages in such a state of things, but I am among those who fear the evil would more than balance the good. Yet I am not ready to condemn the movement—indeed, good will undoubtedly be evolved out of it. I see no reason why some should speak of it as they do."

The ladies engaged in light conversation for a few moments longer, and when Mrs. Morris had gone out, Mrs. Avery said to her mother, "There

is a sensible woman for you. I feel as though my time had not been wasted with her," and Mrs. Lawrence fully agreed with her daughter, that the acquaintance might prove a very pleasant one, and perhaps find a place among the intimate friends of Our Folks.

THE MYSTICAL SCALES, OR ROSICRUCIAN BALANCE.

NUMBER II.

HOMER and Virgil, in their epic poems, have celebrated games and other recreations to diversify their scenes, and give some respite to the minds of their readers from the calamities that befall their heroes and the horrors of war and bloodshed. And by the same expedient, even Milton has contrived to furnish some relief to his fallen angels from the miseries they endure in hell. Without being constrained by any such necessity in the management of my drama, it becomes my task to give an account of a singular exhibition, which although no imitation of warlike exercises or specimen of tilts and tournaments, awoke an unexpected emulation among the competitors for honor, and afforded no slight degree of sport and hilarity to the spectators. The famous magician, Rosencruz, founder of the sect of Rosicrucians, with the aid of his fraternity of Theosophists and fire philosophers, and especially of Paraclesus and Jacob Behmen, had prepared within the college buildings, in a hall of two hundred feet in length and proportionally wide and high, a large pair of golden scales, appended to the upper wall, which he announced to the public as a miraculous invention, the type of the constellation Libra, by which he would determine the comparative claims of all the philosophers and great men in Saturnia. He declared, that by transfusing through his golden scales a certain proportion of a fiery ether, which he had drawn down from the skies, he had not only been able to inspire them with life and counteract the force of gravity, but had rendered them utterly insensible of every influence except the literary and intellectual merit of human beings. By his bold pretensions and magnificent promises, artifices common among your great pretenders and empirics, he had awakened so ardent a curiosity to behold his magical performances, that at the appointed time was assembled a large company of the most respectable and illustrious men and women of that renowned capital. Upon the walls of this hall were painted the four aspects presented by Mount Parnassus, the ceiling displayed Apollo and the Muses, in one corner of the room was a curious miniature temple of Apollo, and at the foot of Parnassus was an artificial tree denominated the Tree of Science. Upon the trunk of this tree were inscribed the words, "all genuine literature must spring out of

sound science, and without a supply from the sap of truth, wit and fine writing must wither and die." Upon all the limbs and leaves of this tree were written the maxims of truth and nature, by which it was alleged that all great men must be regulated in order to ascend the road that leads up the hill of Parnassus and attain its top. After time had been allowed the audience to contemplate and interpret these several symbols and objects, Rosencruz rose, and addressing the assembly, proposed that they would by a vote appoint him Master of the Ceremonies, with absolute control over all the proceedings. He declared that it would be necessary to the right conduct of the show, that no person when called upon by him to ascend the scales, should be withheld from obedience by modesty, caprice, incredulity or any other consideration; or should attempt in any degree to interfere with his directions, or contravene his decisions. According to his wish, he was invested with these powers by an unanimous vote of the assembly, with acclamations, and the mysteries commenced :

ROSENCRUZ—Sir Isaac Newton will please to ascend the scale upon the right hand.

NEWTON—I beg to be excused from this display of myself.

DR. HALLEY—Sir Isaac, *vox populi est vox Dei*. Lay aside your modesty for a moment, and yield to the wishes of this audience.

Many voices exclaimed: "Yes, Sir Isaac, gratify us for once."

Newton slowly and with some confusion ascended into the scale.

ROSENCRUZ—M. Kepler will please to take his place in the other scale.

KEPLER—I have not the presumption to enter into competition with the greatest philosopher that ever lived.

LEIBNITZ—If you think so, there will be no disparagement from defeat in such a contest.

ROSENCRUZ—There will be no end to controversies of this kind. I appeal to the ladies to decide whether I have not a right to command in these cases, having been clothed with absolute authority.

LADIES—We think so.

KEPLER—Then I yield to the gentle sway of the ladies, whatever disgrace I may incur.

He then ascended into the other scale. The whole machine was turned round by the operator, moving majestically in a circle, the scale of Kepler being elevated some feet above that of Newton. The spectators raised shouts of acclamation, and some Englishmen exclaimed: "The decision is just. Thus far the Oracle sustains its credit."

DESCARTES—But this result may have been produced by gravity. Sir Isaac is a larger man, or at least heavier, than Kepler.

ROSENCRUZ—To obviate this difficulty, let M. Leibnitz stand in the same scale with Kepler. For, I assure you, that neither are my scales affected by gravity, nor, without my permission, will they allow the

merits of different individuals to be intermingled. They will denote only the greatest degree of merit which is subjected to their trial.

LEIBNITZ—Under that impression, I submit to your decree.

He joined Kepler in the left scale, and the machine moved as before, with only a few inches depression towards the level of Newton. The spectators shout their approbation. Leibnitz frowns, and sullenly descends from the scale.

ROSENCRUZ—Descend, M. Kepler, and let La Place take your stand. What! with the same result? your scale still swinging above his? Try your fortune, Galileo. The same circular orbit is traversed without an inch deviation! Can none of you sink or remove that mountain? Cast in your weight, M. DesCartes—with no better success? Come, then, Lord Bacon, and convince this Achilles that he is not invincible.

BACON—I suppose I must submit, although by no means enamored of the fate of Phaeton or Ajax. Newton certainly holds a planet in his hand.

He ascends the scale, and the arms being turned, the scales are nearly equally balanced, each sometimes rising above, and at others, falling below the horizontal level, while Newton's at last settles somewhat below that of Bacon. "Hurra! hurra!" exclaimed the assembly; "you have performed a miracle; you have shaken the mountain, if not moved it from its base."

NEWTON—Since my credit is shaken, I must descend from my seat, lest I be subjected to complete discomfiture.

He did so, amidst the loudest applause.

COLERIDGE.—I should like to see the other philosophers' merits weighed against each other, without reference to Newton.

ROSENCRUZ—Their relative claims have been already determined by their comparison with Sir Isaac's as a common standard. But, gentlemen and ladies, we have now a more difficult task to execute. Wherever the happy science of mathematics can enter, it carries the light of demonstration with it, and the limits that bound the efforts and discoveries of men are clearly ascertained. But this unhappily is not the case in the science of the mind. Its structure is impalpable, and although the phenomena it exhibits are very similar and sufficiently perceptible, yet the laws by which they are regulated are too subtile and variable to be discerned and collected except by the keenest penetration and closest application of mind. Hence, many of you may feel disposed to dispute the accuracy of my Oracle's decisions upon this subject; but be assured that the spirit that sways all our present proceedings is not to be deceived, and will not mock you. You may place in its decrees an unlimited confidence. Locke and Aristotle will please enter the scales.

They did so, and the arms turned around majestically, preserving an exact level. The audience applauded.

ROSENCRUZ—Let Aristotle descend and Plato take his place.

He did so, and Plato's scale rose some feet.

CICERO—What! Does the Stagyrte surpass the head of the Academy? I always regarded Plato as the *Deus philosophorum*.

BACON—Aye, Cicero, you were captured by his figurative and allegorical style, and mistook the obscure for the profound.

ROSENCRUZ—Let Theophrastus take the place of Plato—What! the scale mounts still higher? Try your fortune, Democritus—The exact level of Plato?—Very well for the laughing philosopher. Let us resort to a new set of competitors. Malebranche, compete with Locke.

The scale rose higher than before.

ROSENCRUZ—Wonderful! Does the pious system of “seeing all things in God,” your excellent criticisms and Cartesian speculations avail you so little? Take his post, Dr. Reid.

Upon the ascent of Reid, there was a change of scene. His scale ascended so rapidly and so high that Locke's struck with force upon the ground with a noise, and his opponent's stopped its ascent with a jerk. The spectators burst into a loud laugh. Some exclaimed: “This denotes that Scotch metaphysics is like the second sight, a vision of what is not to be seen.”

ROSENCRUZ—I give notice to the company, that if any defeated candidate gives the signal by raising his hand, I have only to wave my wand and he shall be rendered invisible, and his blushes and confusion concealed. Dugald Stewart, succeed Dr. Reid.

He did so, and the scale rose with a motion that cast him out sprawling upon the floor. The magician thought it time to interfere, waved his wand and the champion disappeared from view. The assembly was greatly diverted with this experiment.

ROSENCRUZ—Mr. Hume, come forward to your trial.

The sensitive balance would not receive him, but turned him topsyturvy.

WARBURTON—The merit of an author, Mr. Hume, it seems, demands of him *ex fumo dare lucem, non ex luce dare fumum*.

BURKE—Oh, Mr. Hume, you will be comforted for this ill treatment of the Oracle when the claims of historians shall be tested.

HUME—D—n the Oracle. It is all nonsensical superstition and ridiculous trifling.

ROSENCRUZ—No reflections upon my art. I say it is infallible. It never took a liking to deistical and infidel heads, although very impartial, as in duty bound. Try how it relishes you, Messrs. Kant and Coleridge.

The scale rose instantaneously to the utmost height, changed them then into pillars of smoke in appearance, and then, whirling bottom upwards, pitched them with such force upon the floor, that they were greatly bruised and their limbs endangered.

“Murder!” exclaimed Southey. “Be not discomfited, my friend Coleridge; honorable amends shall be made you for your poetry and translations. The Ancient Mariner, Wallenstein and Piccolomini, shall heal all your wounds and bruises.”

COLERIDGE—A pest upon this treatment. My philosophic consciousness exclaims against its injustice.

ROSENCRUZ—Your philosophic consciousness, then, be your friend and comforter. Let us proceed. We will now diversify our drama, and bring military pretensions to the touchstone. Alexander and Julius Cæsar, engage in this amicable warfare.

Alexander’s scale rose some feet above Cæsar’s—Bonaparte took Alexander’s place, and the scales moved in their circuit with exact harmony. So did the Duke of Marlborough’s—so did Frederick of Prussia’s—so did Washington’s.

PITT, THE YOUNGER—We want a Wellington here to outweigh Bonaparte.

MARSHAL NEY—He could not do it.

PITT—He has a right to the preference, as he conquered him at Waterloo.

NEY—I deny that conclusion; Bonaparte had beaten him, but for the arrival of Blucher and——

ROSENCRUZ—A truce to this dispute. We will put that question at issue when Wellington arrives among us. Great as are the military pretensions of that illustrious man, they are not the most valuable of his properties. Like Washington, he unites to the qualities of the renowned hero, those of the patriot, the sage and the philanthropist. He is the friend of human rights and a lover of his race. Homer and Virgil, take your places in the scales.

The balances moved in the circle, Virgil’s somewhat more elevated than Homer’s; Milton’s exactly balanced Homer’s; and Lucan’s, Tasso’s, Camoens’, Voltaire’s, all the rest ascended to the top.

ROSENCRUZ—The writers for the drama shall now take their turn. Come forward, the divinity of the scene, the mighty Shakespeare.

He was opposed by Sophocles, who ascended some feet in air; by Euripides, who rose still higher; by Eschylus, with renewed ascent.

ROSENCRUZ—What! Can no one rival this English magician? Come forth, ornaments of the French stage.

Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Voltaire, excelled the Ancients, and approached nearer to Shakespeare, but none moved him from his dignified position, although with all the other English dramatists they maintained nearly equal rank. Schiller, among the Germans, put the claims of Shakespeare in greatest jeopardy.

ROSENCRUZ—Now, stand forth, you great philosophical poets and fine writers. First, let us try Pope and Dryden.

Dryden's rose higher than Pope's, as did Boileau's; but Horace exactly balanced the Englishman. It was a beautiful sight to the spectators to see with what harmony Pope, Addison, Swift, Johnson, Young, and Voltaire swung round the circle, while Steele, and Goldsmith, and Thomson, ascended but slightly above the level; but Coleridge and Southey swung high in air.

ROSENCRUZ—Sir Walter Scott, see how the Scotch Magician will compare with Pope.

He ascended, and his scale mounted high, while it quivered all the time, and emitted sparks like electricity.

ADDISON—What does your familiar spirit denote by these phenomena?

ROSENCRUZ—That the writer's poetry is too vapory and exciting, without a sufficient quantity of solid thought.

Nearly the same appearances signalized the ascent of Lord Byron, but his scale descended further.

SIR JAMES MCINTOSH—What does this mean? Surely, Sir Walter is the greatest of novelists.

JOHNSON—You will not find it so. Let him be opposed to Richardson, and you will discover the difference.

At order of the operator, Richardson competed with Scott, with the same results as in the case of Pope. Le Sage and Cervantes kept nearly upon a level with Richardson, but when Rousseau entered the scale, it not only ascended, but twisted and turned itself like a fretful horse, so that he could scarcely retain his place. This was interpreted to mean, that his claims were indignantly admitted.

ROSENCRUZ—Come forth, great political writers, Montesquieu and Burke.

Their scales were poised nearly equal. Bolingbroke had the same honor in comparison with the President.

ROSENCRUZ—Great statesmen and orators will next be tried. Begin with Cicero and Demosthenes.

The scale of the former fell scarcely a perceptible degree below that of the latter.

FENELON—I deny the justness of that decision. All antiquity gave pre-eminence to the Greek orator.

ROSENCRUZ—They forget that Cicero was a great philosopher as well as orator. He would rival Aristotle as well as Demosthenes. Let the Earl of Chatham compete with Cicero.—The balance was equal. Let William Pitt—his scale rose. Let Fox—it rose to Pitt's level. Let Alexander Hamilton—with the same result. Let Patrick Henry—his scale rose considerably. Let Fisher Ames—it retained the level of Patrick Henry.

ROSENCRUZ—Great divines and preachers will try their fortunes.

Dr. Samuel Clarke and Dr. Barrow were first. Bishops Stillingfleet

and Butler, Bossuet, Saurin and Bourdeleau, and Fenelon and Massillon, were found the next best, the Frenchmen but slightly yielding to the Englishmen.

ROSENCRUZ—The most difficult task now remains to my Oracle; he must distinguish the ladies.

LADY MASHAM—Oh! it's easy enough to tell who is greatest among them; it must be Miss Hannah More.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE—I should rather think it must be Madame Dacier, or Lady Chastelet, or perhaps Madame De Stael.

TULLIA—We Romans had as great ladies as yours, but they showed their superiority in action, not writing.

ROSENCRUZ—My Oracle must settle all controversies as to intellectual merits among women.

He then proved by this test that Madame Chastelet was the greatest philosopher among ladies, Madame Dacier the most learned, Miss Hannah More the wisest, Mrs. D'Arblay, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Miss Edgeworth the best writers of fiction, and Mrs. Hemans the finest poetess.

The spectators before they finally left the room, greatly amused themselves with the pranks played by these magical scales with the false pretenders to poetry, wit and greatness. Whenever their vanity prompted them to the trial, they would be overturned at once, shaken from their footing in the balance, pitched out after a short ascent, or whirled round and cast headlong, and sometimes after somersaults, upon the floor, amidst the infinite merriment and mock acclamations of the assembly. Ah! thought I, if many of those writers who have appeared since the time of Johnson and Burke in England, and the revolution in France, were here put to this test, we should see them performing many an ungraceful somersault.

HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE.

OR HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING—No. 7.

BY W. ELMER, M. D.

CHECKING HEMORRHAGE.

IT MAY be well, at this point of the course, whilst treating of the circulation of the blood, to make a short digression and give some practical hints as to checking hemorrhage in case of wounds or accidental injuries. It is a kind of knowledge useful to possess, valuable to apply, and may be instrumental in saving life, by knowing what to do until medical help can be obtained. There is no reason why people ordinarily should not know how to stanch a current of blood as it flows from one

part or another of the body. It is not absolutely necessary to be familiar with the accurate distribution of all the arteries to do this, but to have such general information as will enable one to know what the course of the blood is, viz: from the heart, through the arteries, and back through the veins; or to tell whether an artery or vein has been wounded, and where to make the requisite pressure, or apply a compress to control it, in short to possess a few broad principles and modes of operation by which one can calmly face the danger of an accident that may involve the question of life or death, and place the patient out of danger until proper assistance can arrive.

There are few persons to whom the sight of blood is not disagreeable at all times, but to see a full stream gushing from a wounded fellow-being is an appalling spectacle from which most persons naturally turn with fear and dismay. There is something sickening in such a scene, and the horror is vastly increased if we, through ignorance, are unable to apply any means for relief.

Blood flowing from an artery is always more serious than from a vein, because coming directly from the heart, and having its impulse imparted to it, it is thereby more difficult to restrain. How then can we distinguish between a bleeding from a wounded artery and a wounded vein? First, by its color—arterial blood being a bright red, approaching scarlet, while that from the veins is darker and more bluish in appearance. Secondly, when an artery is wounded, the blood spirts out in jets, corresponding with each contraction of the heart, while from a vein it flows in a steady, continuous stream. Yet either of these can be controlled by proper pressure. Whenever, then, an accident exposes a person to loss of blood and more or less immediately to danger, the hemorrhage may be always suspended by making pressure directly upon the spot whence the blood issues.

No other means, except the ligature, so effectually controls hemorrhage as direct pressure, especially when there is a firm support against which this pressure can be made, as, for example, upon the bones of the head or wrist. In either of these places, if bleeding follows an injury, only moderate force with the finger is required to compress the blood vessel against the bone, and to stanch all bleeding. Suppose a person has received a cut or thrust from a knife in some fleshy part, what is to be done? Simply draw the edges of the skin closely together and make firm pressure with the finger or a compress upon the place until the bleeding ceases. Compresses can be made of soft linen or muslin, sponge, cotton, tow, lint, wool or any soft substance capable of being rolled up tightly and applied directly upon the bleeding part. These should be then firmly bandaged. When once applied, let it remain until a clot forms. It is a great mistake, and yet one very common, to keep the towel, muslin, or whatever else is used, constantly changed for a clean

CHECKING HEMORRHAGE.

place, instead of allowing it to become saturated directly over the wound. A fresh, dry towel offers a constantly fresh absorbing surface, as a sponge, sucking up the blood as it oozes out, thereby preventing the formation of a clot, and is not half as effective as one already stained. The compress thus applied should be held in place by a handkerchief or bandage tied around the limb, which may, if necessary, be further tightened by a short stick thrust through the knot and turned a few turns, on the principle of the windlass; or, if an artery is involved and its pulsation can be felt, this may be applied like a tourniquet above the course of the artery itself, higher up, always taking care to put it over the wound, *i. e.*, between the seat of injury and the body. Many lives have been lost which might have been saved by such an application, which almost any one can command at any time.

It may be worth while, too, to know and remember that arteries always pass a joint on the side of its flexion, or on the side toward which the limb bends: thus, at the shoulder it is found in the arm-pit; at the elbow and groin, in front; at the knee, behind. At these places can generally be controlled, by strong pressure with the fingers or a padded key.

Tying an artery, the most secure method of all, should be entrusted to the surgeon, unless in cases of special emergency can be done by passing a stout string around it just above the wound, drawing it firmly and knotting. The discovery of this method and its first use is due to Ambrose Paré, a French surgeon of the sixteenth century; before this, doctors were in the habit of using the boiling pitch, and all sorts of styptics of the most cruel and dangerous nature to control hemorrhage. Thus does this great man quite devoutly speak of his invention: "For the good of mankind and the improvement and honor of surgery, I was inspired by God with this thought."

Leech bites often give rise to a loss of blood difficult to stop, especially in children. These may be treated with wet, cold cloths or lumps of ice, or a sponge wet with strong alum water. Sometimes, after the operation of bleeding a patient from the arm, and when the patient may have taken his departure, the bleeding starts out afresh, and this unfrequently happens. The remedy is, either apply the finger to compress the spot, or remove the bandage, place a fresh, hard compress over the orifice, and re-apply the ligature in a similar manner, crossing it in the shape of a figure of 8 above and below the elbow, with the ends of the string immediately over the compress, and keep the arm at rest.

Next to compression, and the ligature, in checking hemorrhage are that class of remedies known as astringents or styptics. These act by their direct coagulating influence upon the blood or upon the vessels conveying it, causing them to contract. Among the best

common of these are salt, cold water, ice, alum, tannin, the powder of white oak bark, sulphates of zinc or copper and persulphate of iron—the last, when it can be had, being the most powerful. In order to impart the greatest efficacy to these means, the bleeding part should be well washed, if covered with hair this should be shaved off, clots or foreign bodies removed, and then soft compresses, saturated with any of the above substances, applied directly to the vessel, wedged in and held by a bandage or adhesive plaster, afterwards keeping the part perfectly quiet, that the dressings do not become misplaced.

Take for example a common incised wound, made with a sharp instrument, and no large vessel implicated; the first thing to be done is to cleanse the cut with cold water, prepare some compresses wet with an astringent, bring the edges of the cut into close contact, and bind them together with several folds of the pledget, overlaid with strips of plaster about a half inch apart, and the whole then covered with a light dressing, to remain until the surgeon arrives.

In all these cases, but little food should be given for some hours. Let perfect quiet be maintained, water be administered as a drink, or, if the person be weak from loss of blood, some stimulant may be requisite; see that the bandages are not so tight as to occasion undue pain or swelling of the parts, and let the person remain easy until such medical assistance as may be needed can be procured.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—IN LAW—No. 2.

BY JUDGE REED.

WHAT interest has the husband in the real and personal property of the wife after her death?

By the common law, if a wife died, leaving real estate, and having had a child born during the married life of herself and husband, the husband had the use of the property during his life. This interest is called in law an estate by *curtesy*. The husband is styled *tenant by curtesy*.

This estate is preserved in New Jersey by our statute of descents. It is not essential that a child should be living at the date of the wife's death. If the wife makes a will leaving her real property to A, and dies, having had a child born during her married life, her husband takes an estate for life, and upon his death the property goes to A. If no child had been so born, then it would have gone directly to A.

So, while the married woman of twenty-one years of age can direct by will the destination of her property after her death, she does it subject to this right of the husband to hold it for his life, in certain instances.

This is also the case in those instances where the law now gives her the right to convey or transfer any interest in real or personal property, viz: when her husband, is an idiot, lunatic, or imprisoned, or living separate from her by decree. She makes such transfer or conveyance, subject to the right of the husband to hold the real property upon her death, if a child had been born as we mentioned above.

Now, what right has the husband in the *personal* property of the wife upon her decease?

She holds it during her life by force of the statutes alluded to in a former number, exclusively to her own use, free from her husband's control or liability for his debts. Upon her death the husband is entitled, if the wife dies without having made a will, to administer upon her estate, and, after paying her debts, to hold the residue absolutely. This right is not taken away by the acts giving her control over her property during her life. This right is only defeated by a will made by the married woman giving a different direction to her personal property.

Before the passage of the recent acts, the married woman had the right in many cases to dispose of the personal property held for her sole and separate use, by will, by appointment. Now she has the right of disposition by will of personal property unfettered. In the disposal and transfer of her estate, both real and personal, during her life, as we have already seen, she is still hampered by her husband. She can not give or endorse a valid note without her husband's signature; nor make a chattel mortgage or bill of sale upon her own property; nor sue for a debt due her, without her husband joining in the action. She can not even sue for her own earnings unless her husband joins in the action.

In 1867, the Legislature of New Jersey passed a law allowing the wife, when living separate from her husband, to cause the name of her husband to be joined in a suit to redress any wrong she might have suffered, or should suffer, without the consent of her husband. This act does not apply when husband and wife are living together.

An important act for the benefit of married women was passed in 1851. This act empowered a married woman to cause her husband's life to be insured for her benefit, and in case of her surviving her husband, the amount of the said insurance should be payable to her, free from the claims of the executors or administrators of her husband, or of his creditors. The original law limited this right to policies of insurance where the annual premium should not exceed one hundred dollars, but the last Legislature repealed the limitation. The wife has now the privilege of insuring her husband's life to any amount, and holding it free of all claims upon her husband's death. This act was the first in this State in favor of married women. It is a beneficent act, enabling wives with families growing up to provide for themselves and children in the event of the loss of the husband, upon whom they depend for support. It is

particularly beneficent, as men who are the most kind and liberal in providing for their families during their own life, are frequently the most negligent in making provision for their support after their own death.

While the rights of married women as to their property have been enlarged by law, so have been their liabilities. That a married woman could make no contract that would bind her in law, was a maxim. The laws to which we have alluded did not change this rule. As we have already mentioned, she could make no bargain relative to her property (with certain exceptions) without her husband's consent.

In 1862, the Legislature passed an act which has given rise to considerable perplexity in the courts, but which certainly makes great changes in the position of married women in law as contractors. It enacts that in all cases where a married woman transacts any business or purchases any property, and debts or claims thereby remain unsatisfied, it shall and may be lawful for any person holding such debt or claim, to sue for the same in any court of law in this State, against the *husband and wife*, &c., and proceed to final judgment the same as in other actions, and such judgments so obtained shall bind the property of the married woman. The act provides that the sheriff shall levy on the property of either husband or wife, or both. This is legislation in favor of the married woman with a vengeance. She not only has the power to make her own property liable by any contract she makes within the scope of this law, but she has the right to make contracts for which her husband's property is liable.

As the law now stands, the *wife's* property shall in no case be liable for the husband's debts or subject to his control. The *husband's* property, on the reverse, is liable for every contract which she thus makes.

A few more laws like this passed by men, will leave husbands no rights which a wife is bound to respect. The necessity of a Husbands' Rights Party is already evident.

It is related of Lord Brougham that on one occasion, after having practised all day as a barrister, he went to the House of Commons, where he was engaged in active debate through the night, till three o'clock in the morning; he then returned home; wrote an article for the *Edinburg Review*; spent the next day in court, practising law, and the succeeding night in the House of Commons; returned to his lodgings at three o'clock in the morning, and "retired, simply because he had nothing else to do."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

DURATION OF ANIMAL LIFE.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN M. D.

THE amount of vitality for the exertions of many animals is enormous. Birds that seem ever on the wing, as many of the sea fowls, the gulls and petrels, and many of the inland varieties, as the swallows, live entirely on nitrogenous food. Fish and insects are devoured by these restless birds in immense quantities compared with their size. Variety, ease, and fleetness of motion are required to maintain such an existence. Along with these qualities, they must have keen perception, perfect senses and sharp bills. Age sooner overtakes with its blunting influences these high-strung wanderers of the air than it does other species, which although capable of extended flights at intervals, rest the greater part of their time and live upon vegetables. The common and wild Canada goose live to a great age. Feeding mainly upon different kinds of grass which contain but little nitrogen but much of the fat making elements, walking about slowly whilst feeding, given but little to sport or unnecessary exertion, and sitting when satiated quietly waiting a renewal of appetite, the goose husbands his light, non-stimulating aliment, and waddles through a long life not much the worse for wear. He does little but eat and raise broods, better as a goose, or a more active bird, as the fattening grasses are more abundant or difficult to procure.

Such food and such a life can hardly be expected to produce the results upon the different structures of the body that we observe in the hard-worked horse. In the wild state the horse would feed on grass alone. Less stimulating than the grain with which he is fed when domesticated and worked—for grain contains a large amount of nitrogen compared with grass—and less exercised, running only to work off superabundant vitality, the wild horse may attain double the age of the domesticated animal. Stimulating food containing an excess of nitrogen, and hard work far beyond what the superior quality of the nourishment would require, tend rapidly to wear down and harden tissue, so that the gay animal, which at fifteen years of age on the plains would have a fleetness not to be overtaken, becomes the stiff, spavined, hollow-backed drudge of the oyster wagon.

If nitrogenous be the only kind of food an animal takes, and that animal have a long life, as the pike amongst fish, the habit of the fish will explain why it may live to a century when others on the same kind of food have so short a period. The perfect repose in which the fish passes its time, being as motionless in the water as the surrounding weeds, scarcely waving a fin to attract the eye to its lair, it remains for days digesting one meal whilst it is waiting and watching for another. When hunger demands another supply by a single dart it siezes something strolling near by, and another period of rest ensues. In such a fish the wear of muscle is very slight, and the change to decrepitude is remarkably slow, although the food it takes is possessed of such high vitalizing qualities.

Man fares but little better than the horse when he increases his vital forces by using animal food in large quantities, and works off the excitement thus produced by muscular exertion. A few years, compared with what he might attain by a different course, produce hardening and distortion. Bodies stiffened and out of shape, parts turned to bone which ought to be elastic cartilage, circulation impeded which ought to flow freely, nerves blunted, and all the attendants of old age overtake the active, well-fed laboring man of sixty. Take for example an industrious stone-mason, a laborer on a farm who is considered by the farmer to earn his wages, a puddler, heater, roller, or any man in an iron mill who tasks his muscles daily to their full extent, and you will see very few who at threescore carry themselves in the elastic, jaunty manner of the man about town who eats less meat, and does considerably less work. Meat, bread, and potatoes furnish the power that drives the working man through his short but useful existence, whilst the longer-lived idler, unless overcome by gout, or apoplexy, or some other disease, occasioned by his misdirected life force, lives on food containing less nitrogen, although it may be made more palatable by condiments and arts of cookery.

The remarkable longevity of many literary as compared with laboring men, may be due entirely to the hardening process being slower in the former. The only exercise of the muscles in their cases, is to work off a slight fidgetty irritation with which they are periodically affected, nothing more, and when this is accomplished another period of almost perfect rest ensues. Under this discipline there is little to wear out any of the tissues, but a small amount of food is required, and that is not of a highly nitrogenous character. Life, theoretically, ought to be extended to its greatest term to such a class, and experience shows that divines, writers, lawyers, and all who are engaged in routine business, in which there is but little strain on the muscles, and not much of an over-exacting, or prostrating character upon the brain, live the longest of any people.

The accidents to which men and animals are subjected by civilization, cause in many instances, the shortening of life, different from that which

is occasioned by over-feeding and excessive work. It is not premature induration, which state presupposes an excess of health, but the deterioration of the air, the quality and amount of food, and the kind of exercise that break down structures long before their natural term of existence has been reached. If that most excellent and practical journal, the *New York Scientific American*, would, with its notices of inventions, and its many useful hints to mechanics, teach them the necessity of protecting themselves, and show through its wide circulation how this might be done in many cases familiar to its shop and manufacturing knowledge, it would be of vast advantage to the public. Poisonous gases from which wild animals instinctively flee need not be inhaled. In every workshop or factory a forced ventilation can drive all such emanations from the workmen. The chemist in his laboratory, the smith at his forge, the tinner, the painter and varnisher, the shoe and harness maker, even the tanner and currier, are not beyond the reach of an almost perfect protection from the disagreeable gases and effluvia they have to encounter. There is mechanical and scientific skill sufficient, if called into requisition, to abate all these evils. Unabated, these evils disorganize the lungs. Some, apparently, breathe them with impunity, whilst in reality the effort that the delicate lung tissue has to make to resist these poisons, wears out a structure that ought to remain untainted by any air against which their nature so strongly rebels. Life is shortened by these exposures.

The kind of food for each class of artisans should have reference to the kinds of elements that are most required. The ration of meat must be adjusted to the service. To blow and strike in a smithy, requires a more liberal allowance than to sit day after day adjusting the escapement of watches. Supply the first up to the wants of a good, honest day's work, no further, or you will wear him out by generating too much vital force, which he will use imprudently, and give the last such an amount of nitrogenous food only as will enable him to sit, without restlessness at his delicate task. In one you must avoid induration, in the other tuberculous and other obstructions, such as will result from an excess of aliment. Life in either case will be shortened where the balance is not properly observed. As civilization causes these departures from what is required in the normal state of man, it is no more than should be required from our advanced condition, to guard, by every possible means, against a disturbance of this balance, and we should show as much science and skill in the benevolent protection of life, as in the avaricious accumulation of wealth.

The first violin was made in about 1600, and was first introduced into the concert room about two hundred years ago, when it was considered a humbug and an instrument incapable of being used with any success.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY PROF. E. A. APGAR, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

EDUCATION, when it includes the development of the whole man—physical, mental and moral—is the greatest blessing that can be conferred upon him. The value of an ignorant man is measured by the amount of muscle and endurance he possesses, the same as we value a horse. The educated is superior to the animal to the extent of his power to think, to create, to control external effects, to produce, to accumulate. Men are superior to animals only in proportion to the thinking power that is developed within them.

What is true of individuals is also true of communities. The glory, the honor, the wealth, and the power of a state or country depend, not upon its rich mines and fruitful fields, but upon the education its citizens possess. The natural resources of this country were the same when the Indian roamed its fields as now. Education alone has made the difference, and when I use this term I mean that training which develops all the faculties with which man is endowed. It includes physical, intellectual and religious training.

Education, even if it is limited to that which is termed intellectual, promotes morality. This is true of communities, although it may not, in all cases, be true of individuals. The few, however, of which this is not true are exceptions, and do not destroy the truth of the statement with respect to society. An educated community is far more likely to be controlled by principles of morality than an ignorant one. As intelligence predominates in any community, so will virtue and morality and thrift prevail; and where ignorance is, there will be found vice and poverty.

What we want, then, is to make intelligence so common in every community that it will control the public sentiment, and then will prosperity, virtue, thrift and happiness characterize our land.

How can intelligence be made thus common? Only by establishing and maintaining free public schools everywhere, wherever needed, for the free education of all the children. To educate her citizens is the duty of every community.

In order that our children may enjoy proper facilities for acquiring an education, there are certain necessary requisites, among the most important of which is

A GOOD SCHOOL HOUSE.

A good school house is one which secures for the children convenience, attractiveness, comfort and health. A school room difficult of access, dark and gloomy in appearance, with about one-half the space needed for the comfort of the pupils, inconveniently arranged for recitation, with uncomfortable seats and desks, with low ceiling and poor ventilation, is enough to discourage the most ambitious, to irritate the most amiable, and to frustrate the best intentions. Make the school room attractive for the scholar to come to, and take away everything that will act as a hindrance and obstacle to his progress, and we will have fewer block-heads in school, and fewer truants out.

New school houses are being erected all over the State, and before very long New Jersey will we trust, be able to say truly that she has the most convenient and attractive school houses in the country, as she can now claim to have the best school system.

Mr. Remus Robinson, County Superintendent of Morris county, reports that there are now in the course of erection twenty new school houses in his county. We doubt whether there is a county in the State that can make a better report than this; and it certainly speaks well for the new life and interest in education among us.

At an educational meeting recently held in Hartford, Connecticut, several resolutions were offered, among which was the following, which cannot fail to be of interest to the readers of this journal:

“Resolved, That we rejoice in the recent abolition of tuition fees in New Jersey, and the passage in that State of the most liberal free school law in the land, so that we may proudly say that provision for free schools is now found in the constitution or laws of every State, except Delaware, in the American Union.”

“The Common School is one of the great engines by which the brotherhood feeling of society is maintained. It is fair that a man should rise as high as he can, but if a rich man is stupid, he should be allowed to sink to the bottom—should find his own level. The boys of the lawyer or the doctor, or even of the minister, are not too good to sit side by side with the children of the washerwoman. Put the whole population through the Common School, and we shall have a universal feeling of brotherhood among us.”

Hon. B. G. Northrop, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, has been commissioned to go to Europe to examine into the systems of education there. It will be remembered that Prof. Northrop addressed a letter to Prof. Apgar, congratulating him, and the people of this State, upon the passage of our late school law, and bespeaking renewed advancement and prosperity for New Jersey on account of it. [EDITOR MAG.]

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CAMDEN & AMBOY vs. NEW JERSEY.

IT IS proposed by the railroad and canal companies of New Jersey to lease their works to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, the Pennsylvania Company to guarantee ten per cent. annually to the stockholders of the New Jersey Companies. Practically it is an actual sale.

There is a wide difference of opinion among the directors and stockholders in regard to this proposition, some favoring it strongly, and others as strongly opposing. With the public at large, there can hardly be but one judgment, where selfish interest does not operate directly, and that judgment is decidedly against the transfer of the property and franchises of these companies to a similar and far more powerful corporation in another State.

The desire of the United Companies to make the proposed transfer, seems to arise from a total disregard of their obligations to the State or people of New Jersey, from whom their privileges are received, and to whom they, in justice, are responsible. During the time that elapsed between the granting of the original charter, which gave this company the monopoly of the railroads of New Jersey, they attained to a degree of selfishness and power by which they sought and obtained, at the expiration of the exclusive privileges of their charter, an extension of them until quite recently.

By a popular vote this could never have been accomplished, and though misrepresented in this respect by the Legislature, the people submitted to abide by the contract until it expired by its own limitation. The companies have ever shown, by a narrow and illiberal policy of management, that they had no just conception of what was due the people in exchange for the valuable privileges bestowed. Wherever such extraordinary privileges are granted, the result is generally the same, viz: the abuse and misuse of them; and the Camden and Amboy Railroad has for many years been a prominent example of this truth. They have held the penny so close to the eye that, though a pound was before them, they could not see it. Repeated attempts have been made to secure more ample and cheaper accommodations, but no power in the State was strong enough to compel a corporation with forty millions of property to adopt a liberal policy while persuasion and argument have failed to remove the position of the penny that hid the pound. A corporation clothed with tyrannical

power is like an individual: with it they are strong; take it away, and they are shorn of their strength.

The monopoly extension having expired about two years since, an effort was at once made to secure a competing railroad from Philadelphia to New York.

It is a fact well known and nowhere disputed, that "Camden and Amboy" owns the New Jersey Legislature; and as was said by a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature concerning the great railroad manipulator of that State, "If Mr. Thomas Scott has no further business to bring before this house, I move we do now adjourn," so it might with truth be said of our Legislature, that upon the conclusion of the business of "Camden and Amboy," a motion to adjourn is always exceedingly appropriate. The schemes for perpetuating the power and personal interests of the companies known as "Camden and Amboy," that are passed by large majorities in our Legislature, would not stand before the people for a moment, for their policy has always been blindly antagonistic to the people's interests. The companies at the expiration of the monopoly privileges, had really as much power as before. They were, however, defeated, as the public knows, by the National Air Line Railroad Company, not by an open measure, but by a *coup d'etat* of their new antagonist, which secured the charter of the "Hamilton Land Improvement Company," and by this means obtained the right of way for a continuous route for a competing road.

Every one remembers the amount of dirty work which was performed in the legislative halls last winter, in the desperate attempts of Camden and Amboy to outflank their victor, and how at last, and for the first time in their history, they retired beaten but in good order. Beaten for once in their own stronghold, outgeneraled upon their own ground, in bad repute with the people, whose wishes they had never consulted and generally disregarded, and, by the levying of heavy fares and freights, seriously injured their industries, which they were by obligation bound to promote, they stood confronted by two enemies, one in their own State—"The Air Line"—and the other in an adjacent one—"The Pennsylvania Central"—seeking through transit from the West to New York. At this juncture the company, which had grown great and powerful as a monopoly, but really old and weak in the true elements of strength, turns pale at the threat of a competing road, and propose to lease (or sell) their works and franchises to a foreign corporation that its through business may be accommodated.

Herein is the impotency of Camden and Amboy shown. That instead of securing the good will and cordial support of the public by fair charges for passengers and freight, they stick to the old policy, and the directors openly acknowledge their inability to make it a paying road, while a foreign corporation guarantees ten per cent on the stock, and will

probably make five per cent. more as their own dividends. Instead of liberal management and a large business, they offer to the highest bidder that which they received from the sovereign people of the State upon considerations of local value and interest, and with it to sacrifice the important industries and increasing development of the State, which is so intimately connected with the railroad system of New Jersey. Far better endure the old management, taking the chances of change and improvement, than place these extensive and all-important interests in the hands of a party that has no interest in the local development of New Jersey, which is of the first importance to every one of her citizens.

The shameful proposition is opposed by some of the most able and liberal men of "Camden and Amboy," and they have brought the question of the right of the companies to execute the lease into the courts, where we trust a decision will be rendered in harmony with the honor and interests of the State and prove a rebuke to those who would sell against the wishes of the people the rights with which they have been entrusted.

We may at another time relate in detail some of the facts which have made a part of the history of Camden and Amboy, for if the future record of her fame and glory is to become the heritage of another State, some pen should trace upon the written page the great deeds which have made her the envy and desire of the largest railroad company in the world. For any facts that will illuminate *the dim recesses of her past*, we shall be indebted to a generous and discriminating public.

FULTON'S MONSTER.

IT IS only by looking back a few years into the past and comparing that time with the present, that we are able to realize the long and rapid strides mankind have made and are making in civilization and progress; and to see the obstacles they have placed in the way of their own advancement.

Every decade has its leaders in the different fields of investigation, who bring forth by their patient and unappreciated labor, plans and principles which practically tested prove powerful levers in uplifting the world. Our frontispiece is a striking illustration of the reception that was given to one of the greatest inventors and benefactors of mankind. Although Fulton had full faith in the success of his invention, yet it was a trying moment for a man whose life had been a long continued sacrifice that this day might come, and when at last it had appeared, the crowd which

lined the shores of the Hudson greeted the great inventor with rude jokes and jeers at the folly of such an undertaking. It was the same spirit of ignorance and bigotry that met the great discovery of Galileo and compelled him to abjure as heresy his grand enunciation that the world moved, and the same heroism which he exhibited then, has given to us, these and other discoveries through suffering and sometimes by the throes of agony. Standing before those who had overpowered resistance by force, he indignantly stamped his foot upon the earth, and muttered, "*Yet it moves.*"

It is this unconquerable power of deep conviction in the minds of our benefactors, and a vision which penetrates the mazes of futurity and sees a new era of development in the successful introduction of these discoveries, which their fellow men cannot appreciate that gives them success. It is heroism no less than that of men who have suffered or faced death for principles which were to benefit others more than themselves.

Morse, whose praise is sounded abroad through all lands as the inventor of the wonder-working instrument that annihilates distance and with lightning speed flashes past old time laughing at his plodding pace, was a hero when it cost something to be one. That he might give to the world the practical benefit of his great invention, he, who might have lived easily and independently as others lived, suffered extreme poverty that men might have the great civilizing and christianizing agency of the telegraph. It is right that he should be crowned with surpassing glory, not alone that he invented this tongue of fire, but also that he compelled the world to speak by it, only through his own self-sacrifice.

A few years hence another generation will look back upon this day of wonders with amazement, not that such great things were accomplished, but that men were so blind and prejudiced and narrow-minded, and that this age did not see clearly what they do not even question. Amidst all the wranglings and turmoil of the present let us steady ourselves by well known and immutable truth, watching and ready to welcome the appearance of her heralds as they appear with new messages, remembering "*the world moves,*" and may we not say, *moves forward.*

HOW TO KEEP WELL.

IF YOU are a wee bit of a baby just beginning to toddle out of doors, tell your dear mamma not to stuff you with candy and rich food, but to let you have plain vegetable diet, varied with good sweet bread in sweet milk, with a bit of tenderloin steak once in a while, rare done. Tell her to let you go out in the yard, to play in the sun and dirt, or on

the grass and in the shade, just as you please, and don't let her send the nurse out to fret and bother you, and take away your liberties. Tell her that two-year old babies ought to have a little liberty. Let father put up the bars and shut the gate, but ask him to pay the nurse to let you alone. When you have played long enough, and have got tired and cross, then take your cracker and go right up stairs to your crib, and sleep two or three hours. If they will let you do this, you will generally keep out of sick room ; and if you get in, it will be only for a little while. Tell your parents, that more babies are nursed and dosed to death than any but babies "knows of."

If you are a boy or girl, the best way to keep well is to do right, play a great deal—not in the house, but out of doors ; study a little—not too much, but study very hard while you are at it ; tell your father and mother that you don't want to wear clothes that are better than you are, which means that you want coats and dresses that are not too good to play in.

If you are a young gentleman or lady, and have a good, healthy body, and a fair amount of common sense, do not let your body suffer for want of good care, and do not abuse it by dress or excesses of any kind. Keep young. Never seek to be old. Age comes too soon. Be boys and girls in heart and honesty as long as you can ; for the more years you can look back upon and say, "They belonged to my youth," the happier will be your remembrances, and be sure that memories of the past enter largely into the pleasures of the present.

We will go no farther, for if those who have passed from sweet chubby childhood into bright, promising youth, and through maturity into middle life, have not yet learned to preserve their health, it is very likely they never will, but may be classed among multitudes, who, like them, have neglected nature's simple teachings, violated her generous laws, and will spend the remainder of life in search of some alleviator or restorer of lost health and happiness, seeking everywhere, and trying everything but simple obedience to her instructions.

The Prophet told the servant who came to know what his lord, the King, might do to be healed of his leprosy, to go wash seven times in a little stream not far away ; and the servant angrily replied : Is thy servant, the King, a dog, that he should do this small thing. Have we not rivers better than Jordan ? And the Prophet said : If I had told thee to do some *great* thing, then would'st thou have obeyed. It is now as then : some great thing must be done when no great thing is needed. If we have no fatal disease by inheritance, we may generally have health by keeping a clear conscience, owing no man anything, living simply, working hard, sleeping freely, eating plain food and enough of it, and if we do not find recreation enough in labor, take time for it outside of work ; but take it somehow, and in good measure.

BRUTALITY AND TREACHERY.

PROBABLY there has never been an occurrence in this country of a semi-political and local character, that aroused to the defence of liberty and justice all true men, without distinction of party, as the proclamation of Mayor Hall, of New York, and the threats of his rioters has done.

Almost without exception, the intelligent citizens have spoken vehemently against the brutal demonstrations of those beastly Irishmen, who undertook to prevent by force and bloodshed the peaceable celebration of the Orangemen in that city, on the 12th ult., and the man who became their advocate.

Though it has cost forty lives and untold suffering, yet if these Irishmen learn that this is a free country, and that the heart of every American holds religious and political freedom so dear that they will not allow it to be subverted, then they have been taught a lesson worth all it has cost.

And what condemnation shall be adequate to apply to that man, who, entrusted with the execution of the law, the protection of the citizens in the exercise of their rights, and the preservation of order, subverted the law, trampled upon liberty, and upheld a vile mob of desperadoes in their threats of violence and bloodshed.

You, the Mayor of New York, who should have been the defender and defense of Justice permit her to be violated by a horde of ruffians, and not only this, but you have no word of condemnation for them, while as their defender and accomplice you forbid peaceable and respectable men the exercise of rights that you have time and again granted your rioters. Your repentance is far less worthy of honor than that of Judas, for he hung himself; but you, only repentant, permit your own existence to continue. In contrast with the action of Governor Randolph how ignoble your surrender, and how ignominious your death. Your friends consign you to your political grave and cover you with your own corruption.

 MR. GREELY AND ANOTHER MAN.

LAST month we published a letter from Hon. Horace Greely, giving an account of some of the *Tribune* Philosopher's habits. Our object in the letter and article was to show that only by refraining from excesses of any kind could young men expect to reach the highest development of their physical and mental powers. Among a great many other things that happened we noticed a communication in *Appleton's Journal*, from a Georgian, that somewhat disturbed our faith for the time, but it soon became established according to the old theory, and

now we think it hardly advisable for any of our twenty-five thousand readers to adopt the Georgian's bill of fare. Here it is:

"I am ninety-six years of age and a carpenter by trade; I get up about five in the morning; drink about six or eight drinks of good, solid corn whiskey by about eight o'clock. By that time I have jacked off and dressed about five hundred feet of plank, more or less; then take breakfast. My breakfast is generally a smothered chicken and a stewed cat-fish or two or three trout; sometimes two or three shad, with beef-steak and ham and fried eggs, with two or three dozen boiled eggs, fifteen or twenty batter cakes, with a little coffee or tea—say six or eight cups—just as I feel about the number of cups. I then joint, tongue and groove the plank. By about one o'clock I am ready for putting up or down, at which time I dine. My dinner is not always the same; but generally I take about three or four quarts of turtle or pea soup, a small baked pig or a roasted goose, sometimes a quarter of lamb or kid, greens, beans, peas, onions, eschalots, potatoes, cabbage, and other like vegetables, by which time I have drunk about fifteen or twenty drinks of old, solid corn whiskey. After dinner I put up or down my plank as the case may be; take a few drinks during the time, say about twelve or fourteen. I then take the last meal, which is called tea; don't use any meat; drink about six quarts of good buttermilk, with about one and a half or two pounds of light bread; take about four drinks to hold it steady, lay down about eight, and rest better than if I had crowded my stomach. I then rest well, dream pleasant dreams, and rise early again. This has been my mode of living through life. I am stout and active; weigh from two hundred and sixty to two hundred and seventy-five pounds; health fine. My head is as black as a gander's back. I am not very extravagant in using tobacco; only use about two or three plugs a day, say one and a-half pounds; smoke some and chew the balance—not that I like the weed; use it only to keep my flesh down."

YOUNG MEN are wanted now as much as ever before; but those are most needed to-day who have the ability and determination to rise into the upper stories of life's work-house. There are enough everywhere who can do the same thing and do it as well as thousands of others. But young men of positive purpose, pure principles, unyielding devotion to truth, who are brave and plucky enough to do what they undertake, if it lies within the possibilities of human achievement—these are the men the world wants now, and always will. And for such young men she has honors and success. Who will take them? We do not mean that you shall leave the honorable vocation in which you are engaged, if you are adapted to it, as very likely you are; but in it rise to the topmost round—diligence in duty will take you there.

CIRCUS IN THE COUNTRY—*I say, Jim, the Riding Master gave the Clown such a cut of the whip just now. Warnt it prime.*

"Hurry, mamma," said a little innocent with his finger cut ; "hurry, it's leaking."

A fop in company wanting his servant, called out, "Where's that blockhead of mine?" A lady present answered, "On your shoulders, sir."

A bill was once brought into the House of Assembly of Jamaica, for regulating the duties and fees of wharfingers. During its discussion, Mr. Phipps, a distinguished member said: "I very much approve of the bill. The wharfingers are a set of knaves. I was one myself for ten years, sir!"

A few days since a little ragged urchin was sent by a tradesman to collect a small bill. He began in the usual way, but becoming more and more importunate, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him:

"You need not dun me so sharply, I am not going to run away."

"I don't suppose you are," said the boy, scratching his head; "but my master is, and he wants the money."

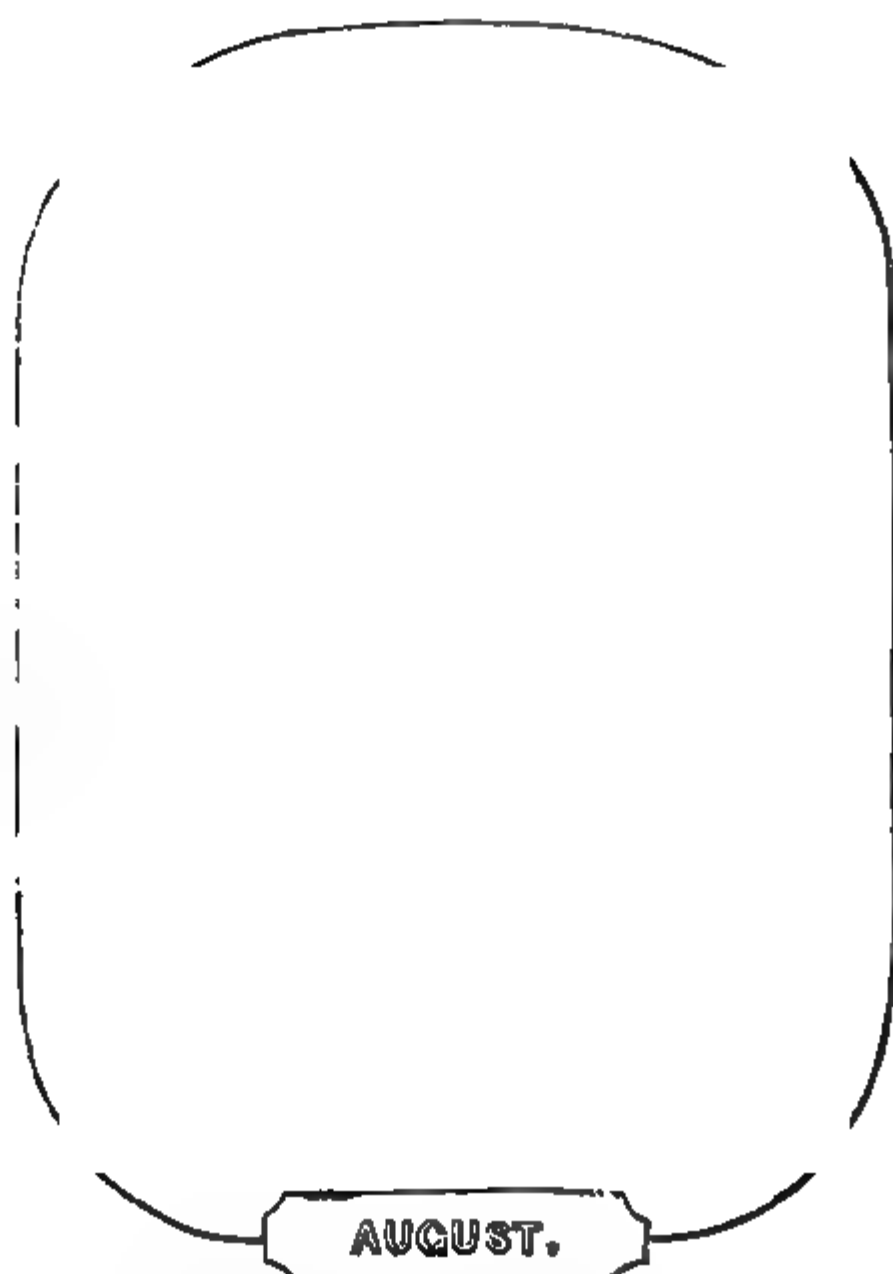
A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were both late and were called up to account for it.

"You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?"

"Please sir," said the favorite, "I was dreamin' that I was goin' to Californy, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat-bell, as I was goin' in."

"Very well" said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite, "And now, sir," turning to the other "what have you to say?"

"Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was waiting to see Tom off!"



The eighth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold down to the ground.

—*Spenser.*

AUGUST is a month richly flushed with the last touches of Summer, toned down here and there with the faint gray of approaching Autumn. The fields are ripe for harvest and the sickle, cheering the heart of man with the plenty by which he is surrounded.

August is a good month in which to take our few weeks or days of summer recreation. We can bear the hot weather in July, for it has not been scorching our cities long ; but as it wears away and August comes with her sultry days, and work becomes drudgery, then is the time for those who can go but once and for a short time, to leave for the quiet country, and renew their hope and strength and life. Then they will go back to labor with more cheerful hearts.

September will quickly come and go, and then the Autumn glory will be fully ushered in, when, in city or country, anywhere and everywhere, there is comfort and enjoyment for those who will take it.

MAJOR GENERAL PHIL KEARNY.
(From a Photograph by Brady.)

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Pure, Progressive, Practical, Popular.

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KEARNY.

BY GEN. E. L. CAMPBELL.

“WHO commands this company?”
“I do, sir.”

“Well, sir, it is time you were at the head of it.”

Such was the writer's first interview with the wonderful KEARNY. It occurred just as the mist of a beautiful summer morning was lifting, and before the réveille had ceased to beat. He did not stop, and turned his head no more than was necessary to see that all was in order for the morning roll-call.

And the next was like unto it. The rebels had followed up their success at Bull Run by taking up a position upon the very outskirts of Washington. The lines of outposts were face to face, and the Union pickets had received orders not to fire upon the enemy, except in case of necessity. A few shots were fired by some of the men upon the outer lines, from a supposed necessity which need not be here related. The ever-listening ears of Kearny heard them, of course, and a few minutes later the “officer of the day” was seen galloping up the turnpike, his orderly leading an extra horse. It required no powers of divination to anticipate his errand.

“I am directed by General Kearny to place you in arrest, and order you to report immediately at brigade headquarters.”

The captain delivered up his sword, and mounted the extra horse.

Arrived at the house in which headquarters had been comfortably established, Kearny began to discharge a fusilade of questions at him, but received only monosyllabic replies: a perfect file fire of interrogations—short, sharp, incisive, impossible to be misunderstood, asking several before giving time to answer one—but still the same “Yes, sir,” and “No, sir.” Finding he was gaining no light, he flung the empty sleeve in his peculiar way, and said, “Sit down, Captain; take a seat,

sir. Elucidate this matter ; elucidate this matter." Which was done. Ascertaining that there was no cause of complaint against the captain or his men, he bestowed his customary blessing upon the parties really at fault, and then dismissed him with a polite " Take a cigar, sir ; return to your command, sir."

These incidents will serve to introduce the justly famous but little known man, who has been well called " the type volunteer general of the war." Small as they are, they present some of the striking characteristics of the man. Indeed, everything he did or said was peculiar to himself. His character was entirely original, both in its merits and its faults. He made no man his model—copied no one's manner or style. Most men, even late in life, are insensibly changed and moulded by association with others ; but the bold and prominent features of his character were his own—the rank outgrowth of his own vigorous vitality. And this intense personality was projected into every movement of mind or body. Every act reached its mark, and every word left its impress.

It is largely true of the soldier as of the poet, that he is born, not made. Of Kearny it may truthfully be said that *he was born a soldier*.

He was descended from a line of soldiers. His very name (Cearnach, in the original Celtic,) means " soldier." De Lancey and Watts, his ancestral names on his mother's side, are noted ones in the annals of the British army, including many general officers, one of whom fell at Waterloo. They also appear prominently in the colonial history of New York, and receive honorable notice in the early military history of our country. The founder of the Kearny family came from Ireland, and is found located in Monmouth county, New Jersey, in the year 1716. His son Philip was an eminent lawyer, and the great-grandfather of Major General Philip Kearny. His descendants found their way to Newark, and thence to New York City. The family produced a number of soldiers and sailors of repute, among whom appear most prominently Commodore Lawrence Kearny, and Major General Stephen W. Kearny.

The hereditary military qualities of Kearny began to appear at an early age. At fifteen he was extensively read in the military history of our own and foreign countries, had his favorite heroes, and his room decorated with their pictures. His conversation and amusements partook largely of the same character.

Horseback riding seems to have been almost a passion with him from childhood. He is related to have been a graceful, dashing, almost reckless rider when a mere boy. All this will be readily believed by those who were accustomed to seeing him upon the field during the rebellion. It was a generally acknowledged fact that no one could sit a horse like Kearny. The man and horse appeared to be made for each other—each a part of the same design—and in the harmony, grace and strength of their movements, realized a well known author's idea of " the

glory of motion." They looked like an equestrian statue of the immortal Bayard, endowed with all the attributes of life and action.

In body as in mind, Kearny bore the stamp of his martial birthright. When young he appears to have been slight and delicate of body. He is described by his teachers as "never strong or robust"—"a mild, amiable, gentle boy, with a soft, blue eye"—"obedient and docile at school, devoted to his studies, and took a high rank as a scholar." As he grew up, however, he developed into a splendid specimen of physical manhood. As a young man he was slender, but unusually symmetrical. At full maturity his form was superb. Of medium height, he was admirably proportioned—not too slender for the full expression of power, or so stout as to suggest the slightest idea of stiffness. There was no unnecessary flesh, and no softness. His muscle was hard and firm, and his sinews were steel. Of a highly nervous temperament, he was strong, athletic, and "nimble as a cat." Erect and firm in attitude, his bearing was dignified, graceful and commanding. Authority, tempered by kindness of heart, and a disposition to fairness and justice, were written in the prominent features and delicate lines of his face. He was every inch a soldier. Virgil's hero recognized his goddess mother because she "walked a queen:" Kearny looked, walked, and rode a soldier.

These natural tendencies to the profession of arms could not be readily restrained. All efforts to put him into the church failed. He studied law from choice, but never entered upon the practice. As soon as the death of his grandfather, in whose house he was born and (after the death of his father) brought up, left him entirely free, he sought and obtained a commission as second lieutenant in the First United States Dragoons, then commanded by his uncle. In the saddle at last, the dream and desire of his boyhood realized, he entered upon a military career the brilliancy of which has seldom if ever been excelled, and the promise of which was cut short by his untimely fall, when the fruits of his genius, wide experience, and ripe judgment had but just begun to appear.

A brief outline of his military life is as follows: He was appointed second lieutenant in the First United States Dragoons in March, 1837, and resigned as captain and brevet major Second United States Dragoons in November, 1851. Two years after his appointment he was sent, with two other lieutenants, to France, to pass through a course of instruction at the "Royal Cavalry School," at Saumur, and prepare a system of cavalry organization and tactics adapted to our service—which work was thoroughly and acceptably performed. While at Saumur he made an impression which opened to him the best social circles of France. Wishing to gain practical as well as theoretical knowledge, he also applied for and obtained permission of the French government to study the art of war upon the theatre of actual operations in Algeria, where they were then at war. Attached to the staff of the Duke of Orleans, who

commanded a division, and part of the time to the finest regiment of light cavalry, he passed through a campaign in Africa, and participated in some of the finest strategy and fighting of the celebrated Marshal Valeé. Here he "fleshed his maiden sword," and did it most commendably, for he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his gallantry. Returning home in 1840, he served much of his term upon the staff and in the military family of the major general commanding for the time being, including Generals Atkinson, McComb and Scott, being selected for these positions purely for his marked soldierly qualities. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he had tendered his resignation, but was immediately reinstated upon his own request, being actually out of service but thirteen days. By permission, he immediately recruited and remounted his company for active service. In order to get the best men and horses, he made liberal use of his abundant private means, and his troop of "greys" was confessedly unexcelled by any troop of cavalry that was ever placed in the field. While so engaged at Springfield, Ill., he made the acquaintance of a practicing lawyer named A. Lincoln, who afterwards, chiefly upon his own judgment, appointed him a brigadier general, and always called him "my general." Soon after his arrival upon the scene of hostilities, his troop was detailed, on account of its superior material in men and horses, its splendid appearance and efficiency, as "Scott's body guard," and so served until the close of the war, doing, however, a full share of the actual fighting. Kearny's charge at the battle of Cherubusco, with three troops of dragoons, probably not more than one hundred sabres, pursuing a routed Mexican army of 30,000 men until he, with less than a dozen men, in hand-to-hand conflict, actually entered the San Antonio gate with the flying enemy, is a familiar story the world over. "Decorated with an empty sleeve," he was also breveted major for his gallant and meritorious service. After the war he saw considerable active service among the hostile tribes on the frontiers, and at one time had a severe fight with the "Rogue River" Indians. He was so employed in California in November, 1851, when, finding the profession of arms too prosy in time of peace, he tendered his resignation. Being in Europe at the time of the Italian war of 1849, he joined the staff of the veteran Morris, commanding the French cavalry, rendering efficient active service, and at Solferino "participated in every charge." Here he again won the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He was appointed brigadier general of volunteers July 25th, 1861, to rank from May 17th, being twelfth in the order of seniority. The first four regiments of New Jersey three year troops were formed into a brigade for him, he having been appointed from this State at the solicitation of some of our most prominent citizens, and he took command August 21st, 1861. On the 30th of April, 1862, before Yorktown, he was assigned to the command of a division of the Third Corps (Heintzelman's) at the head of which

he fell at Chantilly, September 1st, 1862. The details of his brief but brilliant career in the rebellion are familiar to all.

Perhaps the first distinctive characteristic which would strike one upon making his acquaintance was his *intense decision*. He never hesitated. His judgments were fully formed before he spoke or acted. Such was the tension of his perceptive faculties, that all the resources of his mind were at instant command and no sober second thought was needed: the first conclusion was correct, if any. There seemed to be scarcely any interval between his remarkably quick grasp of facts and the full maturity of his decisions. It is thought not too much to say that throughout his career during the rebellion, he never had occasion to change a plan, modify a conclusion, or voluntarily abandon a project. It will readily occur, even to the most unmilitary, that no quality of mind could be more important upon the battle-field, where victories are lost or won almost in a moment of time, where combinations must be rapidly made, and the absolute necessity for immediate action often leaves no time for reflection. Many of the most celebrated battles have been decided by a brilliant charge at the right point and the right moment, by a mere fraction of the troops engaged. The dash of McMahan at Magenta, won the day, and made him a duke with that title. The final charge of the Imperial Guard turned the even scales at Solferino. "Up, Guards, and at them," won Waterloo.

He was essentially *an active man*. His very nature seemed averse to repose: indolence formed no part of his composition. Most men have a constant and often unsuccessful struggle with that inertia of mind and body which keeps in obscurity so much of the brightest talent, and deprives the world of so much possible achievement. With some it is physical and not mental; with others, mental and not physical; and still with others, both. With him it was neither. All this seemed to be reversed. His inertia was rather that inability to change a state of action to one of repose. The bow was always bent, the vital forces ever at a glow. His powerful, well-knit, nervous frame seemed always to be under the lash of some resistless necessity of action—the unseen, mysterious vital force. Even during the hours devoted to sleep, he would often wake up and resume the activities of the day. He is unjustly and too generally supposed to have been a man of impulse, hot-tempered and headlong. Such was not the judgment of those who served under his command. It is true he was impetuous, but it was the impetus of the planet, not the meteor—a steady glow, and not a flickering light. He never strained to exhaustion, or sank into inactivity, but was animated by the constant stimulus of a steady purpose. From Mason's Hill to Chantilly, the map of Virginia and the military lines were never out of his mind. During the Fall and Winter of 1861-2, he found ample employment in working up four thousand raw civilians into soldiers; and few realize

the amount of labor involved in such a task. But the early Spring found him feeling ready for the encounter, and he became exceedingly impatient of a delay which his military judgment had long condemned. He was severe and caustic in his criticisms upon that masterly inactivity which for so long a time kept "all quiet on the Potomac," though quiet and confidential in their expression. He chafed and fretted like a caged tiger at being held in *leash* for so many weary days and weeks near Washington, before Yorktown and Richmond. Indeed, his advance upon Manassas, crowding out the rear guard of the enemy, after some lively skirmishing, and taking possession of the whole line of Bull Run and the Occoquan, were made without orders (for which he applied in vain) and to the evident disrelish of McClellan, who suppressed his report, and in his own made no mention of Kearny or his brilliant movement. When, before Richmond, he saw the troops being withdrawn from their advanced position in the face of the enemy, his indignation knew no bounds, and he openly exclaimed, "There is treason here!"

He was a man of *great singleness of purpose*. From the time his sword was first drawn until the hand that drew it was cold in death, he devoted all the energies of his nature to the cause. The great Apostle to the Gentiles could scarcely say with more emphasis, "One thing I do." Day and night, in the saddle and out, his thoughts were employed upon the one subject. If he conversed with a brother officer, it was to discuss the means of greater efficiency, or the probable results of military expedients. If he wrote a letter to a friend, it was to criticise or project plans of campaigns, or to detail the grounds of his pride and confidence in his own command.

In camp he devoted a tireless energy and great fertility of resource to perfecting all the details of discipline, drill and efficiency. He saw everything, censured the highest or lowest officer, without partiality or favor, and praised with a generous appreciation. At brigade drill he was *always* personally in command, and frequently supervised the regimental and company drilling. All the details of police, camp, guard and picket duty were personally inspected. As related in the first incident above, he was the only brigade commander the writer ever knew to attend a regimental roll-call, and he wore his side-arms in so doing, just as was required of the junior lieutenant. Many field officers only sauntered along the lines, and that without arms, when they attended at all. The minutest apportionments of the commissariat and quartermaster's departments were carefully examined into, and all his inventive powers taxed to add to their efficiency. Musicians and nurses were drilled in the manner of handling and loading the wounded, and every preparation made for the serious work in view.

In the presence of the enemy he was the embodiment of sleepless vigilance. No one so quickly or thoroughly acquainted with a position as

Kearny. Every knoll or ravine, every wood-road or bridle-path, every ditch, swamp and creek were known to him in the shortest possible time. Was a new position taken up in the night, the earliest dawn saw him in the saddle, dashing like a meteor from one point to another, and his aids dispersed upon similar errands, until the topography of the position was clearly mapped in his mind.

In action he was in his native element. It would be easy to name some of our best military men—those of the highest mental endowments and most schooled in the art of war—who, when the supreme hour of conflict came, were overcome and consequently embarrassed by the great responsibility and the fearful consequences of failure. Kearny never lost his presence of mind. The excitement stimulated all his faculties to their utmost effort, but into well-balanced and harmonious action. He thought, combined, decided his best and rapidest. His feelings were not harassed or his thoughts diverted by any consideration foreign to the occasion, but his whole mind was bent upon the one purpose of defeating the enemy. Thus all his capabilities were at his command.

The results of Kearny's incessant labor with her first brigade may well be appreciated by the State of New Jersey. Few will be found to dispute the claim that it was for a long time, as it was so often called, "the best brigade in the service." The famous Vermont brigade, at a later day, contested that reputation, and in point of marching qualities on a hard campaign, it must be admitted, successfully. Upon one occasion, whilst reviewing "the Jersey brigade," McClellan was overheard to say, "What a deal of cursing it must have taken to bring this brigade up to this condition." At the Bailey's Cross Roads review, some of the divisions, embracing not less than one hundred and eighty men, the companies being then nearly or quite full, marched past the reviewing officer with fronts in which no eye could detect a waver. It was not without justice that it became, in the first organization of the army, the first brigade of the first division of the first corps.*

It might seem superfluous to say that Kearny was *a truly brave man*; yet it is to be feared that here also he is not fairly estimated. The ideas of mere "dash" and those qualities which make up the "soldier of fortune," are too generally and always unjustly associated with his name.

This quality of courage, so commonly considered, or at least spoken of, as a simple attribute, is indeed the result of widely dissimilar causes, and partakes of all the varying phases of mental and physical organization. It was an interesting subject of observation, even under difficulties.

* The First New Jersey Volunteers was recently toasted at a festive reunion, as "the first regiment, first brigade, first division, first corps, of the first army of the only first-class nation in the world."

The lowest type of bravery is probably that resulting from natural obtuseness. There are men who seem incapable of anticipating suffering: like the brute, they know no fear until they see or feel the blow. A sheriff in one of the northern counties of this State, after performing the revolting official duty of executing the death penalty, remarked that the prisoner "did not appreciate hanging." And that class of men who suffer the extreme penalty for desertion, will generally sit upon their coffins, beside their open graves, and receive the fatal volley with less agitation than any other one present. This insensibility to danger is not, however, confined to the imbruted and ignorant. Some men of high intelligence appear to be impervious to fear: so constituted as to shed it as a duck's back sheds water. Add to this some strong motive for aggressive hostility, and the result will be an effective soldier.

There is also an artificial obtuseness. By a process of induration the most active fancy, the most lively anticipative faculties may be reduced to a state of stolidity. March men thirty-six miles in a day (as was the Sixth Corps at Gettysburg), under the most rigid compulsion, a broiling sun, a load of arms, accoutrements and ammunition, with the least practicable rest or food, and upon arriving at the battle's edge you have a body of men who, from that reaction which succeeds despair, are in a condition to care little for any form of danger. If his ardor and powers of endurance be not wholly exhausted, you have the best possible soldier—one who will advance and retire, march and countermarch as ordered, fight the enemy, or prepare his meals in their presence, with any desirable degree of steadiness and docility. Repeat this process from year to year, under the minatory force of the deserters firing party, and the temporary effect becomes permanent stolidity: this is the mercenary soldier.

An inordinate desire for military fame, love of arbitrary authority, and ambition for praise and high position, unattended with more exalted motives, not unfrequently make gallant soldiers. The fresh enthusiasm of the raw recruit is a potent influence. New troops, possessed of a fair share of natural pride, well drilled and properly handled, are always effective, and in some positions the most desirable.

But the elements of the noblest type of courage are a high sense of duty and perfect self-control. And this self-control is no easy accomplishment. In the midst of danger a lively fancy will constantly, and with almost resistless force, thrust into the mind a thousand thoughts and flitting glimpses of every conceivable form of physical suffering. The great Future comes surprisingly near, and with its shadowy apprehensions oppresses the will and tends to paralyze the frame. At every sense they enter. Every sight and sound suggests them. The delicate sense of touch can feel the clamminess of death in the air. Sulphurous odors start up hideous thoughts. The glittering of deadly steel, the sharp crack of the rifle, the spiteful file fire, the stunning volley, the grating of

heavy missiles upon glutted iron throats, the whistling of bullets, the unearthly screaming of shells, the indescribable, inimitable, infernal sounds which fall hot and poisonous, made by shapeless fragments of iron in their flight, the falling of comrades, the struggles of the dying, the cries of the wounded—all these, and all at once, have a distracting, unmanning power not easily resisted. Some of the proudest and truest men literally sink helpless under the load.

To expel these harassing thoughts—to drive forth this clamorous brood of fancies—to parry all these assaults upon one's nerves, and give a cool head, a firm step and steady hand to the horrid work, is one of the ultimate achievements of the human will—a power to be attained only by stern effort and hard experience.

But to carry this load and yet be brave, is still more difficult. Some men, endowed with strong imagination, can never acquire the faculty of arresting its action under these high incitements. They must admit all and endure all. That any man should be able to bear all this weight and not be overcome—to hold all these warring fancies and be unembarrassed—to be filled with apprehensions and still be clear-minded, dignified, composed, quick to see, ready to conceive, and prompt to act—seems beyond the reach of human courage. Yet such there are. It would be easy to name one of New Jersey's best and bravest, who in action was always under the lash of a fervid imagination, suffering the last degree of mental torment; yet no man ever rode the battle's crest with a more steady rein, or finally met more unflinchingly a soldier's fate upon "the field of honor." And his was not a solitary case. Was it the Iron Duke who said to a subordinate officer, "Were you half so much afraid as I am, you would run from the field."

Kearny's courage was of the highest order. No one who knew him would attribute to him mental dullness or want of a lively fancy. His love of military fame was strong, but not inordinate. It must be admitted he had a towering ambition, but it was not his controlling motive. No man more completely ignored self in the rebellion than did he. When he offered his sword to the government, he was willing to accept any position that might be accorded to him. Feeling that his capabilities were high, he was willing to accept a small command. Repeated slights and tardy appreciation never dampened his ardor. When first appointed to a division, he declined it rather than separate himself from his Jersey brigade, with which he had toiled so long, and which he considered a charge committed to his care by the State. His heart was in the cause, and self was secondary. The first note of battle stimulated into high but harmonious activity every power of mind and body. All his faculties were concentrated upon the business of the hour: all else was thrust out by sheer force of will. The "reckless dash" mistakenly attributed to him, was but the calculating energy of a man intent upon performing his

whole duty, undeterred by considerations of personal safety. Four times we find him in immediate contact with the enemy, but there was no "mere dash" in either case. At the gates of Mexico he supposed himself followed by three troops of dragoons, and had not the recall been sounded without his knowledge, it is quite possible, if not probable, that Santa Anna himself would have been captured. At Solferino and Glendale he lost his way. Upon the field of his lamented fall, an emergency had arisen which demanded unusual promptness of combination and action. He must see for himself, and in doing so he risked his life and lost it. Scott has said of him: "If one man is more brave than another, that man was Philip Kearny. He was the bravest man I ever saw, and a perfect soldier."

Were it possible to know precisely how many of those who were loudest in their denunciations of treason, and even most active in the Union cause, were patriots by accident, it would probably be not a little humiliating to our national pride. But the narrow prejudices, the unreasoning animosities, which passed so current in the nation's crisis for the true fervor of loyalty, had no place in Kearny's heart or mind. *His was true patriotism.* It was no child of doubtful parentage—no mere accident of birth, locality or association. It was the result of study, world-wide observation and mature reflection, all guided and animated by an inborn love for right and truth—a devotion which sought not its own, suffered much, and nobly did, dared and died.

A rich vein of truth, as well as poetry, is touched by the simple lines so familiar to all:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

They embody a true feeling of patriotism, but it is of the lowest grade. Its strength depends chiefly upon the halo with which memory surrounds the localities and associations of the past. The captive Hebrew sat down by the rivers of Babylon and wept when he remembered Zion. In our own day and country, the mere mention of "Fatherland" fills many an eye with tears, and many a manly breast with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. With what swelling emotions we sing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Columbia the gem of the ocean." It is, however, only a sentiment, and may co-exist in all its tenderness with the most enervate effeminacy—even the most arrant cowardice. It is common to all mankind, and, indeed, the same or a kindred affection may be traced in the lower animals. It does not of itself lead to great deeds or great sacrifices. It may embrace a nation or be limited to a narrow locality, and so is not inconsistent with the most ultra-disloyalty—a great illustration of which will occur to every mind.

That love of country which arises from a clear comprehension of liberties won, preserved and enjoyed, of rights vindicated and guaranteed, is a higher and more effective form of patrial affection. It is based upon the consciousness, common to all though not generally reduced to distinct perceptions, of the natural relations which God has ordained between men in their separate and social capacities, and their individual relations to all the forms of property and means of enjoyment—the equal and inalienable rights of “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” It was this which animated our sturdy ancestors to say of their menaced Saxon liberties, “By our good swords we won them, and with our swords we will defend them.” This is a noble motive, but its ends are selfish and its range is narrow.

We must go a step higher to reach the exalted form of devotion to country, which we claim to be the distinguishing feature of our American political character. It is the offspring, not merely of the instinctive sense of right and justice, but of a clear understanding of those relations—not of consciousness only, but of education and reflection. It comprehends not only the past and present, but the future. It deduces true political philosophy from the numberless examples by which history teaches. It distinguishes legitimate from illegitimate civil institutions, learns the only means of their preservation, and appreciates the inestimable value—the absolute necessity—for good and settled government, in order that the great ends of society may be attained.

We do not err in claiming for Kearny this highest form of patriotism. He was a liberally educated, thinking man. From his youth he was a great reader, with abundant leisure and means to indulge that taste. Left an immense fortune at the age of twenty-two, he had every facility for travel, observation and investigation. His social and official positions threw him constantly in contact with the most noted, cultivated and influential men of both continents.

Born at No. 3 Broadway, New York, his home until manhood was there, or within a few blocks of that locality. He was educated in the best schools of Massachusetts and New York, was graduated from Columbia College, and passed through a course of legal studies in New York City. His mother died in his infancy, and his father while he was yet a youth, leaving him to the care of his maternal grandfather, who also died when Kearny was at the age of twenty-two, leaving him a fortune which soon made him a millionaire. Fortune did not spoil him, but furnished the means by which his mind was stored with knowledge derived from extensive travel, observation and experience. Much of his life was spent abroad. The year after the completion of his legal studies was spent in Europe, visiting the scenes already made familiar by favorite books and tourists. Whilst a young lieutenant of cavalry, he was detailed for foreign service, as before related, and spent about a year in France

and Algeria. Upon resigning his commission in 1851, he started from California westward, and gave two years to making the circuit of the world, visiting most of its celebrated places, many of them such as ordinary tourists never heard of, observing and studying the peoples and institutions of other lands. After three years of attention to his private affairs (during which he fixed his home upon the banks of the Passaic, just above and opposite Newark), he again went abroad in 1856, and remained until the grand proportions of the rebellion began to be realized, in the Spring of 1861. He spent considerable time in nearly every country of Europe, and was on social terms with many of their most noted men.

The amplest opportunities were thus afforded him for studying the workings of the various forms of monarchical institutions, observing their effects upon society and individuals, and comparing them with the beneficent institutions of our own land. An inquiring mind so employed would naturally ripen into a clear understanding of the principles of political science, which so far as distinctly apprehended, are as definite and certain as mathematical truths. It would learn what constitutes good and legitimate government; that a settled government is the foster mother of all the interests of society, without which they cannot exist; that anarchy destroys with ruthless hand all the acquisitions of the past, paralyzes all progress, and dissipates all the hope and promise of the future.

When therefore, the red hand of rebellion was lifted in our own land, Kearny saw at a glance the immeasurable importance, not only to our own country and our own day, but to the whole world and to all time, that it should be promptly, thoroughly, remorselessly suppressed. Our priceless, "dear-bought American liberties" must not thus be lost. The great experiment of free government must not prove a failure. Republican institutions must be shown to possess the cohesive power of self-preservation, and not to be a rope of sand. The prestige of American liberty must not be destroyed by division. The first government ever distinctly founded on God's great law of natural rights must not fall in the early promise of its power, when its quickening, illuminating influence had but just begun to be felt, feared and hailed among the peoples and nations.

Unlike most of our travelling fellow-citizens, among whom it was fashionable to be disloyal, he was proof against all the blandishments of aristocratic society. He never wavered or doubted, but for a time contended stoutly for his country abroad, then hastened home and cast his sword into the balance on the side of the Union. Well might he say, "What am I, if no longer an American?"

None who were present on the morning after Kearny's death will ever forget the occasion. His fate was not immediately known, even in his own command. Stevens had been killed, and his division forced back by the onset of the enemy. Kearny, who had been in reserve, pushed

promptly forward to take his place. While reconnoitering, personally and alone, a portion of the field with a view to the disposition of troops, he rode unwittingly into the enemy's lines. Summoned to surrender, he turned his horse and threw himself into an almost horizontal position in his saddle to escape, but the fatal bullet took effect and traversed almost the entire length of his body. He fell into the hands of the enemy, and it was not known whether he was killed or only a prisoner. This was on the evening of the first of September, 1862. A rumor of his death spread rapidly, and, by the morning of the second, had extended through the whole army. Many, from hope rather than probability, refused to credit it, until the sad confirmation came from the enemy. "Stonewall" Jackson, in whose corps the name of Kearny was as familiar as his own in ours, with that chivalrous appreciation which marks all truly brave men, and which sees no enemy in a dead or wounded soldier, restored his body, sword and horse to the Union commander. As the ambulance containing his body came slowly down the turnpike and passed through the lines, a solemn hush pervaded all the troops. Drenched by a furious storm during the battle of the previous evening, most had passed sleeplessly the long, chilly night; worn out by constant marching and fighting; heart-sick with slaughter and disaster, they saw the campaign closed near the Capitol, and almost upon the spot where Kearney had begun it. And the crowning fact was the fall of one of their idols, one who was loved by every soldier in the Army of the Potomac.

Truth requires it should be added that his failings, like his merits were conspicuous; but "let nothing unless good be said of the dead." A grateful people will ever throw the mantle of charity over all his faults, and hallow his name with an affectionate remembrance.

GODIVA.

I WAITED for the train at Coventry;
 I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
 To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
 The city's ancient legend into this:—

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
 New men that in the flying of a wheel
 Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
 Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
 And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
 Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
 The woman of a thousand summers back,
 Godiva, wife of that grim Earl, who ruled
 In Coventry: For when he laid a tax

Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone;
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?" "But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclassed the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee,
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity;
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last she saw

The white-flowered elder thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity.
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal by-word of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

SIGHING AND SINGING.

BY SIXELA.

CHAPTER II.

“WOMAN’S NATURE VERSUS CONVENTIONALISM.”

FOR several weeks the new singing master came regularly to give his lessons, and often remained to talk with Annunziata and to sing with her. He seemed to enjoy her society exceedingly, and besides music, they discovered many other subjects of mutual interest and sympathy, so that Annunziata began to anticipate each lesson with increasing pleasure. She felt confident that Father Tommaso had recognized in her the penitent of the confessional; but he had never betrayed that recognition by word or gesture.

One day Annunziata had been singing the beautiful prayer by Von Weber from “Der Freischutz,” and having finished, she said: “I love that beautiful prayer because it is so personal. I was once at confession and asked my father confessor whether he would pray for me, and his answer seemed to me very cold, for he said, ‘I always pray for all my penitents;’ and I know that if he had taken any interest in me he would have spoken differently; but I suppose—”

“Be assured, Signorina,” said Salvatore, interrupting her, “that he said *that* in his priestly capacity, but that he prays for you most earnestly in private.” The involuntary warmth of his tone had betrayed more

feeling than he intended, and biting his lip, he continued: "besides, a priest ought never to harbor any sentiment in his heart which may prompt him to such very special prayer, and particularly not toward a person like yourself. We priests are consecrated to God, and have vowed to love Him alone; yet we are human, and have struggles known only to our Maker and ourselves." Father Tommaso took Annunziata's hand in his for the first time, pressed it gently, said "Addio" with much feeling, and silently left the room.

Annunziata remained motionless. She was frightened by the evident, although controlled, emotion of a man who was always so self-possessed and calm. She was frightened too at the unintentional boldness of her own remark, which had excited his answer; and yet, what was the meaning of his impressive words and manner? Were they the dearest words that a woman ever hears from the man she loves, when he first says "I love you," or were they a bitter reproach to her for having tempted him to love her? She secretly hoped the former and feared the latter—although such hopes were fraught with more painful consequences than her fears. Annunziata respected the noble character of Father Tommaso; she admired his talents and she loved him with all the intensity of a woman's nature. She acknowledged this love to herself, although she concealed it. She was conscious of the bar existing between them, and yet she felt that if he would only return her love she would be contented, and could lead a single life in happiness—but, on the other hand, if his emotion was only caused by anger, she must bury her love for him and suffer the deadening pain of wounded pride and rejected affection. She determined not to approach the subject again, nor any other personal topic of conversation, but to be reserved in the extreme.

The next day Signor Badelli received a note from Salvatore, saying:

"DEAR SIGNOR:—Additional duties at the Seminary and other causes, will prevent me from giving your daughter her lesson to-morrow. I fear that the same reason will force me to discontinue them entirely. I regret exceedingly that I must lose such a pupil as Signorina Theresa, for she has a good voice, much talent, and is conscientious and diligent in her work. You are, however, aware that my clerical duties have the first claim upon me. I must beg you to excuse me for not coming in person to tell you this. Give my compliments to your family, and believe me ever,

Yours most truly,

TOMMASO SALVATORE."

When Annunziata heard this note her heart sank as though she had been listening to the reading of her own death warrant. She knew well the secret cause of his conduct. She felt convinced that her remarks had driven him from the house. She was mortified and ashamed of herself. She feared that he hated her, and yet the tenderness of that last "Addio" meant no hatred. She could not believe that he would remain away

from the house entirely. He would certainly come and say farewell to Theresa, and then she would make any opportunity to beg his forgiveness.

Day after day passed by and Salvatore did not come. Signor Badelli sent him the money for the lessons, and Salvatore returned a note of thanks to him and made no mention of coming to call on them. Annunziata grew more nervous; her heart beat violently whenever the door bell rang. She trembled in the street whenever she saw a priest coming who resembled Father Tommaso, and all priests look alike. Cruel wearing suspense gave her no rest with harrowing thoughts about the priest. Her philosophy said to her: "Why does the scorn of just this one man destroy your life and soul." But the heart knows neither philosophy, logic nor reason. It feels, it suffers; it lives or it dies. It says to itself that the object of its love is cold, and since this object is its peculiar sphere, all the world seems cold, and life a burden, and then the heart says, "give me a boat, a plunge, a shiver, a sigh, and a long sleep;" but there is always a mother or a sister, an ambition or a hope that supplants these devilish yearnings of the heart. Yet any certainty is better than suspense, for suspense is the child of Fear and Hope, creating a pleasurable uncertainty in infancy. But the child grows apace and becomes a giant that keeps a jealous watch. Suspense wears upon a man until the pulse throbs perceptibly in each remotest artery, and the blood flows not but surges in the veins, the brain becomes shadowy, reels at times, and sinks utterly exhausted. It was even so with Annunziata. Her mind was still weak from its former self-struggle. She was highly imaginative. She had never known but few men; she was strongly drawn to Salvatore by many bonds of real sympathy; she thought that he had discovered her love and despised her weakness for loving him first; but she felt her bodily and mental powers failing, and she determined to seek Father Tommaso, tell him everything, beg his forgiveness, and follow his advice. She could not bring her mind to say this to him openly, but she could tell it at confession, and decided upon that course. She chose the following Friday evening, knowing that there would not be so many people in the church as on Saturday. Her pride forbade her going. It seemed a disgrace for her to avow her own love, and yet both pride and disgrace were absolutely conventional. There is no sound reason why the woman should not love first, and there is also no reason why she should always conceal such love; but conventionalism has decided that the man must love first, and Annunziata suffered her love to supersede conventionalism only on account of the peculiar fact that she loved a priest, who had no moral right to love her, and no social right to declare such affection.

Accordingly, on Friday evening Annunziata prepared herself to go to confession. Four weeks had elapsed since the time when Salvatore had left her so abruptly, but the weeks had seemed years to her, and it was

with difficulty that she walked the few hundred feet between her home and the church. Her knees trembled as she walked, and a dizzy faintness came over her as she entered the church and saw the candle in front of the confessional. She tottered forward and sank down upon her knees in the penitents' compartment. For some minutes she could not speak, her voice would not obey her will, but at length she said: "Father, will you hear my confession to the end, whatever my sins may have been?"

And the priest answered: "I will, my daughter." But the voice was not like that of Salvatore.

Scarcely had the words escaped his mouth when it flashed across Annunziata's mind that the other priest might be within the confessional. In her excitement she had only thought of what she should say, and this unexpected event came upon her like a shock and deprived her of consciousness for the moment. She fell forward against the side of the compartment. The priest came out and lifted her up gently. Annunziata looked, and it was Father Tommaso. With a superhuman effort of will Annunziata forced herself to say: "Father, will you hear my confession?"

"You are too ill," replied he quickly.

"No, Father," said she; "the faintness has passed away. Hear me speak for God's sake."

The priest stepped back again to his seat, and Annunziata continued in tones that were scarcely audible:

"Father, I have sinned against God and against you. I have loved you, and do still, and always shall. I have wickedly told you so. I am worthy only of your contempt and hatred, but I would rather die than offend you. Oh, Father, forgive me, even as you would be forgiven your lesser sins. Oh, forgive me! forgive me! and if you could love me as a friend and speak kindly to me once more, I could endure all else.

Annunziata paused—a deep smothered sob burst from the priest's lips—he quickly drew back the little baize curtain, bent down to Annunziata, pressed his lips fervently upon hers, and said in a deep, hollow voice, "Annunziata, I love you,"

A moment later, and Father Tommaso came out of the confessional, extinguished the candle, walked rapidly to the steps of the high altar, knelt a few moments in prayer, and left the church by the sacristy.

Annunziata remained motionless a long time, and then wiping the tears from her cheeks, she hurried home, and went immediately to her room under a plea of fatigue.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRIEST AND THE MAN.

The Via Romana terminates in the Porta Romana, where the high road commences that leads to Sienna and Rome. Turning from this gate

directly to the left, at the present day one ascends the magnificent new Via Machiavelli that leads to the old tower where Galileo studied. At the time of which we write this serpentine promenade was a common country road that wound up the side of the hill; but between these two roads was the broad avenue that led to the Poggio Imperiale, which presented the same aspect then that it does to-day. The row of oaks, flanked by lofty cypresses that line the avenue on either side, cast so dense a shade that the road is scarcely ever dry, and never dusty except in midsummer. It is most impressive to stand at the head of this avenue and look down it on a moonlight night. The dark outline of the solemn larches and cypresses is sharply silhouetted against the sky, and those majestic trees seem like a funeral procession of Titans, marching slowly and silently up the hill. It was habitual with many of the priests of the Seminary situated near the Porta Romana, to walk up and down this avenue while reciting their breviary.

Thither Father Tommaso bent his steps immediately after quitting Annunziata so abruptly in her own parlor. He walked almost mechanically. He strove to repeat his prayers, but he could not. His mind was a vortex of wildly-rushing ideas—love for Annunziata being the strong, deep under-current. He admired her talents and her strong womanly character. He sympathized with her tastes, and he loved her for her long struggle against the temptations of the evil spirit. He liked her at first, and loved her even the second time that he heard her voice. He was half-conscious of his feelings when he went to Signor Badelli's to give the Signorina lessons, but a certain fascination drew him on. He despised himself for his weakness in going and in continuing to go. He was angry with himself for that loss of self-control which had allowed him virtually to confess his love to Annunziata, for he felt that he had done so. He was envious and jealous of every man who was not a priest. He mentally cursed the day of his ordination, since he took the vows because his parents had educated him to the priesthood, and not because he felt that to be his divine calling.

Above all, he was bitterly disappointed. He had hoped that Annunziata did not love him. He was unselfish enough to pray from the depths of his heart that she might not, and then he could conceal his own feelings and silently bear his own sorrow. He could love her all his life long; he could rejoice in her prosperity; he could secretly weep over her trials and cares. He could be happy in the thought that his life had never darkened hers; but now he felt sure that she did love him. His prayers had been utterly in vain. Conscious of her love, he now felt an unconquerable yearning to call her his own, but how could he? He had taken the most solemn vows of celibacy before God and the world. He possessed a deep respect for his religion and his church. He was endued with a true sense of honor, and was of an exceedingly tenacious dispo-

sition. He was unwilling to retract what he had said, merely because he had said it. He revolted from the idea of breaking an oath. He scorned to bring disgrace upon his family and his church. He would rather suffer mental torture, exile or death ; and yet all these would be of no avail to render Annunziata happy, and that desire alone now animated his mind. Having revolved all these things over and over again in his troubled brain, he finally thought it possible that Annunziata would forget him, amid the pleasures of the world, if he should remove himself entirely from her, and he finally determined to do so.

The moon had already risen and filled the peaceful Val d'Arno with silver light as Salvatore returned to his room and threw himself exhausted upon his bed.

The train of thought followed by Salvatore was precisely similar to that of Annunziata. He, too, felt that if he could only once declare his passion to her and be assured of its return, he could live singly and happily. The anxiety of mind and the desperate struggle between desire and duty, worked their effect upon the conscientious priest. His appetite failed ; his sleep was restless and unrefreshing ; his nervous system began to yield to the undue tension.

About a week after he had sent his note of excuse and farewell to Signor Badelli, he was called upon to sing the bass solos in a fine Mass of Cherubini. He had sung it before, and therefore did not practice it over on the day previous. Having arrived at the church and attempting to sing, he was unable to utter a note—his voice was completely gone ; he could speak, but he could not sing. The Grand Duke was present, and fine music was expected, very much of which depended on the bass voice : no one else was present to fill Salvatore's place. The leader of the choir threatened and stormed in vain. He heaped all manner of abuse on Salvatore for not having practised beforehand, said that he should lose his place, and that Salvatore would be the cause of his ruin.

The Mass was performed in a most unsatisfactory manner. Salvatore plead all the excuses he could, saying that such misfortunes had been heard of before as the instantaneous loss of the voice, and returned home filled with shame and contempt for his own weakness.

For several days Father Tommaso was confined to his room and then went into the country to remain a week with his sister. He hoped that an absence from Florence would enable him to drive away all these torturing thoughts. But he was greatly deceived. Rest and quiet only gave him more time to think about himself, and he determined to return and to occupy every moment in some distracting duty. He was unwilling to hear confessions, but on the first Friday after his return he was obliged to go, on account of the absence of his superior, and at that time he took part in the scene already described.

When Annunziata first spoke, a thrill of mingled joy and pain ran over him, but his voice had changed so much during his illness that she did not recognize it, and was overcome with excitement, as we have seen.

When Father Tommaso stepped back into the confessional, he was almost unconscious. As a priest he was doing his duty. As a man he was doing what he believed to be fatal to his happiness. While Annunziata was making her confession, the priest had not time enough to decide on his course of action. He perceived this, and prudently said nothing; he, however, decided to let Annunziata be fully aware of his feelings, and therefore kissed her, knowing that this would tell the whole story. The mental struggle of the priest was finished as he knelt before the altar. Strong human nature conquered the unnatural impositions of man. Salvatore determined to marry Annunziata, and in that brief moment of prayer already described, he called upon God to prevent him if he were committing a crime, of which his conscience acquitted him, and he slept more soundly that night than he had for many weeks. Decision had come to his relief, and suspense was taken away.

On the following morning Father Tommaso wrote to Annunziata as follows:

"ANNUNZIATA:—Your happiness is dearer to me than life or honor, and destiny has linked it with my own. I will forsake all if you will be mine. Meet me to-morrow, an hour before the Ave Maria, in the Boboli Garden, and let the Statue of Abundance be our trysting-place. TOMMASO.

The Boboli Garden is one of the most picturesque in Europe, laid out in 1300, under Casimo I, with innumerable grottos, arbors, fountains and pathways. There is one broad avenue that leads from the Fountain of Neptune to the summit of a hill, furnished on either side with a long stone seat. Beneath this bench are secret water pipes, and it used to be the childish amusement of the courtiers under Lorenzo the Magnificent to go there on Sundays, where the peasants would be sitting, and have the water turned on, by which means the peasants got drenched for the entertainment of those intellectual noblemen. The Statue of Abundance stands at the head of this avenue, and at the appointed time the two lovers met there.

Salvatore took Annunziata silently by the hand, led her into one of the little arbors, sat down by her, and said: "I have come here to confess to you. We are in the temple of God, now, and not in the temple of man, and I have determined to obey the laws of God, which are, I believe, at variance with those of man. My church has placed restrictions upon me that utterly contradict human nature and lead to infinite harm. We swear to love God only, and we attempt an impossibility, for if we love God truly we must love that part, that essence of God which we see in our fellow creatures; and just so far as we smother our regard for the earthly manifestation of love, just so far do we destroy our love for our

Maker. I love in you, Annunziata, that spirit of ambition for a purer, nobler life ; and I am confident that my life with you will be much more pleasing to my Creator than the wretched, discontented life I should lead without you, and I believe that he will absolve me for having broken those vows of celibacy ; and I also think that I have done right in the eyes of my own Annunziata. Will she give me absolution ?”

“ Oh yes ;” replied she, quickly, “ plenary absolution, and in the same way, too, that my own Father Confessor gave it to me the last time I was at confession,” whereupon Annunziata threw her arms gently around his neck and kissed him.

That single act told Salvatore more about the love of the human heart than all the sermons or confessions he had ever listened to, save one.

Salvatore then related to Annunziata how he had become enamored of her at first sight, and she said to him : “ But how is it possible for two people to love each other so immediately without knowing each other’s real character ?”

“ Because,” said he, “ we love at first only the ideal. The Southron sees a woman and pictures her in his vivid imagination as possessing certain charms, and instantly he begins to love this ideal woman ; if, on nearer acquaintance she fulfils his preconceived expectations, then he continues to love, but ceases to do so if he finds that his first impressions were false ; whereas, the cool and imaginative Northerner loves only that good quality which he sees in a woman, and when he sees another good point he learns to love that, so that finally he loves the woman herself ; but it is owing to the imagination that we Southerners love so readily and have gained the reputation of being so capricious in our love.”

Tommaso then laid before Annunziata his plans for the future. He proposed that Annunziata should tell her mother only of their marriage, because he was not willing to bring disgrace on his church. He thought it best that she and her mother should go for a few months to Venice to live ; that he would go to some German city and establish himself as singing master ; that as soon as he had obtained scholars enough, she and her mother should come and join him and they would be married.

Many persons in Stuttgard, five years ago, knew the “ Maestro Italiano,” no one, however, knew his previous history, and the severity of the struggle between the priest and the man.

A man is a fool if he be enraged with an ill he cannot remedy, or if he endures one that he can. He must bear the gout, but there is no occasion to let a fly tickle his nose.

AT THE OPERA.

BY O. H. KAY.

“D’ye see that fellow over there—
 That one with the black moustache—
 Leaning across his lady’s chair,
 Whispering, no doubt, balderdash?
 How sleek and smooth and grand he looks
 In the glare the gas-light flings,
 With fingers bent, in gentle crooks,
 To show his diamond rings!
 ‘Glass of fashion and mould of form,’
 He shines like a brilliant star,
 The centre of a glittering swarm
 Adorn’d with cross and with bar!
 He seems a minister of state,
 Or, at least, some high-born prince—
 Yet I, poor worm, crush’d down by Fate,
 Can make that paragon wince!

See how, over his spotless vest,
 That delicate watch-chain creeps—
 Taste is everywhere manifest
 Even to his shirt-frill heaps!
 And, as all *negligé* he leans
 And chats where the lights illumine,
 He seems to fling ‘mid fashion’s queens
 An atmosphere of perfume!
 Could any dream his tranquil face
 Would turn white, should I appear—
 That words of mine, e’en in this place,
 Could make him shudder with fear?
 I know him and his little games—
 I know him from A to Z—
 I know all of his hundred names—
 The drawback is—he knows me!

He feels I’m in the stalls to-night—
 And e’en now his restless eye
 Searches for me as for a blight,
 Peers for my face scarr’d and wry!
 I’ve mark’d him, aye, for ten long years—
 I’ve stood by him like a dream—
 I’ve heard him beg—I’ve felt his tears
 All over me burst and stream!

Gods! at his feet I've roll'd and roll'd—
 And have laugh'd, well-nigh to split,
 To hear him groan—to hear his gold
 Chink out as he offer'd it
 To buy me off! Ha! ha! his rings,
 The same that flash in the light,
 He's proffer'd me as tempting things
 To banish me from his sight!

They call him Sir Charles Bounderby—
 But to me that's all a myth—
 I know, whate'er he signs, that he
 Is but simple, plain Charles Smith!
 I laid my hand on him one night—
 And that night he held a knife—
 He sought not then the glaring light—
 For wealth he had taken life!
 My errand was—no matter—he
 Was before me—and I stood
 Spectator and not actor—free—
 Whilst he bore the curse of blood!
 Finger on lip, with outstretched palm
 I received the silence price—
 Then, from that hour, he grew a sham—
 And I held him like a vice!

But, hist! the overture has ceased—
 I must shrink back in the shade—
 Shrink like a desperate, hunted beast
Ferdu till his game is played!
 He must shine in the upper row,
 Forsooth, whilst I crouch down here!
 But a few hours—and then, I trow,
 I shall be more than his peer!
 Simper, ye dames—and Sir Charles talk
 Your nonsense of airs and scenes—
 Spectres and fiends about ye stalk,
 And over ye grim Fate leans!
 I'll out and tipple fierce red wine
 Till my blood is harsh and hot—
 Then, where night's shadows twist and twine,
 I'll wait in some lone, dark spot!

Wait till Sir Charles, in haughty pride,
 Comes with his queen on his arm—
 Then will I step up to his side
 And loose on his head the storm!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!" The scornful laugh
 Far echoed along along the street,
 Till the watch grasp'd his oaken staff
 To hear but retreating feet.
 Later, a struggle on the bridge—
 A struggle, a curse, a splash—
 On a man's face a livid ridge—
 And on another's a gash!
 And that same night a baronet
 At a grand feast smiled with glee—
 Whilst a limp heap, with blood all wet,
 Went out with the tide to sea!



GIANT TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS almost impossible for those who have not seen the giant monarchs of California forests to conceive of the immense proportions which many of them attain. When we are told that a tree has grown so huge as to require the labor of five men for twenty-five days to fell it, and that its stump has been smoothed off and used as a dancing-floor, capable of accommodating thirty-two persons comfortably, both our credulity and powers of conception are severely taxed to believe the statement, though no one now thinks of contradicting them. "The Mammoth Grove" where the largest trees are to be found, is a subject of growing interest. Travelers, tourists, explorers, scientists, and all who have seen it, pronounce the place one of the most remarkable on the American Continent.

Mr. James E. Emerson, a sketch of whose life appeared in the July number of this volume, has measured several of these trees. It will be remembered that he was for several years a resident of California. Of a visit to the Mammoth Grove of Calaveras county, he speaks as follows:

"There are twenty of these trees that will average twenty-five feet in diameter at the base. One of the largest now standing is called the Mother of the Forest, and has been stripped of its bark one hundred and sixteen feet high, and still measures in circumference at the base, eighty-four feet; twenty feet from the base, sixty-nine feet; seventy feet from the base, forty-three feet six inches; one hundred and sixteen feet from the base, thirty-nine feet six inches; circumference at the base, including bark, ninety feet; its height is three hundred and ten feet, and it is supposed to be three thousand years old; the average thickness of the bark is eleven inches.

"I measured one piece which was twenty-two and a half inches thick that came off the large tree that was felled. This 'Big Tree,' as it was called, contained five hundred thousand feet of inch lumber. It was

felled by Mr. William H. Hanford, who informed me that he paid five men for twenty-two and a half days' labor in felling it, making one hundred and twelve and a half days' labor to fell one tree. This tree measured ninety-two feet in circumference at the base. It was not cut down with axes, but was bored through with long pump augurs, and the

wood remaining between the holes was cut off with chisels on the end of long sticks. A building, in which was a telegraph office, was erected on the stump, which served as a floor, having been hewn off smooth. A bowling alley was also built on the remainder of the tree, after a large part of it had been worked up into canes and sold."

This is the tree whose stump has been used as a dancing floor, also for theatrical performances, and for a printing office. It was cut down in 1853, and in 1858 "The Big Tree Bulletin" was printed on its stump.

"The majestic body of the 'Father of the Forest,' which lies half buried in the earth, measures one hundred and ten feet in circumference at the base, and two hundred feet in length to the first branch, and being hollow, a person can walk that length erect. The estimated height of this tree when standing is four hundred feet. The 'Burned Tree,' prostrate also, is hollow sixty feet, and persons can ride on horseback through it for that distance; it is ninety-seven feet in circumference, and its entire length is three hundred and thirty feet."

"Hercules" is one of the most remarkable trees of the grove. It was considered the largest till 1862, when, during a heavy storm, it fell. It is ninety-seven feet in diameter, and three hundred and twenty-five feet long; when standing, it leaned sixty feet from the perpendicular. Our engraving represents the "Two Sentinels," both of which are over three hundred feet high, and the largest is twenty-three feet in diameter. A carriage road passes directly between them. The mind will be assisted somewhat in forming an idea of their monstrous size, by observing their towering distance above the really immense trees back of them, and the apparently small ones at their right, which in our groves would be regarded as monarchs among their fellows. In the engraving the clump of small trees are nearly one-third as high as "The Sentinels." As these are over three hundred feet high, the seeming group of saplings are large trees, rising nearly one hundred feet, and if placed by the side of our largest, would make most of them appear small. Besides those named, there are numerous others in this forest bearing different titles, among which are "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Three Sisters," "Siamese Twins," "Old Dominion," "George Washington," "Abraham Lincoln," "Daniel Webster," "General Grant," "Andrew Johnson," "William H. Seward," "Henry Ward Beecher," "Richard Cobden," "John Bright," "Dr. Kane," "Mrs. Stowe," &c.

By carefully counting the concentric rings, denoting the annual growth of these trees, their age is found to vary from one thousand two hundred to two thousand five hundred years. In some places the trees are separated by spaces of several rods, while in others they stand quite close together, some being united at the roots, and having grown almost into one, although when they first sprouted they were twenty or thirty feet asunder.

The botanical name of these remarkable trees is "*Sequoia Gigantea*." It, the Sequoia, has two sets of leaves—the one small and shaped something like those of the spruce or hemlock, and the other shorter and of triangular form, the cones being scarcely larger than a hen's egg. The bark is very much like that of the cedar family, and is generally from six to eighteen inches thick, according to the age of the tree. The wood, in nearly every particular, except color, resembles red cedar.

The Calaveras Grove, though really one of the most remarkable, and from its accessibility by far the most frequented, is not the only one in California, there being three other groups of big trees in Mariposa, besides one in Tuolumne, and another in Tulare county, and perhaps others not yet discovered in the adjacent but less explored portion of the Sierra Nevada.

A NIGHT AT STERNE'S—No. III.

[The following chapter is from the Atlantis, from which unpublished work two articles have already appeared in this Magazine, and have been received with especial favor. This article is a continuation of a conversation at Sterne's, on the importance of the Stage properly conducted. We trust we are not mistaken in predicting for it an extensive and critical reading by men of letters and refinement.—ED.]

PROSPERO—Which would you pronounce the best tragedy of Shakespeare?

GARRICK—That is difficult to determine. Each is equally a masterpiece upon its subject. Lear is the most distressingly tragic; Hamlet the most diversified and instructive; Macbeth the most stirring and agreeable in the catastrophe; the Julius Cæsar the most majestic; and Othello the most regular and finished performance.

PROSPERO—Complaints have oftentimes been uttered about his morality, and there are always found religionists who decry him in this respect, as well as on account of their own deficiency in taste and discernment to perceive and relish his inimitable beauties. But, so far from finding any foundation for this censure, for my part, I think there never was an author of this kind, the strain and tendency of whose productions are more decidedly in favor of morality and religion. Besides that upon all occasions he displays the utmost respect and veneration for religion, he seems solicitous always to administer poetical justice, or distribute rewards to the good and punishments to the vicious, whenever the laws of the drama and a conformity to nature will admit of such contrivance. In fact, a volume might be written, illustrative of the morality and piety of Shakespeare. Even John Falstaff and his profligate companions are so

severely handled in the issue, being all brought to a speedy and miserable end, that their fates, instead of affording encouragement to their habits of life, leave upon the mind an awful warning to deter mankind from vice and animate them to virtue.

STERNE—Great discussion has taken place among us about the three unities of time, place and action in epic and dramatic composition, as supposed to be prescribed by Aristotle, and various opinions are entertained upon the subject by critics and connoisseurs. What say you of that controversy?

GARRICK—If great men would throw off the trammels of prejudice and authority, they might bring that controversy to a speedy and final determination. No man of sense can doubt that the subject or action of an epic or dramatic piece should be one and entire, since the attention would be distracted and the interest dispersed by a diversity of actions and disconnected events in the same performance. But since the whole effort of the understanding in these affairs, is to arrive at verisimilitude, an exact or rather scenic conformity to nature, will any one maintain that it is not a much greater stretch of imagination to suppose transactions that would require years to complete their course, according to the usual issue of human affairs, to take place in a few hours upon the stage, than to allow a reasonable time for their commencement, progress and termination? And as to unity of place, it is not only not enjoined by Aristotle, but what greater violence can be done to nature than to huddle many great events within the same hall or court and its immediate vicinity, which would unavoidably diffuse themselves over an extensive compass? In following Othello and Desdemona from Venice to Cyprus, instead of having our concern for them abated by the change of place, we are conscious that it is rather augmented by their temporary separation, and by the dangers they have encountered on their voyage. Let the unities, therefore be observed in epic and dramatic composition, except in cases in which this rule of rhetoric is more honored in the breach than the observance.

STERNE—What is the character, Mr. Garrick, which of all that are personated upon the stage, it is the most difficult to perform to the life?

GARRICK—That of the madman. In all other cases we are conscious within ourselves of those passions which, when raised to the highest pitch of excitement, might lead to the most tremendous concussions; but in this anomalous state of mind, the most active powers appear to be overthrown, while others, and these in their mere remnants or shreds, are made to operate, and rule, or rather misrule, the man. To display the mind as continuing to act, while retaining only the wreck of itself, is the highest exertion of art, both in the writer and speaker. David among the Philistines might easily have stormed, raved, wept and acted all the parts of the heroic; but it required vast address and command of his

muscles and whole corporeal structure to deceive his enemies by assuming the character and exhibiting the outward signs of the madman. The deprivation of reason in any personage resembles the derangement in a fine piece of machinery occasioned by the loss of its mainspring. We can readily trace all the movements of the machine, as long as it follows the established laws of its constitution, and even pursue it through its most irregular and eccentric deviations from them ; but when its whole structure is totally disarranged, its whirling actions are apt to escape the keenest insight. The only security from censure in such cases, both to the writer and performer, is that his readers or spectators are as ignorant as himself.

STERNE—I can readily believe this doctrine, since I know of nothing which would so puzzle me to exhibit in writing as a real madman. My Maria is not mad, but only disordered in mind by a tender melancholy and a secret anguish from disappointed love.

PROSPERO—These views admit us into the secret of that surpassing excellence which is displayed by Shakespeare in depicting his Lear and Ophelia. How different are their language and deportment from those of Edgar and Hamlet, in which insanity is counterfeited. There is nothing necessary to render the insanity of Ophelia a perfect specimen of art, but that the songs which she recollects in her sorrow should have been better suited to female delicacy and the dignity of her condition. It does not appear to me that a strict adherence to nature exacted from the Poet so great a sacrifice of modesty and propriety. It is true that persons who are insane are known to be prone to great license of speech and imagery, and will repeat without hesitation obscene or blasphemous impressions casually caught by the ear, which in their right mind would have filled them with disgust and horror. But as Ophelia, in the passage to which I refer, is merely repeating from recollection old catches she had probably heard recited by nurses and domestics, it was easy to suppose her mind so totally free from all taint in education as to have been able to recall nothing but what was perfectly chaste. Had the other ditties she repeats resembled the verses which relate to her father and his unhappy death, nothing would have been wanting to complete our interest in her madness.

GARRICK—What might be advanced in extenuation of this fault of Shakespeare, is that the sentiments and manners of the age in which he lived were not as delicate and refined as ours. The songs which Ophelia sings were probably such as the author himself had heard repeated by nurses and maid-servants in England, and even ladies of family and polite accomplishments, in the age of Elizabeth, might have caught them insensibly from the ear, so that when the restraints of modesty were removed by her disorder, they would be uttered without shame.

STERNE—Very probably, in a sound state of the understanding, Ophelia could not have repeated those ditties with the utmost exertion of memory. Ideas which leave the slightest traces in the mind, traces which it cannot discern in its ordinary state, seem to be readily drawn out and rendered

clearly visible under the influence of extreme excitement. Hence, in some instances, persons entirely illiterate have been heard to repeat Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew words, to which their ears were familiarized, without any comprehension of their meaning, so that they appeared suddenly to have acquired the gift of languages. There is nothing miraculous in such operations of nature. It is only that the intellect of man, when made to glow with emotions, renders the impressions which had been made upon it more bright and shining.

PROSPERO—What we have now said upon this subject suggests to me an additional argument in confirmation of the doctrine in which we agreed relative to another point. If the spectators who are present at the representation of a tragedy, ever believe the fictions it contains to be realities, then surely actors, who are personating the characters ought much rather to believe themselves the real agents, and the parts they are performing not mere deceptions, but absolute realities. The impressions upon the minds of those who are engaged in the representation ought to be stronger than upon the minds of its cooler witnesses, and their exertions more strenuous to work themselves up to a temporary illusion. And yet, Mr. Garrick, I presume you would hardly allow that actors are ever thus deceived, or entirely lose the consciousness that they are mere performers and the play an artifice.

GARRICK—If I had ever doubted upon that point, my doubt would have been dispelled by a ludicrous anecdote, which I will relate. Upon an evening in which the theatre was very hot and crowded, when I was wrought to the highest pitch of passion in a deep tragedy, in casting my eyes around the audience I perceived below me a butcher, with his bald pate exposed to view, and immediately by his side his dog with the wig upon his head, which his master had removed from his own on account of the heat. The sight was irresistibly ridiculous. I burst into a laugh and fled precipitately from the stage. The spectators, ignorant of the cause, were at first thrown into astonishment, but upon discovering the position of the butcher and his dog, had the difficulty solved, and were much amused. Now, in this case, had the passion I was feigning been real, or had I felt as that man would have felt who was thus deeply excited in real life, could I have been provoked to laughter? Certainly not, if the passion was one of the highest kind, and the anguish it occasioned extreme. For there is a mystery in our passions of this nature well worthy of observation. In a more moderate degree of inflammation by them, they predispose us more readily to receive impressions of the ridiculous by the figure of contrast or incongruity which they present to the intellectual eye; but in the highest state of anguish, the mind, completely absorbed by its own emotions, becomes impervious to all approaches of merriment or pleasantry. Had the French lady before-mentioned actually lost her daughter and been kneeling by her dead body, no absurdity in the conduct of her son-in-law could have provoked

her to laughter. A person under the influence of any of our strongest passions, which fills his bosom with anguish or anxiety, beholds every other object but that which agitates him with indifference or disgust. The ridiculous or pleasant, if presented to him at such time, would, by contrast, only darken the shade of his suffering.

STERNE—So just is this view of the subject that it has not escaped the keen penetration of Shakespeare, who has caught all the lights and shades of human character, and portrayed, with a like felicity, the lightest thoughts that float upon the surface of the mind, and the most violent passions that throw it into tumult and break up the foundations of its great deep. He represents Pericles of Tyre as dead to all sensations of pleasure from profound grief, at the supposed loss of his wife and daughter, and repelling the latter from him with harshness in spite of her music, until he recognizes in her voice a resemblance to the well-known tones of her mother. This circumstance alone roused him from his lethargy by the suddenness and intensity of that new action which it occasioned in his system. And when he has become convinced that his daughter Marina is really alive and present to him, the ecstasy of joy which flows into his bosom opens his mind to the entrance of every delusion of the senses. In his rapture he seems to listen to heavenly music. The vibrations of that sound which still lingers in his ears are changed by fancy into celestial strains of harmony.

PROSPERO—But, Mr. Garrick, if you are not already wearied with my Yankee propensity to ask questions, I should like to know what your experience taught you in reference to the effects produced upon the minds of men by the introduction of supernatural beings, or what the schools denominate epic and dramatic machinery, such as witches, ghosts, apparitions, and every species of supernatural agents. The French literati and Dr. Johnson would have modern authors entirely discard them as resting upon superstitions unworthy of the present intelligence and refinement of the public taste.

GARRICK—I would agree with these judges, that such machinery should be sparingly indulged; but not that it should be entirely excluded. There is a foundation laid for this enjoyment in every human mind, and perhaps it is rather a compliment to our nature than a disparagement of it, that we delight in conceiving of beings more elevated and exalted than any we find upon earth. At any rate, it is certain that no strength of reason or lights of science can completely release our minds from the mysterious apprehensions awakened by these imaginary beings. We may coolly decide that there are no such creatures in existence, and justify our incredulity by conclusive arguments, and yet let them be conceived or represented, and chilling horrors run along the nerves when they make their appearance. I have witnessed this effect of Hamlet's and Banquo's ghost in the most learned and able men of England, and even the most confirmed skeptics. And as to my own sensations, when performing the

parts of Hamlet the younger, and of Macbeth, I can truly assert, that so much was I aided in personating these characters by this natural superstition, that scarcely any artificial effort was necessary upon my part to depict all that horror in my countenance, tension or relaxation of the muscles and tendons, paleness of the complexion, erection of the hair and faltering of the voice, which the spectators thought such wonderful displays of histrionic power. Let any able writer, therefore, repeat the experiment of introducing these supernatural beings, with the spirit and majesty of Shakespeare, and I will undertake to predict his complete success, even in the present times. If M. Voltaire failed of complete success in Paris, and exposed himself to the rebukes and reprehensions of the critics and literati, for his attempt, in *Semiramis*, to call Ninus from his tomb and render him an agent in the scene, it was because his task was not accomplished with adequate address and skill. He did not silence the voice of criticism by the splendor of the effect, and the overpowering emotions awakened in the assembly, which would have given a predominance to superstition over reason.

PROSPERO—You would, however, draw a distinction between the ghost of Hamlet and that of Banquo?

GARRICK—Undoubtedly. The first is intended to be regarded as a real substance risen from the dead: the other, a mere apparition, perceived solely by Macbeth, an ideal form or spectre, the offspring of his disordered senses. In fact, in the seat of Macbeth no object should appear to represent Banquo, and upon our stage in *Saturnia* we never introduce anything. To an intelligent audience this circumstance augments the horror of the scene, as they discern in Macbeth's starings upon vacancy, the wild distractions of a guilty conscience, and its power to engender horrible forms. An uncultivated assembly only, requires the aid of a real figure or bloody spectre to awake their emotions.

STERNE—You do not suppose, then, that there were any real appearances or real sounds seen or heard by Hamlet, in his private interviews with his mother, when he so sharply rebuked her, and was himself thrown into such a transport of rage as both to see and hear his father?

GARRICK—No more than that there was a real dagger in the air presented to the vision of Macbeth, as he advanced through the entry for the murder of Duncan. Or that there were real sounds uttered in the ears of Pericles, when he heard heavenly music upon the discovery of his daughter Marina. The dagger was the product of the overheated brain of Macbeth, occasioned by the horrors that seized his mind at the prospect of committing regicide; and the heavenly music of the King of Tyre was the result of sudden and unexpected joy, amounting to rapture, which, acting upon his organs of hearing, renewed the strains of music to which he had imperfectly listened during his morbid melancholy, and changed them into heavenly melody.

HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE.

OR HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING—No. 8.

BY W. ELMER, M. D.

RESPIRATION.

IN A recent lecture delivered before the *élite* of London by the celebrated Prof. Huxley, he makes the following remark :

“I am addressing, I imagine, an audience of educated persons, and yet I dare venture to assert that, with the exception of those of my hearers who may chance to have received a medical education, there is not one who could tell me what is the meaning and use of an act which he performs a score of times every minute, and whose suspension would involve his immediate death—I mean the act of breathing—or who could state, in precise terms, why it is that a confined atmosphere is injurious to health.”

And we believe the professor spoke the truth. It is really wonderful how little the public in general know of the most common acts of their daily lives, even among the better classes of the community, and we doubt if the people in this country possess much more of the practical value of physiological knowledge than they do in England. A knowledge of the simplest laws of life and being is sadly deficient. Why it is so, we will not now stop to discuss, but in this article—taking Prof. Huxley’s query as the key note—endeavor to explain this function and give some simple facts concerning the nature and use of the vital act of respiration.

We all know that breathing is absolutely essential to life, and that to place a person in a condition where, from any cause, the act is suspended, death shortly ensues ; but is it generally known and understood what is the manner of its performance, or how it is carried on with such entire ease, or what changes are effected in the economy by it—changes in the blood—changes in the air itself—changes in the general nutrition—or how the air is diffused throughout the pulmonary structure, or what is the mechanism of the interchange of gases between the blood and the air in the lungs ? These are all practical matters, and to understand them is a point gained in our means of knowing how to maintain and preserve our organs in a sound and healthy condition.

The lungs, then, in man and all warm-blooded animals, are the great means whereby the introduction of the oxygen of the air is facilitated and the carbonic acid, formed in the body, exhaled—the great instrumentality for the purification of the blood from the deleterious gases with which it becomes charged in its circuit of the body and again rendered florid and healthy. They are so constructed as to present an immense surface by

which the blood is exposed to the air, separated from it only by a thin, permeable membrane, and a constant interchange of the oxygen and carbonic acid is thus allowed to take place. In the lower order of animals the arrangements for respiration are much less complex than in man. In insects, for instance, there are no lungs whatever, the air being disseminated by a system of air-bearing tubes, commencing in certain respiratory pores found on each side of the body, and extending from one end of the animal to the other—these giving off branches again and again, until the finest ramifications penetrate the substance of every organ, even to the complex eyes. And here we may observe how it is that oil is so destructive to insect life—closing the entrance of the air tubes and producing suffocation. In snails, worms, etc., there is no special respiratory organ beyond a mere sac, the interchange of gases being effected through the general surface. In fishes, we have the gills, whereby the air, held in solution in the water, is brought into contact with the blood through these projecting vascular membranes, and amply supplies the needed oxygen for this class of cold-blooded animals. In birds, in addition to the lungs, there are small air sacs communicating with the bones, which being themselves hollow and filled with air instead of marrow, not only renders them lighter, but also, by the different pressure exercised upon them during flight, acts as a sort of pneumatic apparatus for the movement of the air through the lungs at a time when ordinary breathing is necessarily interfered with.

In man and the higher order of animals—the mammalia—the structure of the lungs is more complicated and brought to the highest condition of development. Of a porous, spongy, elastic nature, cone-shaped in appearance, they occupy the whole right and left portions of the chest, and, with the exception of the space occupied by the heart and great blood vessels, fill the entire cavity of the thorax as far down as the lower end of the breast-bone in front, behind extending rather lower. Closely applied to, yet not attached to, the inside of the walls of the chest, and covered with a very delicate membrane, to lubricate their surface, they thus easily follow the rising and falling of the ribs in their movements of expansion and contraction.

As the windpipe or trachea descends the neck and passes into the chest it divides—a branch entering each lung—these again divide and subdivide, somewhat like the branches of a tree, becoming more and more minute, until, permeating the entire lung structure, they finally terminate in the diminutive little rounded vesicles or sacs known as air cells—the ultimate recesses to which the atmospheric air gains access, and measuring not more than one one-hundredth or one two-hundredth of an inch in diameter, with walls of exceeding thinness and transparency. The number of air cells in both lungs has been calculated to be about six millions, and as each of these is in reality a little hollow sphere, with fine

arteries surrounding it, just as netting is woven around a rubber ball, it must be evident that the entire amount of respiratory surface, or the surface in which the air can be brought into communication with the blood, must be in the aggregate immense. Lieberkuhn estimates it at fifteen hundred square feet.

As the venous blood is forced from the heart into the lungs, the arteries carrying it rapidly divide and ramify in a manner similar to the air tubes, until they end in the minute terminal branches known as capillaries. These last named vessels, placed beneath the delicate membrane of the air cells, form a close and exceedingly tenuous net-work around them ; and through this membrane, separating the blood from the air in the cell, the oxygen from the air passes into the blood, for which it has a great affinity ; and the gases of the blood, carbonic acid principally, are transferred into the air cell, in accordance with certain laws, now well understood by physicists, which regulate the transmission between gases and liquids when separated only by such permeable animal membranes.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—IN LAW—No. 3.

BY JUDGE REED.

WHEN the husband dies, the wife is entitled to the use of one-third of his real estate for her life. This is her *dower*.

She is entitled to dower not only in lands which he owned at the time of his death, but also in any lands which he may have owned during his life, if she has not in some way released her dower. If the husband sells land and gives a deed for the same without the concurrence of the wife, the widow can claim her dower out of the said land. It is therefore the custom for the wife to join in the execution of the deed. Also, when the husband gives a mortgage, the wife must join, else her right to dower will remain after the land is sold by decree on the foreclosure of the mortgage. The wife joining in the execution of the deed or mortgage is the usual method of barring her dower.

The proportion of the personal property to which the widow is entitled depends upon the existence of a child or children at the time of her husband's death. If there are children, she is entitled to one-third of the personal estate (after payment of the debts of the deceased) absolutely. If there are no children, she is entitled to one-half of the personal property. It is perceived that this differs from her interest in the real estate ; she has only a *life* interest in the latter.

If the widow is left personal property by will, she can either accept what is so left her, or she can refuse to accept it and claim her one-half

or one-third by law, unless all the personal property remaining is disposed of by will also. If she accepts what is "left" to her in the will, it will prevent her receiving the proportion of personal property given to her by the law. It will not interfere with her right to dower in the land of her husband, unless the will says that the proportion shall be considered in lieu of dower.

If *land*, instead of personal property, is left to the widow, she can either accept it or claim dower, but she must file her dissent to accept the land left by will with the surrogate of the county, within six months after the probate of the will.

If the husband dies without a will, the widow is entitled to administer upon the estate, if she is a fit person. She is also entitled to the guardianship of her infant children, unless she is an improper person to have charge of their persons and properties. The courts always give this right to the widow, except in clear cases of unfitness in the party claiming this right.

Perhaps there is no greater departure from the old rule of the common law in regard to the unity of man and wife than in the line of enactments that has given the privilege of witnesses to husband and wife, when either is concerned in the suit. Under the old law, no party interested in a suit could be a witness. If A sued B, neither A nor B, A's wife nor B's wife could be a witness. In 1859, the Legislature passed an act that "no person should be disqualified as a witness in any suit or proceeding at law or in equity, by reason of any interest in the event of the same as a party, or otherwise." This act, however, provided that no female should be admitted for or against her husband, except when the suit should be between herself and her husband. In divorce cases, and suits where she was on the one side and her husband on the other, she was allowed under the statute to testify as any other person. But where her husband was a party, she could not be sworn as a witness on account of the unity of marriage relations.

This gave rise to some difficulty, as in many such instances the wife was the real party in interest. As in cases where the wife made the contract upon which the suit was brought, while transacting business in her own name, or charged debt upon her separate property. In an action brought upon such contract against the wife, her husband would still have to be joined with her in the suit, and she would be excluded from being a witness. To remedy this, the Legislature passed an act that in all suits brought by or in behalf of or against a married woman, the marital relationship should be no disqualification to her or her husband being witness in said suit. This act, applied, however, where the wife was the real party in interest.

When the suit was brought by or against the husband, the wife was still incompetent. The Legislature, in 1870, obliterated this distinction, and

the husband or wife of any party to a suit are competent to give evidence the same as other witnesses, with a proviso, however, that no husband or wife should be competent to give evidence for each other in any criminal action and certain civil proceedings of a criminal nature, nor should be compellable to disclose any confidential communication made by one to the other during marriage. This proviso seemed to sufficiently guard the confidences of married life, which it is for the interests of society to preserve.

After all other interested parties had been made competent witnesses by law, there was no reason for not according to the wife the same rights and duties, excepting that it would lead to the disclosure of secrets between husband and wife which should be kept sacred. The Legislature appear to have protected them by this act.

So far we have limited our remarks to married women, and have said nothing of the rights of single women. With the exception of certain political disabilities, such as incapacity to vote and hold office, which disabilities Miss Susan B. Anthony and other reformers are striving to have removed, the legal position of a single woman is almost identical with that of man. She can engage in all kinds of business, from a stock broker to a blacksmith, with the same freedom, and incur all the obligations and duties of a man.

One contract she can enter into earlier than a man: it is the contract of marriage. The woman is emancipated from her parents' control, so far as the right to marry is concerned, at the age of eighteen; but the man at the age of twenty-one years. Any minister or justice of the peace who shall marry any male under the age of twenty-one years, or female under the age of eighteen years, without the consent of the parents or guardians, manifested by their presence at the marriage, or a certificate in writing, under their hands, &c., shall forfeit three hundred dollars. And if he has doubts of the age of parties, he should administer an oath or affirmation that they are of lawful age, and make a certificate of the same and file it with the record of marriage in the county clerk's office.

When a woman who has contracted debts becomes a wife, her husband not only marries her, but all her debts; he can be sued for them, and they can be collected from his estate. The reason of this rule was that under the common law the woman's property, upon her marriage, became the property of her husband, and as he received her property, the law made him responsible for her debts. As by our statutes the husband does not now control the property of the wife, there is no reason why he should be liable for her debts. In New York, where they have passed acts like ours, depriving husbands of control over their wives' property, they have recently enacted that the husband shall not be held for the wife's debts. Similar statute should be enacted in New Jersey.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

GROWTH AND USES OF THE NERVE STRUCTURE.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN M. D.

IN THE arrangement of animal structures, as has been mentioned in previous chapters, all the parts seem to have reference to the functions to be performed. Whatever may be the necessities of the animal, there seem to be organs or constructions to meet the requirement, whether for food, locomotion, or defense. All that is necessary for individual preservation or the continuance of the species, from the lowest evidences of life to the highest, the contrivances for these ends are innumerable. The organs of sense, the muscles, and the nerves in a man, compared with the mere aggregate of living cells in the polypus, seem to separate the extremes of animal life so widely that a doubt might arise whether they are governed by the same laws. Yet the life cells, the living atoms of which they are all composed, are the same in structure as far as the microscope enables us to observe them. It is by the coming together of these atoms that all bodies are formed, and whether it shall be a polypus or a man depends altogether upon that immaterial something which shapes their ends. From first to last, this life force, whatever it may be, not only determines the manner in which these cells shall accumulate, but regulates all their movements, even to the most minute specific characteristics, as far even, in the higher organizations, as to control family features, and even mental endowments.

To carry out this perfection of mechanism, groups of cells of one mode of action have to be connected with other groups of different functions, and this connection must be made by such organized matter, as has the property of acting as conductors of the life force from one part to another, throughout the entire body, so that the wants of one structure may be made known to another, and that want supplied. These conductors are the nervous matter arranged in threads or pulpy masses, as the occasion requires. Some forms of existence have no need of obvious nerves. The vital forces that direct each cell, give to the aggregated number that make up the animal, power sufficient to draw, from the surrounding medium, elements for its growth, and any number of life cells cut from this mass becomes a centre from which the same process of growth may be repeated. Each part of a divided polypus is sufficient to start another growth of the same kind. A little higher in the scale, where absorption from the medium in which it lives is not sufficient for existence, parts must be added to the animal that have the property of movement,

so that food may be collected from more distant quarters. Animals with this endowment have visible nerves to connect the parts, as the receptacle for the food with the apparatus to obtain it, and they exhibit in their structure nerve points or centres of communication between their different organs. As we ascend to the more perfect animals, the nerve structure proceeds, by its threads, and ganglia, spinal marrow, and brain, to occupy all portions of the animal, balancing the complicated structure of muscle, viscera, blood vessels, and bones in their action by this nervous intercommunication. Complicated as this seems in man in his mature state, or in the bird full-fledged, in the enjoyment of his aerial existence, there is a time in the development when the nervous arrangement is as simple as it is in the polypus. The egg, when it begins to germinate, has had impressed upon its life molecules, that is, upon the smallest organized points that can be observed by the microscope, the force that will determine all the arrangements that may follow. It will cause tissue after tissue, organ after organ, to conform to a specific type. This incomprehensible power which carries the development from the embryonic state to the perfect being, seems to accomplish all, in the short period of the existence of even a bird, that untold ages have been exhibiting separately in many distinct organizations. We see types of the polypus, the reptile, the fish, as development proceeds, until the almost perfect bird emerges from its shell endowed with all the apparatus necessary for the support of its peculiar existence. As these changes go on in the egg, the nerves become established to all parts, in number and volume proportioned to the necessities of the animal. The viscera for circulation of fluids and for digestion of aliment, first show nerves with their centres of communication branching to their structures; next, the muscles of voluntary motion have their lines of communication with their centres established; then the senses, and then the great centre of all these structures—the cerebrum, or upper brain—is developed, which grows and perfects its function, as all the other parts throw their complicated currents into this great central distributor of nerve force. Obedient to the influences that determined its structure, the brain will respond most readily to such as first acted upon its substance, and it will repeat its original actions more readily and with greater ease than actions of later occurrence which have been caused by more complicated impressions, when its habit or mode of action has been established. A taste, a sound, a sight, an odor that first made its way through the external senses to the brain of childhood, repeated at any time through life, throws this strange organ into the same action it experienced when these sensations were first known, and all the circumstances that effected us at that time are again revived. Old memories live in these simple actions. The child, to fasten its lesson upon the mind, will repeat audibly the words of that lesson until all around become weary of the sounds. The act of sounding the words through the ear,

and compelling the tongue to articulate them so frequently, causes vibrations, or action of the brain, or an arrangement of its molecules, that ever after respond easily when any reference is made to the lesson ; even in dreams it will be repeated. The marked difference between the young and the old in committing words to memory, points to the reasonableness of the theory that the brain tissue in the one is easily impressed, physically arranged, by being repeatedly called into action in a certain manner, whilst the other is less capable of change, and responds only to such impressions as were made upon it in earlier life. All is new and impressive to the young : they revel in the present and look to the future. All is of the past to the aged : their delight is to wander in the old tracks of the memory.

However curious and complicated may be the nervous connections of all parts of the body, and beyond our reach its psychological importance, we can readily admit that the great physical reason for all the arrangements in the higher orders of animals, is to enable them to exist and continue their species amidst the destructive agents that surround them. With all the qualities necessary for this, we find them endowed, and nothing more. Even man, roaming over the entire surface of the globe, whether under the equator or at the poles, the fire of the one region or the frost of the other requires all his skill and science to preserve his existence. If he float in the air, or go down deep in the mines, or under the waves of the sea, his cultivated reason is not more than sufficient for these purposes. If, for the necessities of his existence, as his race spread over the earth, he required ready means of communication with them, the intellect of a few marked men of the whole human family has been taxed to the uttermost, as in steam navigation and magnetic telegraphy ; whatever man may do, the utmost power of his mind will not be more than sufficient to answer the numerous and increasing wants of his race. The mechanism of the human brain is adapted to its physical condition. Great wants, present and prospective, press upon man, caused by an organization that enables him to become acquainted, to a vast extent, with the qualities of matter. Yet the point will be reached where research can go no farther ; where the external senses will be found too gross to recognize those imponderable agents which control the universe of matter. There, and unless more delicate senses be added to his organization, the wise man will pause, as does the astronomer, when from this planet he views distant worlds and feels his insignificance- He will be convinced that whatever may be the sum of human knowledge, the instruments by which it has been collected were contrived not merely for the physical wants of man, and limited to his condition as he exists in familiar intercourse with the ruder operations of nature, but to aid those higher powers of the mind, which, in all the curious working of the elements, cause us to reverence the Great Source of motion and of life.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY PROF. E. A. APGAR, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

OUR SCHOOL HOUSES.*

FOR the past few years architectural science has made rapid and decided progress. In nearly every kind of buildings, improvements have been made, both in regard to external appearance and internal arrangement. * * * Of all buildings, however, the last to feel this progressive impulse were school-houses. In cities and large villages, where the necessity exists of erecting large and costly buildings, it is true that public attention has been turned in this direction, and there has been developed a distinctive architecture which applies the principles of science to the wants and necessities of the school. But in the rural districts generally too little attention has been given to the matter. The principles developed in the building of large union schools are not applicable to the wants of the smaller school districts.

The old log school-houses can be remembered by most of the older inhabitants. It was a necessity of primitive times, and was on an equality with the dwellings of the people. A better kind of structure has succeeded it, though we find in the last report of the Superintendent of New York that one hundred and twenty log school-houses are still in existence in the Empire State.

The reports of the Superintendents of several States, within the past few years, show that an improvement has gone on in many sections, indicating a genuine educational revival. And yet a large proportion of the school-houses in the country are but illy adapted to meet the high requirements of modern educational ideas. Even the newer and costlier houses are often built without a proper knowledge of the wants and necessities of the school, while a very large number of the older houses are utterly unfit for human occupancy.

That good school-houses are indispensable to the very existence of good schools is a proposition that needs no demonstration. It is universally accepted by educators, and is beginning to be apprehended by the community at large. But with all the progress that has been made, school-houses are still deficient in the following respects:

*This is the title of a work just from the press of J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., N. Y. It fully meets a great and pressing need, and ought to be in the hands of every school officer and teacher. We regret that it was not received in time for a full and careful review, in the absence of which we beg leave to refer our readers to an advertisement of it in another place.—EDITOR.

1. **THEY ARE UNSIGHTLY IN APPEARANCE.** A traveller passing through a section of country can readily distinguish the school-house by these distinctions. It is situated in a forlorn and lonely place. It exhibits every mark of neglect and dilapidation. It is entirely exposed to the depredations of stray cattle and unruly boys, by being situated in the street and not protected by a fence. It is unpainted and nearly half unglazed. Its style is nondescript, being too small for a barn, too deficient in the elements of just proportion for a dwelling, and too much neglected for the out-buildings of a farm—in short, too repulsive in all respects, exhibiting too many marks of parsimony to be anything but a school-house.

It seems to have been erected simply for shelter, and with the smallest cost in the outset ; to call it cheapness or economy would be a misnomer. It stands a vile offence against good taste, and an ugly excrescence upon the landscape. It makes no appeal to the higher sentiments, and, consequently, no effort can preserve the building or fixtures from disfigurement and ruin. Every teacher knows the difficulty of protecting the school-house and furniture from the ubiquitous Yankee jack-knife. The result is, that the building, unsightly when new, becomes more so through the rudeness which its very appearance stimulates. The busy fingers of time may soften its outlines and spread over its surface sober tints of brown ; but the innate ugliness of the structure defies all efforts to make it other than a monstrosity.

2. **THEY ARE POORLY BUILT.** The foundations are often so imperfectly laid that they soon tumble, and the buildings are racked to pieces or stand askew. The frames and finish are of the cheapest kind, and soon the winds find their way through in every direction. The desks and benches are ingeniously inconvenient and uncomfortable, producing pains and aches innumerable. Most people of the present generation have a vivid and painful recollection of the seats of our old school-houses, without backs, and often too high to permit the feet to touch the floor. The suffering and uneasiness so produced were almost equal to the punishment of exposure at the pillory or confinement in the stocks, bestowed in olden times upon criminals.

3. **THEY ARE NOT OF SUFFICIENT SIZE.** The room is so confined that the pupils are forced into uncomfortable and inconvenient proximity to each other. Their work is interrupted, and their personal rights are violated. The young, the weak, and the innocent are forced into the immediate atmosphere of coarseness and impurity, without a possibility of counteracting influences. Again, the ceilings are so low that there is an inadequate supply of fresh air, and, as a consequence of all this, physical as well as moral disease is engendered. Proper discipline in such schools is impossible, as the inexorable laws of nature oppose the teacher's work.

4. **THEY ARE NOT PROPERLY VENTILATED.** The quantity of air, limited at first, shortly becomes impure, and there are no means of changing it.

A poisoning process then commences, the virulence of which is in direct ratio to the tightness of the room. Besides the injury to health, the vitiated air of the school-room, by its stupefying action on the brain, prevents intellectual action, and so defeats the purposes of the school.

5. **THEY HAVE INADEQUATE YARDS AND PLAY-GROUNDS.** Even in country places, where land is very cheap, the school-house is frequently placed directly on the line of the street, and generally at the corner where several roads meet. Not one inch of ground is set apart for the use of the pupils when out of the school-room. There is no place for recreation or privacy, all being exposed to the public eye. The street is the only play-ground, and filth, within doors and without, is the consequence. With such an arrangement, it is impossible to inculcate those lessons of neatness and refinement which are among the most important objects of education.

6. **THEY ARE DESTITUTE OF THE NECESSARY OUT-BUILDINGS.** In many cases there is no privy, and in many others there is at best but one for a large school of both sexes. A man in a Christian land, who would erect a house for his home and not provide a privy, would be considered worse than a heathen ; yet, in multitudes of our country districts, this indispensable adjunct of civilization is altogether omitted, although in a school both sexes are brought together without the purifying and restraining influence which belongs to the household. Every feeling of refinement and decency is outraged by the exposure here indicated, and in some measure, the same results ensue from having but one small exposed privy for a large school.

From these facts it will seem that there is a necessity for reform in the construction of school buildings. Indeed, it is the united testimony of superintendents, committees of investigation, and boards of school visitors, that in many sections of country the pupils in school are worse provided for in all things pertaining to comfort, convenience, and the cultivation of good manners and morals, than the inmates of our pauper-houses, or the prisoners in our penitentiaries.

An attention to these considerations is of primary importance in any scheme for the advancement and perfection of our school system. The idea is becoming quite prevalent that manners and conduct should receive due attention in a true system of education, and that the claims of these vastly outweigh those of any branch of mere rote instruction, or, indeed, of any science. This idea forms a basis for the criticism of the systems of instruction now in vogue, and is the key-note of the new education which the age demands. A large share of the neglect in these most vital of all departments of education, is attributable to the want of attention to the physical comforts of pupils in the construction and furnishing of school-houses.

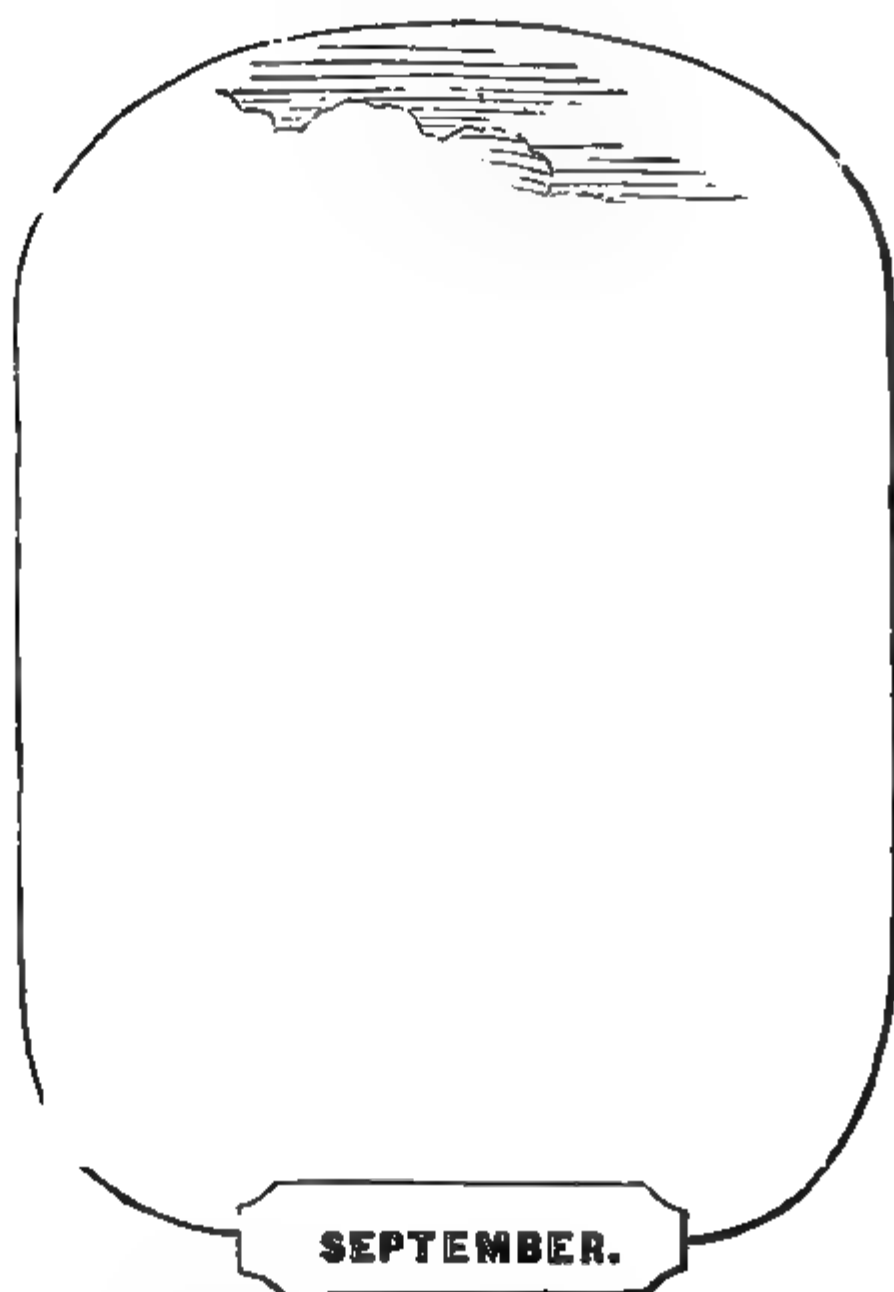
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A RELIC OF PAST HONESTY.

THE following is from a paper handed us by our able contributor, Dr. James B. Coleman, of this city. As will be observed by the date, it is an ancient document, and on that account may not excite much surprise. Such a paper bearing a modern date, would probably bring a large sum from Mr. Barnum, as he has recently reëngaged in the show business. Will not some of our honest and economical (?) representatives of, say the last Legislature, make out a bill of their receipts and expenditures in the public service? It would doubtless prove a valuable paper, and be preserved as a curiosity.

The statement following is written in a beautiful hand, by Mr. Isaac Pierson, some of whose descendants now reside in this city :

Attendance in Assembly from Oct. 15th, 1764, to Sept. 30th. 1765.									
£. s. d.					£. s. d.				
Oct. 20.	To 6 days.....	1	16	0	Expenses.....	0	17	8	
" 27.	5 "	1	10	0	"	0	16	0	
1765.					Adjourned to January 7th, next.				
Jan'y 12.	To 6 days.....	1	16	0	Expenses.....	0	18	0	
" 19.	6 "	1	16	0	"	1	0	6	
" 26.	6 "	1	16	0	"	0	18	0	
Feb'y 2.	6 "	1	16	0	"	0	18	1	
" 9.	5 "	1	10	0	"	0	13	0	
" 15.	5 "	1	10	0	"	0	18	0	
					Adjourned to May 13th.				
May 18.	6 "	1	16	0	Expenses.....	1	1	0	
					Adjourned to September 9th, 1765.				
Sept. 14.	6 "	1	16	0	Expenses.....	0	14	0	
" 21.	6 "	1	16	0	"	0	16	7	



Next him, September marched, eke on foot,
Yet was he hoary, laden with bounty of the soil.

—*Spenser.*

SEPTEMBER—what a month it is for fishing, as all fishermen know. The gunning season, too, is coming. Cool nights and mornings, hard work, voracious appetite, but long strings of finny fellows and bags of game is its recompense. The farmer's work is well in hand, and now and then a day can be taken by the boys for sport. Then the county fairs, a great and interesting feature of country life, come on. The finest products of the soil, the best evidences of skillful housewifery and handiwork are gathered for display.

During the month, the multitude of pleasure-seekers turn towards the great busy centres of wealth, fashion and business, and as the tide flows in, the motionless wheels of industry and commerce begin to move with increasing velocity. Months will pass rapidly away, history will be making, and the business, and pleasure, and folly of the world will go on in its never-ceasing round.

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No.



HAWTHORNE AS A NOVELIST.

BY O. H. KAY.

THAT Hawthorne was one of the very best prose writers this country has ever produced, cannot be doubted; that he was a short story-teller of great power is also true; but that he was a novelist in the present sense of the word, however, may be denied and the denial can be sustained. Hawthorne was a natural born artist—that must be evident to every student of literature who has read his fascinating productions—he saw everything with a painter's eye, and appreciated all he looked on with a poet's soul. Hence he was a searcher after beauty, a worker for effect, a toiler for the harmonious blending of parts rather than a fabricator of plots. He was a word-painter in the most exalted meaning of the term—a prose-poet!

His claim to the title of novelist is founded on four works of sterling merit, viz: "The Blithedale Romance," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Scarlet Letter," and "The Marble Faun." These works he styled "romances," urging, time and again, that the word romance meant a novel of the milder kind. Now, what is a novel? Colman, the younger says:

" Nothing more
Than an old castle—and a creaking door—
A distant hovel—
Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light—
Old armour—and a phantom all in white!"

This however, was the satirical and not the critical idea. A novel is, primarily, a plot acted out and performed by the characters therein involved, and the aim of the novelist is ever, first to centre the attention on this plot—to interest the reader in its elucidation; and, second, to draw the actors in the flesh tints of everyday life—to bring them in sympathy with humanity. The style of composition is important, it is true, but it is a secondary matter compared with the handling of plot and

characters. Now, Hawthorne reverses all this. His novel is not primarily a plot—his novel has very little plot at all, and the constant endeavor is to draw away the attention even from that little! The characters are, with few exceptions, poetic visions rather than mortal men and women, and the style of composition is always made the main object. Hence, Hawthorne is not a novelist, but as has been before remarked, a word-painter.

Having defined our author's position as a writer, we will briefly review the works named at the beginning of this article.

The style of "The Blithedale Romance" is clear and lucid, and much resembles that of Dr. Holmes; yet, here and there, occur passages of what Thackeray would call "fine-writing" in which the Queen's English is refined away so as to be altogether unintelligible; but these passages are not numerous. The plot is very meagre, and the whole work extremely sketchy. There are but few characters introduced, and there is a great lack of absorbing incident. The idea of striking off from the beaten track of fiction, and taking the socialistic experiences of "Brook Farm" as the web whereof to weave a romance, was a good one, but it is certain that more might have been made out of the knot of transcendentalists than has been done in this story—their peculiar ideas, at least, might have been more prominently brought forward. Of the leading characters in the book, Zenobia, perhaps, is the most forcibly drawn; indeed, she is a most magnificent creation. Hollingsworth, the "man of one idea," certainly stands out next, and he also is finely pictured. He is a person one cannot love or have any sympathy with, and yet his not altogether subverted better nature makes pity for his errors easy. The third personage of importance is Priscilla, though, of a verity, she is extremely shadowy. Foster is a true New England yeoman; and Coverdale, who is like the old Greek Chorus in the antique drama, fills properly his appropriate niche. Westervelt is a very unsatisfactory impostor, and the mystery of his connection with Zenobia and Priscilla is, in a very clumsy and unauthorlike manner, left an unsolved problem at the close. The description of the midnight search for the body of Zenobia, after the latter's suicide, is splendidly vivid and graphic, and shows what dramatic power was latent in Hawthorne. It reminds one, in its intensity of feeling, of the finding of the drowned corpse of Col. Wayne in Curtis' "Trumps." Zenobia's legend of the "Silvery Veil," in the earlier part of the work, is excellently told and brings the queenly narrator of it straight before the eyes of the reader. Altogether "The Blithedale Romance," though not great, is a pleasant, readable sketch.

"The House of the Seven Gables."—The author truly calls this book a "romance" and not a novel, for, like the work just noticed, it is most decidedly nothing but an extended sketch. The dim shadow that answers for a plot is artistic and poetic, to be sure, but still a shadow!

Tennyson could again immortalize himself with such a theme as this old legendary shade! "The House of the Seven Gables" would appear to have been written later than "The Blithedale Romance," it being in point of style and execution so infinitely superior to that story. Its many passages of "fine writing," always gliding, clear and intelligible, and its academic gust, if we may coin a phrase, ever pleasant and never wearysome, (like the lamented Fitz-Hugh Ludlow's,) show plainly the hand of matured genius. "The Blithedale Romance," on the contrary, hints immaturity at every turn. Every chapter in the work now under review is a picture and a charming one, whether of joy or sorrow, and all the personages of the little story are drawn with a pen tipped as if with lightning! The characters are few but marked and rank in the narrative as follows:

Phœbe Pyncheon, heroine, a female ray of sunshine.

Hepzibah Pyncheon, her cousin, the lady of the "scowl"; an old maid, blighted, crushed but proud, with the one desire to live for her unfortunate brother Clifford.

Clifford Pyncheon, a shadowy, half imbecile lover of the beautiful, long in prison on the charge of murder, but released and brought to "The House of the Seven Gables."

Jaffrey Pyncheon, his cousin, a judge and prosperous man.

Holgrave, a daguerreotypist, mesmerist, believer in the isms—hero.

Uncle Venner, ragged philosopher.

Hepzibah's poverty and her struggles with her pride in setting up the "Cent Shop" in the ancestral mansion are admirably sketched, as also is the sudden and unexpected coming of Phœbe to the rescue! The arrival of Clifford, solemn, mysterious event, is managed excellently, and the sensations of the recently imprisoned man and his sister are given with an intensity sufficient to bring "tears to eyes unused to weep." Maule's Curse, which hangs over the old mansion and its owners, is the theme of the story. This curse finally works itself out in the death of Judge Pyncheon in the singular way old Colonel Pyncheon and also the supposed murdered relative died. This event clears the reputation of Clifford, who, with Hepzibah and Phœbe, becomes rich and quits "The House of the Seven Gables" for better quarters, when Holgrave, who turns out to be the last of the Maules, marries Phœbe, and the curse comes to an end. The death of Jaffrey Pyncheon is given with an exquisite touch, and the whole chapter devoted to the corpse sitting in the ancestral chair alone from day to night, and from night to day again is very poetry. The discovery of the death by Hepzibah and Clifford, and their crazy flight is replete with sorrowful beauties. Then the return of Phœbe, finding all desolate and forsaken, her meeting with Holgrave, and her coming to a knowledge of the state of affairs in the house, the sudden outburst of love and the plighting of the daguerreotypist and the maiden, are all beyond criticism—so perfectly are they done. In this romance, one is struck

with the power that Hawthorne had of building vast and beautiful chapters and parts of chapters out of incidents too trifling in themselves to attract the notice of an ordinary mortal. The little interpolated tale of "Alice Pyncheon" is deliciously sad and dreamy and shows conclusively that Hawthorne, as a writer of short stories was unrivalled. On the whole, "The House of the Seven Gables" is a true literary gem, well worth reading, and full of exquisite beauties that cannot be adequately spoken of in the compass of such an article as the present.

"The Scarlet Letter." Although styled a romance, like the rest of his works, "The Scarlet Letter" thoroughly proves that Hawthorne could write a novel, if inclined. With the simple foundation to work upon of a detected adulteress (detected only by the birth of her child) our author, taking for the mystery the identity of the father, has given here a finished and complete work, and not a mere picture or sketch. As is usual with Hawthorne, the plot is slight and the main characters few, but there is a connection and a consistency in the story not to be found in any other of the author's romances. Hester Prynne, from the very instant she issues from the prison door, with the sin-child Pearl in her arms, to face her punishment, to the day of that other crisis, when Arthur Dimmesdale, in his hour of greatest earthly triumph, owns his portion of the guilt on the self-same scaffold where she was first exposed with the "Scarlet Letter" on her bosom, enchains the sympathies and the attention of the reader. She is no weak personage, though a true woman, and the world of thinking students of novels cannot fail to accord her a place high among the best drawn heroines produced even by the great Dickens. She is good; she is noble; she is wise; she is brave. She has sinned, and she does not shrink from the terrible punishment awarded her by her Puritan judges; but she is true to the father of her child. Arthur Dimmesdale, the minister, is a well-sketched, but not greatly-to-be-admired character; however, when Death is at his throat, he makes a sort of reparation for his evil deeds by confession. His greatest sin, we take it, was his life-long abandonment of Hester and her child to the burden and stigma of that crime of which he was, in part, the cause! Roger Chillingworth, Hester's husband, is a strange individual and, though you know him to be deeply wronged, still you cannot sympathize with or even pity him. He easily detects who the father of Pearl is (as any reader of the book cannot fail to do almost from the start, and the fact is openly acknowledged midway in the story,) and follows him relentlessly to the death, in friendly guise, but with venom in his soul. Little Pearl, the elf-child, is one of the most curious and, at the same time, one of the prettiest of Hawthorne's creations; she is truly a fay—strange and wild, but lovely as a flower of the forest. Perhaps the most effective part of the book is that where Hester returns from her prosperous and happy home with her child across the seas, to the old hut and the "Scarlet Letter" — faithful to

the last to the scoundrel who had not the courage to help her bear her burden when he had caused it—to linger near where he had lived, and, in death, to lay down her ashes near his. The few remarks concerning early Boston, in which the scene of the story is laid, and the stiff-necked Puritans, are entertaining and appropriate. The Custom House proem is in bad taste, and should have been omitted. The style of “*The Scarlet Letter*” is sober, polished and refined. Fine writing finds no place in the book, and it is characterized throughout by a thoroughly earnest tone. “*The Scarlet Letter*” is decidedly the very best of Hawthorne’s productions.

“*The Marble Faun*” was the last complete romance from our author’s pen, but it is by no means his best. It is pretty, contains deep feeling, and but two striking incidents! It is a crude work, and both, as regards plot and execution, is inferior to “*The Scarlet Letter*” and “*The House of the Seven Gables*.” Two of its characters are but reproductions, viz.: Miriam and Hilda, in whom it is easy to recognize Zenobia and Priscilla, of “*The Blithedale Romance*”; it is true that the artist-girls are better worked-up than their prototypes of the earlier story, but still the striking resemblance remains and clings unpleasantly to the mind of the impartial critic. Fainter reproductions, perhaps, of Westervelt and Coverdale (*Blithedale Romance* also), are The Model and Kenyon, the “man of marble.” Donatello, the Faun, is an original character and well-drawn. Pleasanter in the earlier portions of the narrative, but grander, more developed and more dramatic in the concluding parts, Donatello interests and attracts. The atmosphere of art pervading the romance is delicious, and the dreamy grandeur of antique Rome bursts out from the page and envelops the reader at every turn. “*The Marble Faun*” has Hawthorne’s capital defect, and that is the imperfect solution of the mystery at the end; but we find, in the last chapter of the work, the author’s defence of his usual course in this respect. He says:—page 275, vol. ii—“The gentle reader, we trust, would not thank us for one of those minute elucidations, which are so tedious, and, after all, so unsatisfactory, in clearing up the romantic mysteries of a story. He is too wise to insist upon looking closely at the wrong side of the tapestry, after the right one has been sufficiently displayed to him, woven with the best of the artist’s skill, and cunningly arranged with a view to the harmonious exhibition of its colors. If any brilliant, or beautiful, or even tolerable effect have been produced, this pattern of kindly readers will accept it at its worth, without tearing its web apart, with the idle purpose of discovering how the threads have been knit together; for the sagacity by which he is distinguished, will long ago have taught him that any narrative of human action and adventure—whether we call it history or romance—is certain to be a fragile handiwork, more easily rent than mended. The actual experience of even the most ordinary life, is full of events that

never explain themselves, either as regards their origin or their tendency." This defence, while plausible, smacks of an easily refuted sophistry, for, while the mysteries of "even the most ordinary life" are in the hands of God, and therefore inaccessible, those of a novel or romance are in the hands of the writer, are part of the property bargained for by the purchaser of the book, and could and should, by right, be fully explained! The result of Hawthorne's leaving these secret springs of action in doubt, is that you close "The Marble Faun" with extreme dissatisfaction, and a feeling that you have been, in a measure, defrauded. Among other defects, should be noticed, that many times over the author repeats identical expressions and ideas, after the manner of elementary books for the study of foreign languages, as if he were desirous that the reader should have these expressions and ideas by heart! Hilda is a pretty, pure character, and, though a trifle too cold and severe, is yet interesting and pleasant. Neither the title nor the sub-title of the work is appropriate, for the "Marble Faun" has very little to do with the story, and the portion of the narrative laid in "Monte Beni" is but small. The book would better bear the title, "Donatello, a Romance of the Eternal City." In bidding adieu to the sketch, it is but just to say that it is highly readable, and, in a manner enticing, so that a cultivated reader would hardly lay it aside unfinished.

One word before we close in reference to Hawthorne's collected short stories: they are fine, artistic, brilliant and interesting, for their writing constituted our author's *forte*. Never, perhaps, has Hawthorne been surpassed in brief romances; and, though we must deny him the rank and title of novelist, we cannot withhold from him the laurel crown *par excellence* of chief among the short story writers of his land and age.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

BY ETHELIN BRANDE.

CHAPTER I.

GOING AWAY.

"BUT what is it worth to you, Robert? That is, not as an occupation or amusement, but in money? Mere vulgar dross, you know, yet necessary in a world like ours. What is its marketable value?"

The speaker glanced round the small room in which he stood, with an eye that seemed to take each detail in turn and check it off mentally. The fragments of illuminated borders and bits of diaper work, the bright

colors hardly dry upon the palette ; the book of gold leaf, with its attendant cushion, knife and brush ; and lastly, a strange seeming inconsistency with these medieval appliances, an easel with a large painting upon it, the cover of which was partially drawn aside. The old gentleman who had spoken and who was rather out of his element, looked at the young occupant of the room and shuffled a little.

"I don't pretend to know anything about this nicknackery," he continued, "but that now," indicating the easel with a significant nod, "has to me more the semblance of real work about it than the rest. A picture is a picture, and can be sold, I suppose; that is, if it's worth buying. Still, for all that, I must persist in my question—the marketable value of your productions, Robert?"

The young man thus addressed did not at once answer the question, but propounded one in his turn. He passed his hand, all stained with gold and crimson, across his forehead with a rapid, agitated movement, and turned toward his friend.

"You have something to say to me, sir," said he. "Why not tell it at once? You are not in the habit of troubling yourself about my occupations."

"Neither has it hitherto been necessary that you should consider the actual remunerative worth of your labor, Robert," he replied. "At least, I suppose it has not. You have looked upon yourself as your uncle's heir."

"I have been taught to do so," said Robert.

The old gentleman emitted a dissatisfied sort of grunt. He had no intention of being harsh or supercilious, but his mind, the practical mind of a business man, saw in the contents of Robert's studio nothing but foolishness and trifling.

"You may so look upon yourself still, if you like," he said ; "heir to nothing, I am sorry to say, unless it be debt. The firm has come to grief, my boy. Like many another time-honored name, it means nothing now. The greater the house, the greater the smash, always."

"And," said Robert, quickly, "my uncle?"

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "it's all right for you to think of him, to be sure, since you owe all to him. And his wee bit lammie of a daughter that is motherless—penniless too, now, Robert. Yes it's right you should think of him first—I'm glad you did. Just at this moment, however, I want your attention. Take time to consider, and then tell me if all this litter will ever be worth anything. I happen to be your godfather, you know, and although that's not much in the world's eyes, yet I confess to a sort of interest in your goings on."

The old gentleman stepped up to the easel and rolled the cover quite ack. He looked at the unfinished painting with his head on one side and tried to imagine that he was being critical and sharp. He knew

nothing at all about pictures or the terms of art criticism, and he expressed his opinion of a certain piece of foreshortening in a brief but emphatic sentence.

"The man's knee is too big for his foot," said he; and then he shook his head at it and grunted again. He didn't think much of it, evidently. In spite of the suddenness and reality of the change which had passed over his future, the young painter could not suppress a smile, which the critic caught sight of.

"Ah," said he, "you think I'm an old fool; but then I suppose you are a genius. What's it about, this picture?"

"From the 'Ancient Mariner,'" replied Robert—

" 'Why look'st thou so? With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.' "

"Oh! poetry is it?" said the old gentleman. "Well, but I hardly think it would pay, you know. Who would buy a man with an expression of countenance like that? To be serious, Robert, what is it all worth?"

The young man's face fell a little. It grew almost piteous in its deprecation, as he replied,

"Consider, sir, that I have worked without thought of remuneration. I am but a learner on the very lowest step of—"

"The ladder of fame," interrupted the old gentleman, with a shuffle. "I know that ladder of old. It's a nasty, slippery, unsound affair, depend upon it; and in speaking to me, my boy, never mind images. I am a plain man."

"These bits of illuminating," said Robert, with a gesture toward them, "are done for pleasure. I had intended to devote myself to mural painting."

"And what does that mean?" asked the old gentleman.

"Ornamenting the interiors of buildings," replied Robert, "after the fashion of—"

"Never mind when it was the fashion," interrupted the old gentleman, "Will it pay?"

"At present, no," replied Robert; but he did not look at his companion when he said it. The latter glanced round the room again, placed his hand on the back of a chair, and fixed his eyes on his god-son.

"Robert," said he, "could you give it up?"

There was in his tone something which it had lacked before; a touch of feeling, as if it had occurred dimly to the elder man that there might, after all, be in these pursuits something hard to give up.

"If it is necessary," replied Robert, "of course I can."

"And take to real hard work?" said the old gentleman.

"Yes," replied Robert.

"Bravely spoken, my boy!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "And now listen. I don't think a commercial life would suit you. I don't think you are fitted for it. What do you say to the idea of emigrating?"

The young man could only repeat the word in amazement, but his friend persisted.

"You will not think I propose this without due consideration," said he. "I always thought it a mistake for you to be wasting your life in this way. Formerly, however, you were at liberty to please yourself; at present I scarcely consider that you are so. You are strong, young, and active, not without brains, a likely looking lad enough, in spite of your accomplishments here. The fact is, I have an enterprise in view, for which I want brains and a reliable agent. I believe that you are especially suited to my purpose and that you can do me service if you will, as well as taking the first step to your own fortune. I trust to your sense of duty to throw your heart into the work if you undertake it."

"But—" began Robert.

"I want no answer now," interrupted the old gentleman. "I am not so unreasonable. I would rather that you should consider well of the matter. Think of it. A new country, a glorious country, with scenery such as you have never dreamed of. There you may quadruple your capital—or mine, if you prefer that mode of speaking—and come back a rich man. Come back to take up your bits of pictures again if you like. They and all this miscellaneous property of yours shall be respected. I promise that your studio shall be locked from all eyes if that will please you. Now, good bye."

The old gentleman was gone, and the young one, with a sigh, turned to look after him. He seemed to have partially taken out of the room that load which had come in with him; that strange, sudden waking up from a world of beautiful dreams into a commonplace, hard necessity. The presence of the old gentleman in that study was unusual and improbable; he had left an air of improbability and unreality over the news he had brought and the changes which it seemed imperative should result from them.

The young painter took up a brush and bent over his work. There was the gold put on just before the coming of this ill-omened visitor. It lay waiting for him with the burnishing stone beside it. There were the conventional outlines of leaves, flowers, and fruit, only wanting to be filled in with bright cadmium, lake and ultramarine. How full of promise the sketch was! How beautiful the finished piece would be! And then he flung down the brush and turned away. It was no longer a fitting implement for his fingers. This terrible tale was true; he could no longer follow his own pleasure but must work for his living.

Robert had an intense desire to sit down to the table again, and go on with that one piece. Surely there could be no such immediate necessity for breaking off his former studies; that might be done at any time. And was it not possible that in the distant future—no matter that it was distant—his genius and perseverance might achieve sufficient to satisfy

him? an amount of success which should serve for all his wants? But how was he to live now? And, besides that, the debt? The recollection of it fell upon him like a sudden blow. He had hardly realized the fact at first. In the eyes of the world, indeed, if debt existed, it would be no business of his; but in the eye of his own conscience and his gratitude, what was it? All his life long he had owed everything to the fallen man, his uncle—his education, luxuries, the smallest necessities of life. Was the old man to put his shoulder to the wheel now, in the evening of his days, and the nephew remain a visionary—idle, or rather unproductive, inasmuch as the pursuits he loved were unproductive? He went up to the easel and covered the picture gently; then he took down a frame from the wall and looked at its contents, a German poem, the illuminated border of which he had finished only the day before. He thrust this amongst other scraps, finished and unfinished, into a portfolio to put away; and then he went to the window again, standing where he had stood whilst his friend talked with him. His eyes, to all appearance, were looking upon the scene outside—the swaying tree-tops, and the copper tints of the western sky; but in reality he saw none of these. He saw, instead, another room, singularly unlike his own; delicate fingers were there, and made it beautiful to the eye of artist and poet. A shadow fell upon the wall of that room, and a dark-eyed girl rose up from her seat to meet him. The young painter stretched out his arms with an involuntary cry, “Aileen! my Aileen!” How was he to tell her that they must part? How bear the long years of waiting that must separate them? They might both grow old apart; that fortune which the old merchant spoke of so confidently might never come. What was he to do?

Through the long hours Robert thought, calling up his life in review before him, and in the twilight he went out into the streets of a changed world; for henceforth he belonged to the great army of workers for their daily bread. There was a certain sense of relief in the fact that his resolution was taken; and only once in that hasty walk his heart failed him for a moment. It was when he stood at the door of that room which had risen before his eyes in fancy, and saw the one he loved best on earth spring up to meet him. The next moment his arm was around her, and she was looking with bewildered inquiry into his face.

“Robert, what is it?” she asked.

“Are you strong, Aileen?” said he. “Give me your hand—so. Now then, I have bad news; are you afraid?”

“Never afraid, so long as you are safe, Robert, and in my sight,” she replied.

“Don’t say that; dont,” said he, putting his hand upon her lips with a sudden exclamation of dismay; “for we must learn to live without seeing each other. Aileen, I haven’t a penny in the world, or the expectation of one.”

He paused for a moment, and the girl bent her face to his hand and kissed it.

"I understand that," said Robert, smiling. "I never doubted you. But then we must live, you know ; and to live, one must work. I have been a dreamer, hitherto ; now I am going to put my shoulder to the wheel. The very thought of it makes me strong, Aileen ; and we will do without each other for a few years."

"Tell me your plans," said Aileen.

When Robert had told her, Aileen clung a little closer to him, and hid her face ; but not long. Robert felt his own grow pale as she raised it again, with the desperate struggle for courage in it.

"My darling," said he, "we shall be together in thought. We can trust each other."

"Yes, Robert," she replied.

"And then, there are the mails," said he.

"Yes," said Aileen, firmly, thinking all the while that Robert might be dead long before a letter could reach her. And then, glancing at him, she saw that his fingers were playing nervously with the work she had just laid down, and a cry, which was half a sob, broke from her. How was she ever to bear with the old occupations when he was gone.

"Robert," said she, "give me something to do for you. I shall be happy then."

He looked down upon her gravely, and a quick gleam of intelligence came into his face. "Aileen," said he, "the poor little girl my uncle has so petted, it will fall heavily on her—his Mayflower, you know, and he will save nothing out of the ruin. Be good to my poor little cousin."

"Mine, too," said Aileen, trying to smile. "Thank you Robert, for that. And now—"

"A little while longer," said Robert. "A few days, perhaps, and then—we will not think of the years that lie between, but of the meeting to come—shall we?"

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

Socrates used to say to his friends that his wife was his greatest blessing, since she was a never-ceasing monitor of patience, from whom he learned so much within his own doors that the crosses he met elsewhere were light to him.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation ; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

TENDENCIES OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

BY G. W. A.

THE nature of the English constitutional system and the tendency of political ideas under it, have received two quite opposite but equally interesting illustrations, from events occurring within a few weeks of each other. The first was connected with the discussion, in and out of Parliament, of the Treaty of Washington; the other was furnished by Gladstone's summary abolition of the "purchase system" in the army, by royal warrant.

Most people understand, of course, that in speaking of the English "Constitution," one refers to no single written instrument, but to a body of laws and usages, partly written, partly traditional, in accordance with which Parliaments must legislate and Cabinets administer the government. This system is the growth of centuries, and embodies the results of the political experience of the English people.

Owing to this characteristic of the "Constitution," it has been subject to constant and sometimes rapid changes, corresponding to permanent changes in public sentiment. Amid all these changes, the prevailing tendency has been to weaken the authority of the Sovereign and strengthen that of Parliament. During the period between the assembling of the first House of Commons, in the days of Henry III, and the last, in the days of Victoria, a complete revolution has taken place. All the substantial powers of government have, in the interval, been transferred from the Crown to Parliament, and, in Parliament, to the representatives of the Commons; and the British government, therefore, though still a monarchy in name, is in fact a system of government by parliamentary majorities. Theoretically, the Sovereign is still supreme; practically, the majority of the House of Commons participates almost at will in the exercise of sovereign powers. The hinge on which this great transition has turned, is the Cabinet, which, from being a body of advisers and ministers of the royal will merely, is still appointed by the Crown, but must be appointed from whichever party happens for the time being to have the majority, and is the virtual executive authority of the nation. Every Cabinet has accordingly to perform the double duty of ascertaining and expressing the will of the Sovereign and that of Parliament; but as it is an accepted principle that the veto power no longer belongs to the Crown, though it has never been formally withdrawn, and as the voice of the people's representatives is to all intents and purposes final, a ministry that expects to remain in power must defer to Parliament rather than the Sovereign. In such a condition of things, it is evident that the dividing line between the executive and legislative powers must be steadily changing; enlarging the domain of the latter, encroaching upon that of the former.

Among the powers, however, which have hitherto been allowed to remain without challenge in the hands of the Sovereign, is that of forming and concluding treaties, and determining, in general, the foreign relations of the empire. But even this power has now been called in question. The Treaty of Washington was of so great importance, and touched the popular interest at so many points, that Parliament insisted upon its right, to have a look at the treaty before it was ratified. The demand was certainly a reasonable one, if it is true that Parliament is the real governing authority in Great Britain, and the Ministers its responsible servants. The treaty once ratified, they said, the country becomes bound by its provisions; and the only remedy then remaining—the overthrow of the Administration—comes too late to be of any avail. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville, on the other hand, maintained the exclusive authority of the Crown, and refused to admit the principle that the Government is bound to submit a treaty to either the Lords or the Commons before it is ratified by the Queen on the recommendation of her responsible advisers. While insisting, however, on this theoretical principle, Mr. Gladstone so far yielded to the wishes of the representatives as to “depart in this case from the general rule and present the treaty to Parliament without waiting for its ratification, on account of special circumstances.” Lord Cairns declared it to be “the essence of the Constitution that the responsibility of concluding treaties should rest with the Crown;” while Lord Russell, taking the other side, said, “I have always thought that Parliament is the chief adviser of the Crown, and that this House has a right to give advice to the Crown at any period, in the exercise of any part of the prerogative.”

For the present, ancient usage has won a technical triumph; but a triumph of the kind that preludes defeat. The Crown has been compelled to relinquish the exercise of an essential prerogative, in order to retain the nominal right to exercise it. It can scarcely be doubted that this event marks the beginning of a new era of “constitutional” practice in this particular. Parliament is likely hereafter to claim a right to be consulted with regard to all important treaties before they are ratified; and a claim which has already been half conceded, cannot long be resisted even in form. In case the change we have indicated as probable should be made, it is not unlikely that the practice under our Constitution, of requiring the concurrence of the President and Senate, will furnish the model. The “mother” country might “go further and fare worse” than to follow, so far, her child’s example.

We remarked at the outset, that this discussion of the treaty furnished an excellent illustration of the tendency of power, under the British system, to pass from the Crown to Parliament, and of the manner in which successive changes are peacefully accomplished. Mr. Gladstone’s bold stroke of policy impresses us, notwithstanding the warm applause it has elicited on both sides of the water, as an equally apposite illustration of the way

in which powers of the Crown that have long lain in disuse might suddenly be seized again, in the absence of specific legal restrictions. At first sight, the measure seems to strengthen the position of the House of Commons as the controlling branch of the government, by throwing the weight of the royal authority upon its side ; and in the present instance, undoubtedly, a useful end has been accomplished. But it is easy to foresee that this precedent may prove a sword that will cut both ways. If the Queen's power may be invoked to enforce liberal measures, it may on occasion, be invoked to enforce reactionary measures ; or a more active Sovereign may, in the presence of a subservient House of Commons, adopt and enforce such measures as may please himself. It would be not in the least surprising if Mr. Gladstone should live to see the powerful weapon that he has uncovered from the rubbish of an abandoned armory, turned against himself and his party ; and he may then find ample occasion to reflect upon the difference between a temporary triumph, won by a sharp stroke of policy, and a permanent success, wrought out by slower methods, but based upon established principles.

ENCHANTMENT.

BY CLEMENTINE.

YOU brought me blossoms of the Spring,
 The Summer rose and mignonette,
 And wreathed the laurel band to fling
 Upon the harp, that decks it yet ;
 You marked the books you used to send—
 With chosen passages—to me ;
 I cannot think, my kind old friend,
 That I am nothing now to thee.

It surely is no simple power,
 The power I claim to work at will
 The fond enthrallments of the hour,
 Till bright eyes sparkle, fond hearts thrill.
 Just sing the song I write to-day,
 Just breathe a flower once dear to me,
 Just speak my name, and dare to say
 That I am nothing now to thee.

Old friend, my face was never fair,
 But you forget it, in my strain
 It reached your heart and holds it there ;
 Though I may never sing again,
 The threads that bind you link by link
 As frail as gossamer may be ;
 But they are heart-threads, can you think
 That I am nothing now to thee.

MENTAL DRAM-DRINKING.

BY ETHEL GALE.

THE Friday before the last Christmas, I chanced to be on one of the many railroads leading into New York City, where the stations were numerous, and at nearly every second one there was apparently a school just disburdening itself for the holidays, but scarcely of boys and girls, for their faces looked too old and "worn," in spite of the laughter, and the roses, and the hopes of "good times coming."

This look of premature age on their young faces, caused me to speculate on the reasons why, in an age when parents do so much to give a happy childhood to their offspring, the childishness should so soon vanish from their hearts. But all speculation ceased when, on taking a walk through the train, I saw that the aged boys and girls were nearly all deep in the pages of "dime novels." As I passed on, not a reader's eye, was raised in childish curiosity, and such casual smiles as were observable on some of the faces were like the sickly contortions of intoxication, evidently proceeding from the mental drams they were drinking. On their faces was an eager, hungry, nervous, restless, vaguely miserable look, such as is sometimes seen on the faces of the children of gin-drinking mothers.

As we drew near the far-reaching suburbs of the city, a boy occupying a seat in front of me, exhausted the contents of his *flask*, and, as he laid it down with a weary sigh, I interrupted his dreams with, "Did you find your book *very* interesting?"

"Well, no; not more than usually so. They're all about alike, I believe."

"Then, why do you read them?"

"Oh! for the excitement. A fellow wants something to kill time."

The poor boy was only about fourteen, yet on his face was the look which has hitherto been thought to come only after many years of wrong doing. I asked him to let me see the book he had been reading. Apparently glad to silence me, he handed it over and closed his eyes. As I glanced through the polluted pages, I saw there all that was already ageing that poor fellow's face and blackening his soul. Robbery, murder, gambling, drinking, wantonness, intrigue—all were broadly portrayed; verily he would have little of evil left to learn, and I looked around with a shudder at all those absorbed young faces, with a longing cry in my heart for the innocence which should have been theirs.

Now, where does the sin of this dreadful loss belong? Not altogether with parents or teachers, who cannot be expected to keep watch over every moment of the children's time, though it would seem that they should have such influence in strengthening the minds of the young under

their charge, that they should of themselves be disgusted with the mental poison. But the authors and publishers of such stuff must derive their inspiration from a very evil source, and be fully conscious of the immense evil they are working.

The question of first importance is, how the taste for these mental stimulants is awakened? For it would seem as possible for a healthy physique to enjoy the first draught of strong, unadulterated whiskey, as for a healthy mind to crave the raw depravity exhibited in these books. There must exist a system of gradual brain stimulation equivalent to the brandied peaches, and the candied "liquor drops" by which children are introduced to the higher flavors of the strong wines, and at last reconciled to the burning brandy. This system I soon discovered.

One evening my little nephew, eight years old, brought me his Sunday School book to read aloud to him. It was a small affair and had a very innocent look, but as I read on I found traces of the wine of the lower kingdom, well watered and sugared, it is true, but there. Afterwards I made it my business to examine the libraries of several Sunday Schools and the shelves of two or three publishing houses which make the furnishing of these libraries a specialty.

Saddened was I, and frightened, at the result of these investigations, for I think I am speaking within bounds when I say that there is not one Sunday School book in twenty that does not present some sin in an attractive and exciting form, while the contrasting good is but feebly portrayed. True, the bad boy or girl who has rendered the book piquant by getting into all sorts of mischief, who has told lies with such wonderful adroitness, who has cloaked jealousy with such skill and slandered with such a charming appearance of affection, is in the end brought to a few tears of wishy-washy repentance and is supposed never to do so any more, being rewarded for the same by the death of a rich old uncle; while the good boy or girl, who has suffered ill treatment with such invariable stupidity as to excite no feeling of sympathy, if not provided with a resting place in a rosewood casket covered with flowers and surrounded by weeping and admiring companions, is made happy by a wealthy marriage; the whole being interspersed with pious talk which is generally skipped as wholly extraneous to the progress of the story.

The relish for exciting delineations of diluted crime being thus created in the childish mind, the steps are not many from enjoying the description of the theft of a ribbon from a schoolmate's drawer or the robbery of a pantry, to the well executed burglary of the "dime novel." After that it makes but very little real difference whether the victim of this process of insidious moral poisoning takes the overt step of attempting such an act or not, in his heart the crime has been committed with all the zest of a secret sin, over, and over, and over again.

In justice to the authors and publishers of these books, it should be said that they are probably wholly unconscious of promoting any evil. They

do not reflect that while the tale of little Harry's falsehood or Mary's jealousy is of no absorbing interest and opens no new thoughts to the adult mind, to the child's they afford glimpses of deeds attractive from novelty, and which, after experiencing the excitement of a new sensation, can be piated by a few tears and a good resolution.

One of the crying needs of the age—as yet but partially met—is a high class of writers for children. Writers who shall tell good stories, full of sense, fun and truth, about the deeds of gallant men and noble women, who have really lived and labored ; writers who shall describe the wonders of nature and the peculiarities and characteristics of different peoples ; writers, above all, who do not imagine that a character like President Lincoln's will be produced by contemplating the mental features of even a modified Jack Sheppard, any more than they would expect to impart the highest ideas of music through the medium of an orchestra of African *tom-toms*.

CHI CHEN.

AN IMITATION OF A LATIN FRAGMENT.

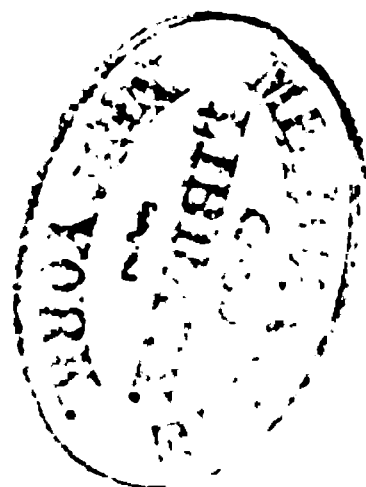
BY THEODORE GROOT.

" *Urbs Semirami delenda est.*"

"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in its halls, and the voice of its people is heard no more. The fox looked out from the windows, and the wild grass waved around his head. Desolate are the dwellings of Moina ; silence is in the house of her fathers."
—*Ossian*.

IN AMERICA Central, far in Yucatan,
Mid solitude vast and profound,
Once a proud city stood, and reared high its towers—
Chi Chen the name—now mighty alone in ruins.
Twice seven leagues around lie fallen stones in mournful state,
To mark the seat of empire once greater than Rome.
Nor trace of time, nor lettered brass proclaim its date,
Nor when it flourished, or what its laws.
But even in ruin there is a voice—
And it speaks a mighty language :
Here, long flight of years have passed
Since desolation ope'd her gloomy court—that now reigns supreme !
Here monarchs reigned. Here toil'd the slave
And reared these columns to sate the lust of kings,
And mock the pride of Memnon.

Ere Agamemnon launched his Grecian fleet,
Ere Trojan walls appeared or Heliopolis had a name,



This city was. And it revelled in Eastern splendor
 Ere Rome could show a straw-thatched roof.
 Yes! long centuries ere those Latian fathers came,
 Chi Chen had been, and long before in ruins.
 Her history sleeps in her mouldering battlements,
 And will sleep forever. Not so of Rome—
 Rome rests in the pride of her heroes.
 But thou, Chi Chen, art doomed to the silence of ages,
 With all thy heroic deeds to slumber in thy bosom.

No history is here to speak of victories,
 Nor to tell of rushing armies.
 Silence dwells in the hall of her senate,
 And the songs of her bards are no longer heard—her language forgotten
 Unhappy city! What a mystery is here!
 What ages have rolled away
 Since the morning of thy fate!
 Strong as Egypt's monuments were her foundations—but are fallen.
 And oaks of a thousand years now flourish in
 The chambers of her palaces, and
 Mock her fallen greatness all around.
 The hissing serpent, basking in the sun,
 And flitting bat, when nightly shadows fall,
 Is all the life that's there.

Two thousand years have fled away,
 And Rome's aqueducts are still in preservation.
 Behold Chi Chen: her aqueducts portray
 A master-hand, unrivalled even in Rome;
 Yet in ruin complete! A mark of great antiquity.
 Sleep on, then, thou fallen city—sleep on in thine awful mystery!
 Vailed in the dark labyrinth of the past,
 I leave thee to oblivion, that slumbers perennial.

OUR FOLKS AT HOME.—No. 6.

BY *— *— *—.

MR. AVERY had just returned from a short visit to the sea-shore, and nothing but a narrative of his two weeks' experience would satisfy the family. Unfortunately for us, he has a very reticent disposition, and no faculty for telling a story or narrating experience. As usual, he tried to satisfy the family with a few short sentences, telling where he had been, who he had seen that we knew, and closing with the remark that he had enjoyed himself very much. But as none of us had kept him company, we determined that he should give an account of the trip of some length and detail. At last, seeing that no excuse would be accepted, he began:

“ Well, now, I am going to give you full particulars of all interesting things seen and experienced from the time of leaving home till my return. You recollect how interesting it was, on the morning of leaving, to wait till within five minutes of train time for the baggage master to come for the trunk, and how good and sweet it made me feel to start on a run for the cars, with strong probabilities of going off without the baggage, or staying over a day to secure it, and having to go all over again with the parting from Mrs. Avery and the family? How mean it makes one feel to come sneaking back, after an affecting parting, and realize that it is all wasted. But we got aboard, finally, trunk and all, just as the train moved off.”

It will be necessary to inform the reader in regard to the location of the places where Mr. Avery went. Between New Haven and New London, Connecticut, there are many quiet and delightful watering-places, frequented by those who desire rest and freedom from the excitement and restraints of the larger and more fashionable resorts. These places on Long Island Sound, and their attractions for Summer visitors, are well known. Among the most attractive of these are Stony Creek, Pine Orchard, Branford Point, Double Beach, places from seven to twelve miles from New Haven. From any of these points the Long Island shore can be seen on a clear day. Off Stony Creek there are groups of small islands, most of which have been purchased by individuals for Summer residences for their families, and some beautiful cottages have been erected by their owners, while others are more roughly built, with less regard to taste than cheapness. Here, you have not a cot beside the sea, but one surrounded by it. Cool and continuous breezes from some quarter always blow, and mosquitoes are carried off these islands to more sheltered places.

“ Fishing and boating is superb, and of all Summer residences,” says Mr. Avery, “one of these islands would be our choice, if we could have one.”

“ The journey was safely made, and the first day I went hunting. It had been so long since such freedom had been allowed me, that I tramped myself nearly to death, and the next morning was so lame that it seemed as if every muscle had shrunk considerably, and every movement of the body was an effort to stretch it to the usual length. One gets a better idea of the process by going through it than in listening to the description. That first day I shot a crow, some small birds and three quails, all of which I took on the wing. No true hunter will shoot a bird sitting, if an equally good flying shot is offered him.

“ One day’s hunting was enough for a time, and for several days after I was upon the water nearly the whole time. Parties were made up for blue fishing, black fishing, sharking, sailing and picnicking. The captain of the boat which our clique chartered was a relative, and I therefore

enjoyed some facilities over most others, going with all parties, and nearly on all occasions by his special invitation. I joined a party going to Falkner's Island, a high and dry piece of land, of about an acre, three miles out from shore, where there is a government lighthouse, kept by Captain Goodrich, who has saved some lives by bringing them off in a small boat from the wrecks occasioned by running on the reefs. He has received testimonials of honorable recognition for his bravery, from the government. It is a delightful sail of about seven miles from Stony Creek, and there is generally breeze enough to make the uninitiated women and children 'heave' according to the quantity eaten at the last repast. Our party were, however, initiated thoroughly before we knew them, hence none of us were moved by sea-sickness, although some had not many roses on their faces.

"One day, after our party had returned from half a day's sharking without getting a bite, we determined to have a sail, at least. So the captain headed, with a stiff breeze in his sails, and some white caps ahead, for the Long Island shore, twenty-five miles away, in a straight line across the Sound. There were eighteen or twenty of us, ladies and gentlemen, in about equal numbers. Rising and falling with the waves, we dashed merrily on out into the deep blue sound. Our little craft was a beauty, and as she rose on the swelling bosom of a crested wave, or sprang over it into the gulf below to climb the next one before us, the company became almost wild with delightful excitement.

"As the boat was somewhat crowded, I stood up and leaned on the forward deck with a little black-eyed stranger, who evidently loved sailing and the water as well as a duck. Now and then, as we sprang forward into the trough of the sea, the motion of the boat would throw my little friend of about nineteen summers and, judging from her beauty and freshness, no winters, over against me, so that it became quite necessary to place my arm in a position that would prevent her from receiving such rude treatment from the rollicking sea. This did not seem to annoy her in the least, while she was employed in brushing the sparkling drops from her face and hair, that were thrown freely up by the bounding craft as she sprang over the waves, and in watching to see if I, as she did, held my eyes wide open when a pailful of salt water was thrown in our faces—she exclaiming, 'Isn't this splendid!' 'It's glorious!' 'Oh, I wish the captain would give us more!' and she then wet as a water rat.

"It was a glorious sail, fifteen miles, under a good breeze, straight out into the Sound and back again to the shore, with appetites ravenous as sharks—the sharks we didn't catch. We helped the ladies all out, and to my great delight, the little companion came last. Delightful prospect! A smile on her face that was fit for an angel, and the bright glow of ruddy health—it is a critical moment! Both hands extended—one foot on a stone in the water—a spring—and she lands safely on the rock—that

nasty stone! With one foot on land, and one leg to the knee in the water, we glance back to see the creature moving towards her island cottage, with mingled smiles and sympathy—smiles evidently being in the foreground of sympathy—while we slowly drag out in time to bow her a dripping farewell. Thus ends the day's sail, and a grand rush is made for the table."

"My dear, allow me to suggest that upon unimportant points like these, less detail may be indulged in, to our satisfaction, as it is getting late and only a few moments more is left us to hear your account at this time."

Mr. Avery apologized, and remarked that what was not heard now, probably never would be, and proceeded:

"We sailed, and hunted, and fished, by land and sea, with more or less of hunter's luck, and the days flew by like a "weaver's shuttle"—that's an original illustration—and brought two more adventures of note, which I must tell you something of. In the meantime, new strength, dark skin and good health increased: these free pleasures by land and sea were like a new life—they were a fountain of youth to me.

"Two evenings we were delighted listeners to the charming readings of Prof. Hibard, of New Britain State Normal School. He has a pretty cottage on one of these beautiful islands, and a pretty wife to keep it, with the stars and stripes above them always fluttering in the breeze, and never idling or lazily flapping their time away as shore flags do. What an oyster roast we had directly in front of his house, on an opposite island! Two bushels of oysters, right out of the water, with quantities of lemonade, sandwiches, &c., &c., &c., for six gentlemen and as many ladies; and haven't I got the fresh scars of experience on my fingers now, received in opening oysters for those six young ladies, or such a part of the six as we chose to feed? And didn't she—the six, we mean—keep saying, 'Oh, you eat that!' just as she shoved the juicy fellow towards us, and innocently slipped it into her own mouth, as we were about to yield to her persuasions?

"But the two adventures I was going to tell you about, you shall hear. One of the lady friends of our party wished to go by boat to New Haven, and from thence home to B——. So the captain took us all, in our good clothes, the ladies protected by waterproofs, and the gentlemen by courage to face anything for their companions. It was a delightful and delighted company: none were afraid of the water, a beautiful day, and a good wind and tide in our favor. Gaily we went, beguiling the way with song and story, and wit and laughter; we had one gentleman with us whose smallest utterance would invariably call forth shouts of merriment. By-and-by we stood out in the Sound a little further, to round the lighthouse before coming into New Haven harbor. The wind had freshened a little, and occasional dashes of water would break over and fall upon the unprotected finery of the ladies, which even the courageous gentlemen could

not prevent. One after another came, with increasing generosity, until finally I suggested that the ladies' hats go forward into the hold, and the waterproof capes take their places. Speedily adopted. Again all were smiling and protected by the waterproofs—all but the courageous males, who looked with mingled expression of despair and hopeless ingenuity at their glossy broadcloths, now damp and spotted. I had done my best thus far to keep a very pretty school teacher from despondency, and now I suggested, in view of my perilous condition, that she should take me under one side of her waterproof. She gently did so, and there she brooded me from malicious drops of salt water that ever and anon shot up and showered down upon our now delightfully covered heads. The other gentlemen soon secured the same boon, and all was calm and peaceful in that little craft, though outside the waves were doing all they could to disturb us. Soon we regretfully entered the quiet waters of the harbor, and resumed our accustomed positions of dignity and, as it seemed to us, distance; landed our friend and, waving her farewell as the gentlemen brought on board pies and beer, we moved slowly out of the harbor towards home, with tide against us and no wind to speak of. It was nearly seven o'clock in the evening, when we left; the sun was setting, the wind soon died out entirely, not a ripple on the water, or a breath in the air, but of all the beautiful and gorgeous sunsets we ever saw, this was the surpassing one. West, north and south; the sky far above the horizon was one glorious painting of every conceivable hue and variety of design, and executed as only Omnipotence can paint, upon a canvas such as only His hand can prepare, and hung in His own gallery of glory and art. Silent admiration enchained us all, and for some time not a word was spoken, only the silvery ripple of the water at our bow was heard.

“ ‘We shall have to row home,’ said the captain. ‘Tide against us twelve miles; will do well to reach there by midnight, unless we have some wind to help us, which ain't likely.’

“ We looked at each other, and at the captain, as though he could command a breeze, but no responses. At last we all laughed, and the cloud had passed away. Stories and songs, pie and beer (root beer) were mingled freely out there on the Sound. No woman's heart failed, though we had a bride of a month on board.

“ The captain launched the long, heavy oar, and steadily, stroke after stroke, pulled us slowly along. By-and-by the pie was gone, the beer was in—but not in bottles—the stories grew short and nobody laughed, few joined in the songs, a dark mantle fell gently down upon us as the new moon modestly retired, and nature hung the sombre curtains of night ‘and pinned them with a star.’ Our voices were hushed one by one, except at long intervals, and each sought the most comfortable place available to him. W——x took a corner with his bride in an arm; her head fell over upon his shoulder, and touched the face that she knew was

hers. B——n, sitting by his lady love, looked wistfully, and she a little closer came, and shyly leaning against his arm, soon rested on his willing heart. The others seemed unable to sit alone, and at last, like the bride and groom, all these men and maidens were helping bear each other's burdens; and they seemed to do it cheerfully and very tenderly. The dip and drip of the oar, as we moved silently on in the still night, was music to my ear. And, my dear Mrs. Avery, I assure you that if my calling would have brought you there at my side, I should have called, at the risk, even, of disturbing all the sweet sleepers in the boat, all of whom had a companion but myself. Now and then a noise on the shore, or an inquiry from some of the sleepers as to when we should 'get there,' broke out in the stillness.

" 'There are the lights,' said the captain. 'Two miles more. In an hour we shall be ashore. Ah! we are getting a little breeze. We'll soon come in.'

" 'Yes, here it comes; the sails are filling; there's music at the prow sweeter than song; we move rapidly; in fifteen minutes we shall be home. All strike up 'John Brown,' and with songs, and sails full set, we come in as we went out—a happy crowd.

" 'Good night, all; don't eat too much supper; good night;' and in half an hour we are asleep, and it is the Sabbath."

PULPIT ORATORY.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED ATLANTIS.

THE reader may readily conceive the enjoyment which I, who have always been an enthusiastic admirer of pulpit eloquence, derived from attendance in the churches of the most celebrated preachers. They were now presented to my eyes, whose works I had perused with inexpressible satisfaction, and of the triumphs of whose sacred oratory so much has been recorded. I could now personally listen to the impassioned eloquence of Massillon, Bourdalou and Flechier, witness the thunderings and lightnings of Saurin and Bossuet, the clear and conclusive reasonings of Barrow, Clarke, Tillotson, Foster, Atterbury and Sherlock, and the rich and sentimental discourses of Blair, preferable to all the rest for the retired meditation of the student, the cultivation of a rational piety, and the edification of the family circle. I could not but remark, during my progress through the churches, the wonderful difference between the conceptions we form of orators from contemplating the cold transcripts of their thoughts and performances which are found in their published works, and the impressions made upon our minds by those glowing sentiments

and words of fire which flow from their lips, instinct with the spirit of life and immortality, and aided in their operation upon the heart and affections by the diversified shades of countenance, variations of feature, and powers of intonation, action and delivery. The one resembles the statue or bust of a celebrated great man, presenting to us at best but an inarticulate interpretation of his characteristic properties, the other like his living form exhibited to view, breathing with emotion, and lighted up with intelligence. There was something singular and instructive in the fates of Whitfield, the popular preacher of England, and Brydone, of France, together with all those of the same class whose celebrity depends solely upon mere force and melody of voice, powers of action, and external qualifications, but who, at the same time, are defective in fertility of invention, accuracy of thought and extent of erudition. These speakers were held in inferior estimation among the most polite and enlightened portion of the inhabitants of Saturnia, though I was informed they were still ardently caressed and admired by the less informed classes of the people, and especially in the remoter cities and villages of the country. From these facts and circumstances, I concluded, that mankind are less under the influence of mere elocution and arts of delivery in public speaking in proportion as they are enlightened by science, and humanized and refined by literature and the elegant arts. In such cases, the understanding gains the ascendant among men, while the imagination, the prejudices and passions are either extinguished or abated in their influence.

The scenes I had witnessed in wandering through the various churches in the capital, and the different pulpit orators to whose discourses I had listened, led me very naturally into a train of reflections concerning the diverse manners in which the truths of the same Gospel are promulged, and to an effort of understanding towards determining that kind of oratory which will be most effectual in attaining the great ends of preaching. When the doctrines and precepts of our religion, without being deprived of their native vigor and genuine simplicity, are wrought up with the sterling ore of science, and recommended by the legitimate ornaments of literature and all the elegant and finished arts of oratory, what a delicious repast do they furnish to a refined audience, and how pungent their operation in the improvement of their hearts and minds. The Gospel, in such cases, becomes a profound philosophy, accommodating her lessons to the multitude, rendering them luminous with heavenly radiance, and confirming that influence they exert over the understanding and affections by the awful sanctions of eternal rewards and punishments. In this way, she derives from the armory of Heaven that coercive power, which constrains mankind to the practice of their moral duties. It is a question of no small difficulty as well as delicacy to decide, what should be the ingredients of that compound mixture, which forms the strain of the most beneficial and efficient pulpit persuasion?

Certainly upon the most superficial view of the subject, it must be evident, that it should not be simply and solely a calm address to the understanding, since man is composed of affections and passions as well as reason and judgment; and, therefore, successfully to propel him to action, you must regard him as having a heart which, on proper occasions, is to be touched, as well as an understanding which is to be convinced. Hearers, too, who present themselves in our houses of worship, are not so much withheld from the performance of their duties and from conformity to the law of Christ, by their doubts or general incredulity concerning the evidences of Christianity, as by the prepotency of that depraved nature, — and those temptations to vice and the neglect of religion, which propel them to act in opposition to the decisions of unbiassed reason and the monitions of conscience. Pulpit exhortations, therefore, should be learned and profound, but at the same time, vehement and practical addresses to the most active principles of our nature; supplying us with those stimulating motives to right conduct, which control and overpower our tendencies to evil, and the seductive influence of the passions. Sermons should be neither cold disquisitions about morality, nor finespun webs of mystical theology; neither vapory declamations, however evangelical and seemingly pious, nor sentimental effusions of a poetic imagination; neither showy discussions upon subjects of literature and philosophy, nor the empty rantings and ravings of folly and fanaticism. It has been asserted by judicious observers, that a clergyman may preach morality to his people until they become immoral, and I entertain no doubt of the correctness of the maxim, since many sufficient reasons may be assigned as an explanation of such result; but let it be recollected also that equal dangers are to be apprehended from the opposite extreme, and that the preacher may extol faith, magnify the importance of inward emotions of grief and rapture, and stimulate devotional excitements, until mankind forget that religion is a practical as well as theoretical affair, has application to their lives and conversations as well as inward devotions, and that charity, integrity, beneficence, humanity and brotherly kindness are its choicest fruits, noblest ornaments, and only authentic signs or credentials. And as at the first promulgation of the faith, inspired men and divinely commissioned ambassadors, found the greatest difficulty in the performance of those miracles by which their claims were substantiated; so, it is not to be doubted that the hardest task imposed upon believers at the present day, and that in which they are most prone to become delinquents, is to practise in their lives those virtues and graces which are the only authentic proofs of their genuine christianity. External rites and ceremonies of religion are readily complied with, nor is there much difficulty in becoming sedulous and exemplary in attendance upon purer and more evangelical exercises and exhibitions of piety, even supposing its real and not simulated existence in the heart; but after all, the most

arduous task to be accomplished in our christian vocation, is to display in the intercourses of mankind, that perfect purity of heart, simplicity of character, and bright assemblage of christian graces which characterize the faithful followers of the Saviour.

He who wishes, then, to fashion himself into a finished model of the pulpit orator, such as Paul and Peter would now become, were they revived from the dead and placed in the midst of modern improvements and civilization, and having their minds enlightened by modern science, should endeavor to incorporate into his discourses as large a share as possible of sound morality, practical wisdom and theological instruction, and at the same time, stimulate mankind to carry his lessons into practice by the most cogent motives which can be derived from the suggestions of reason, the dictates of conscience, and the sanctions of religion. After inscribing the commandments of the law in the hearts of his hearers with the finger of truth and right reason, and rendering the characters more visible by the light of revelation, he should at one time, terrify them into obedience by the thunderings and lightnings of Gospel denunciation, and at another melt them into penitence, submission and reformation, by its most suasive importunities, its most soothing consolations and sweetest accents of persuasion. The sound of its deepest thunders should come to us as through the mouth of an angel of mercy.

A just taste in preaching, as well as fine writing in general, has been gaining ground in Europe ever since the revival of letters and reformation of religion, and the consequent advancement of mankind in freedom of thought and inquiry, in the sciences and arts, in humanity of sentiment and refinement of manners. Rude enough must have been the taste, coarse the sentiments, and barbarous the manners of the people, when as late as the fifteenth century, in England and France, the two most polished nations, those grotesque dramas called *Mysteries*, *Miracles* and *Moralities*, in which the great events recorded in the Scriptures were theatrically exhibited in the churches, were eagerly attended, loudly applauded, and enthusiastically enjoyed. These exhibitions, we are told, prepared the way for the introduction of the modern stage. And it is a subject of philosophical curiosity, to observe the sacred buffoonery, which rendered the Church tributary to the Theatre, pursued with so much avidity, and so sedulously attended, as to occasion a desertion of the Churches during divine service, insomuch that we find remonstrances against this impiety presented by the clergy to the king of France, and the growing evils of the practice strongly depicted and fervently deprecated. Miserable, indeed, must have been the state of taste and literature, when the most educated and refined audiences of those times could witness with satisfaction, the rudest representations of the birth and actions of Christ, his exposure in a manger, his temptation by the devil, one of the favorite actors in the scene, whose pranks and buffooneries

afforded the greatest merriment, and even of the Saviour's arrest, trial, condemnation, crucifixion, burial and resurrection. So rude, too, were these performances which were highly relished, that, it is said, they sometimes degenerated into the superlatively ridiculous. One of the actors in these dramas, who personated the Saviour at the period of his crucifixion, on some occasions, had his life really endangered, and well-nigh performed a part in a real tragedy, from the inexpertness and mismanagement of those who prepared the machinery of the cross, or assisted in the conduct of the piece. Who does not feel the vast disparity, or rather striking contrast between these days, and those in which the Church is enlightened by science, in which the fires of devotion which glow upon her altars are brightened and purified by literature, and her pulpits are converted into thrones of that wisdom which cometh from above, and fountains of divine illumination to the people?

In the age of Anne, in England, and Louis XIV, in France, pulpit oratory, along with the sciences and letters, after slow improvements for centuries before rapidly advanced to the highest perfection. There is, however, a remarkable difference between the characteristic excellencies of that sacred eloquence which prevailed in these two nations. This diversity must have arisen from many of those concurring causes which operate to modify the characters of men, but more especially, from the contrariety in the constitutional temperaments of the two communities, from the marked distinction between the spirit which breathes through their systems of faith, and from the wide disparity between their forms both of ecclesiastical and civil government. Every measure was carried in France, until their late revolution, by the mere force of authority and prescription—the authority of the Monarch or the Pope and his assistants the bishops; and, of course, little or no dependence was placed upon the force of reason or the operation of arguments. If in the age of Louis, many of the learned and philosophic were incredulous and even hostile to the prevailing religion, and the more incredulous and bitter in their hostility on account of the restraints laid upon their understandings, and the large demands upon their credulity, they were held in silence or confined to a secret warfare, by the apprehension of punishment and the terrors of persecution. In England, the state of things was entirely the reverse; and as the government was more free and the hierarchy comparatively impotent, religion assumed a more gentle aspect and tolerant tone of feeling; liberal inquiry had been fostered and encouraged, by the effort to reform and purify the Church; and as the nation shook off the dominion of popery upon the solid ground of good sense and right understanding, so reason, investigation, the lights of science, all naturally extended their genial illumination into the pulpit. Hence, although nothing can be more simple, elegant and sublime than the best sermons of the French, of Bossuet, of Massillon, of Bourdalou, and of Fenelon, yet English sermons

are more deeply imbued with the wisdom of science, more profound disquisitions, more able arguments, and more manly appeals to the reason and good sense of hearers, more replete with solid erudition, more enriched with valuable maxims and elegant illustrations, and to say all in a few words, altogether a more rational and dignified kind of addresses to enlighten the understanding, control the will and affect the heart. Infidels in England have been of the same service to the Church that the barbarous tribes were to the Roman Empire in its flourishing condition, when every renewed attack led to more ample defences and the erection of stronger fortifications, as well as an accession of territory and more extended dominion. The champions of our religion have not only discomfitted these assailants in the open field, but acquired augmented strength and skill by the conflict. The warfare too, which the protestants have sustained in England against the papacy, commenced those militant movements in intellectual hostility, which have since ripened into thorough discipline and veteran service. Never did Bonaparte, during his numerous campaigns, or Wellington in the field of Waterloo, gain a more signal and decided victory, than have the divines of England over the Romish Church at the time of the Reformation, and subsequently over the hosts of deists and atheists. These circumstances, together with the wonderful advance of science and literature during the last two centuries, have communicated to the discourses of that nation a vigor of conception, perspicuity and elegance of style, profoundness of observation and research, and masterly force of reasoning, for which we look in vain among other nations. Americans have commenced an honorable career in the same track, and, I trust, will rival the most illustrious preachers of England and France; and considering the favorable circumstances under which they act, the unbounded freedom of thought and action which a beneficent Providence has extended to them, and the immense influence which a powerful eloquence will exert over the minds of the people, will be inexcusable should they not outstrip them. To pass over the invidious task of making reference to some living models of pulpit oratory, I may content myself with remarking, that among those who have departed from the scene, we may point to no inconsiderable list of divines, who would not present "diminished heads" amidst the crowd of the most illustrious in this department of fame and greatness. The chiefs among these, as far as we can estimate worth by their productions, are Presidents Smith and Dwight, and the eloquent Kollock, though as successful declaimers while living, and as specimens of that kind of speaking which controls the minds and awakes the passions of a mixed assembly and propels them to impetuous action, none could claim superiority to Mason and Hobart. In casting his eyes over the face of ecclesiastical affairs in this country, the philosopher may descry abundant causes which operate to the production, growth and maturity of the highest species of eloquence. The

unbounded liberty of thought and action which is here enjoyed, the influence which oratory must exert over the fortunes of men and the destinies of the Republic both in Church and State, the ardent competition which must be awakened by the vast extent of our empire, and rivalries of different States, and the numberless objects presented to arouse the dormant powers of genius—all serve at once to account for the eminence our nation has already attained in eloquence, and excite the most gratifying anticipations of the perfection in this art to which she is evidently destined, in the future periods of her history.

A HIGHER EDUCATION FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BY AMOS JONES.

IT IS asserted by high medical authority, and supported by observation, that the parent exercises a special formative influence upon the child, according to sex. The father transmits to the daughter the form of the head, the frame-work of the chest, and superior extremities, while the conformation of the lower portion of the body and the inferior extremities is transmitted by the mother.

With the sons, this is reversed. They derive from the mother the shape of the head and superior extremities, and resemble the father in the trunk and inferior extremities. From this it therefore results that boys who have intelligent mothers will be intelligent men, and that talented fathers will transmit their mental characteristics to their daughters. In this subtle and peculiar manner, the mothers appear in our halls of legislation to determine its character and frame our laws.

So far as is known, the women of history have generally reflected the genius of their fathers, while the sons have exhibited the qualities of mind possessed by their mothers. Arete, celebrated for her extensive knowledge, was the daughter of Aristippus, the philosopher, and disciple of Socrates. Tamerlane, the greatest warrior of the fourteenth century owed his warlike character to his mother. Henry VIII, who put two of his wives to death on the scaffold, had two daughters cruel as himself, and two sons distinguished for the meekness of their characters. The father of Madame De Stael, George Sand, and others of their time, were all philosophers. Tasso's mother had the gift of poetry. Burns, Johnson, Goethe, Scott, Byron and Lamartine were among those who had mothers gifted with brilliancy and vivacity of language, and Washington's mother, well known as a remarkable woman, gave us the Father of our Country.

Could we know the history of eminent men and women upon this point, in almost every instance their greatness would probably be traceable to this fundamental law of procreation.

If then, as has been shown, the mothers of the nation make its laws and shape its destiny in so great a measure, through their sons, how important is it that the truth be recognized by all, and that they act wisely in view of it. It would seem as though this principle, as a general thing, were almost wholly ignored, if we may judge by what is seen around us. And, while we are not ignorant of what has been done and is doing to secure for woman a solid and liberal education, yet, as a rule, the training of the young women who are to be the mothers of the next generation is such as to make one almost wish the principle herein advanced were a false rather than true one. The prevailing sentiment seems to be that a young lady needs but an education which gives a certain fluency, possibly brilliancy in society, without much positive or useful knowledge in science and mathematics. Some think her incapable of attaining these, while others fear that by them she may become masculine in character and disposition, or "strong-minded," perhaps.

We cannot much longer remain blind to the fact that young ladies, in order to qualify for the responsible duties which await them as women, must be educated as thoroughly, sensibly and liberally as men. The training which they receive in so-called fashionable schools is calculated of itself to send them out to the different stations in life which they are called to fill, almost entirely unfitted for them by what they have there received. Some among them have a strong, natural common sense which even this "finished education" cannot destroy, and it comes to their relief when duties of a practical character await them; but to a much larger number this lack is only supplied by the cruel lessons of experience, bitter to themselves and, too often, to others they should have made happy.

If we would have a race of men to do honor to the State, and reflect the glory of true women in the deeds of noble men, we *must* give to those who so subtly and silently shape the characters of the race, such an education as will develop their highest mental attributes and noblest moral qualities. And this will be accomplished by throwing aside the foolish prejudice against the equality of the sexes in regard to education, and giving to young men and young women, alike and equally, the best advantages that the wisest counsels, the largest experience, and the utmost generosity can devise and provide. Then shall great men that are to be, drink from the pure fountain of their mothers' love and care, the instruction and wisdom to feed and expand the intellects they inherited from those who, by education, have developed the qualities of mind and heart which make greatness and goodness their own possession, and the cornice and eaves which protect the walls of the building, and at the same heritage of our future rulers and citizens.

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WILLS.

BY JUDGE REED.

THE most important and frequently the last act of a person's life is will-making.

It has many interesting phases, not strictly legal.

Hazlitt, the critic and essayist, has an essay upon the subject in his table-talk. He says that "few things show the human character in a more ridiculous light than the circumstances of will-making. It is the latest opportunity we have of exercising the natural perversity of the disposition, and we take care to make good use of it. We husband it with jealousy ; put it off as long as we can ; and then employ every precaution that the world shall be no gainer by our deaths.

"All that we seem to think of is to manage matters so (in settling our accounts with those who are unmannerly enough to survive us) as to do as little good and to plague and disappoint as many people as possible."

* * * * * "Men like to collect money into large heaps in their lifetime ; they like to leave it in large heaps after they are dead. They grasp it into their own hands, not to use it for their own good, but to hoard, to lock it up, to make an object, an idol, a wonder of it.

"Do you expect them to distribute it so as to do good to others? No, they will thrust their heaps of gold into the hands of others, to keep for them untouched, still increasing, still of no use to any one but to pamper pride and avarice ; to glitter in the huge, watchful, insatiable eye of fancy ; to be deposited as a new offering at the shrine of Mammon their God. But to think of frittering it down, of sinking it in charity, of throwing it away on the idle claims of humanity, where it would peer in monumental pomp over their heads : and that too, when on the point of death themselves, *in articulo mortis*. Oh ! it would be madness, waste, extravagance, impiety ! Thus worldlings feel and argue without knowing it ; and while they fancy they are studying their own interest or that of some booby successor, are but the dupes of a favorite idea, a phantom, a prejudice, that must be kept (no matter where) if it still plays before and haunts their imagination while they have sense or understanding left—to cling to their darling fancies."

These bitter words by the brilliant but sweeping essayist were written in the midst of British social and political life. The leading idea of it is the focalization of wealth in some one member of the family as its representative. The law of primogeniture—that the eldest son should inherit the title and estate—was based upon this idea.

We have no statute consolidating the wealth of the intestate, but all children of the whole blood take equally.

The desire to perpetuate wealth after death is to a large degree a darling idea of the avaricious in this country. The law, however, which

breaks up estates among all the heirs of equal degree, if there is no last will and testament, while permitting the testator to dispose of his property by will as he *wills* or chooses, impresses upon society an idea that it is wrong to make, even in a *will*, very marked distinctions between children.

Therefore, property is usually by will divided—with discriminations in favor of the more prudent children, of course—among all the heirs of equal degree.

The ruling feeling strong in death, is often displayed in will-making.

There is an instance of a will being made by a person who was addicted to the habit of lying. He was so notorious for this propensity, that from a child no one would believe a word or syllable he uttered. The last act of his life was in keeping with his character. Having gone abroad, and falling into a dangerous decline, he was advised to return home. He paid all he was worth for his passage, went on shipboard and employed the few remaining days he had to live in making and executing his will. In it he bequeathed large estates in different parts of England, money in the funds, rich jewels, rings and all kinds of valuables, to his old friends and acquaintances. They were not for some time convinced that all this fairy wealth had never had an existence but in the idle coinage of the brain of the testator.

There is a strange antipathy to will-making among a large class of persons. They are often persons of accurate and prompt business habits, with their worldly affairs in complete order. None of them dream of dying without executing a will, and yet we constantly see men whom we have regarded as careful business men, sickening and sometimes after a prolonged illness, dying, with no provision for persons who had claims upon them, and of whom they had spoken as legatees.

There is a kind of superstition relative to will-making; that as soon as a will is executed there is nothing more to do but to die.

There is a burlesque opinion purporting to emanate from a New York surrogate, something like this: A will was submitted for probate, and the objection was made that the party who made the will was still living, and the executors named in the will could not take out letters, receive the property, and wind up the affairs of a person who was not dead.

The surrogate wrote an elaborate opinion, in which he said the objection could not be sustained. That when the party executed the last will and testament he was under an obligation to die; that to allow him to come into court and set up as an objection to proving his will, that he was still alive, would let him take advantage of his own wrong, which could not be permitted; and further, that it was a maxim in equity that “that which ought to be done would be considered as done,” so this person being under an obligation to die would be considered as dead.

The conduct of many even prudent men, would lead us to believe that

this grotesque decision is to-day really the law, and that from the time a man makes his will he is really under an obligation to die.

The truth is, that every person should look upon the disposition of his property to take effect after his decease, as a purely business arrangement. He should, however young, execute such a paper, which should contain minute instructions as to the nature of the property owned, the character of investments, the kind and amount of liabilities, with instructions to trustees and executors, and information upon business matters with which no other person is fully acquainted during his life.

The best business men are usually reticent as to their transactions, and upon their death great perplexity arises in adjusting to the best advantage their business details.

As to the manner of executing such a paper we will speak in the next article.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

VARIETY AND RAPIDITY OF NERVE ACTION.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D.

THE rapidity with which many motions of animals are performed is no less wonderful than the instruments by which these motions are effected. The contraction of a muscle may be compared to the action of a spring, or a body made up of particles, and each particle set into immediate motion by having its own motive power, and not waiting for the movement of the whole mass by the action of some outward force. In the muscle, no perceptible inertia is to be overcome, and no appreciable time is lost between the impulse and the motion. Thus organized, they are obedient to the force or stimuli that is carried to them through the nerves, and whether it be by an effort of the will, or by their relation to other parts that receive impressions, that they act, there is a lightning-like celerity in the operations. Actions not under the control of the will are the most sudden. Instinct does not hesitate. Touch a nerve, and before thought can be elaborated the limb will jerk. Every sense will make an impression upon the body that the mind at times cannot control. A flash of light, the detonation of a percussion cap, a whiff of ammonia, a taste of acid, or a touch of hot iron, will call muscles into action to avoid the disturber, which either one of the senses may recognize, in an imperceptible time. The action is spasmodic, and bears the same necessary relation to the organic life of the animal, as does the nervous connection of its various parts. Never crazed or slumbering, it is always

on guard to ward off injury, or fly from danger. The transmission of force from one part of the body to another is as rapid as it is in a solid inelastic substance, when every particle moves immediately on others being set in motion.

Such movements as are not instantly required for self-protection, are slower in their commencement. In all cases where the mind operates, and there is a choice of action, an interval of time elapses sufficient for the choice. Although rapid, compared with many of the efforts of mind, it will not be immediate. Let a person with his finger on the stop of a watch constructed to mark minute fractions of a second, try, on the occurrence of a designated motion, as, for instance, a flash of light, or the passage of a swift moving body across a line, as in a horse race, or anything requiring an instantaneous record of the time, and he will find that between the time of determining to touch the stop and the instant of the event, many portions of a second have passed, which may be proved satisfactorily by a register made by the light, or the moving body itself. Astronomers, in their calculations, have to make allowance for this interval. It differs in individuals, and each knows his own rate or rapidity of touch, so that the precise instant of an occurrence may be told by the aid of a calculation, taking this interval into the account.

The rapidity with which the muscles obey the will is better marked in many of the inferior animals that we ordinarily meet with, than it is in man. Sleight-of-hand men and jugglers, by long cultivation of certain sets of muscles to act promptly, have acquired an almost invisible rapidity in many of their feats. The skillful swordsman, or boxer, will ward a thrust or blow with wonderful quickness, and strike in return apparently without time for thought. Still, there is time for thought, time to compare modes of defense and assault, and to judge which is best before adopting the one that is most effective. Wonderful all this seems, when we know it is done in a space of time too brief for computation. The same promptness of action is so common among many of the inferior animals that we overlook it altogether in its relations to the nervous system. The dodging of a bat, as he flits about in the twilight, feeding on insects; the celerity of a common rat, as he runs from his pursuer and escapes into some safe retreat; the lightning-like velocity with which a lizard evades a blow, by darting to the opposite side of the rail on which he lay lazily basking in the sun; all these movements require the same cerebral phenomena as movements of the same class performed by man; all turn upon the ability of the animal to determine as to the best course to pursue.

Certain motions which seem to require thought to direct their performance, are executed before there is time for thought, and often when the thinking apparatus is undeveloped, or altogether wanting. The sting of a fly will cause a horse to strike the spot with his tail, instantly, and

without thought; a child devoid altogether of the ability to draw a rational inference, will shrink from hurtful objects; some decapitated animals, and others that have no brains, will, on being touched, show all the feeling necessary to move from the cause of irritation.

This function of animal organization operates like the poles of a galvanic battery, in restoring directly, and as quickly, an equilibrium, through a conducting medium, by which all parts of the body are connected. It being absolutely instantaneous, there is no time for thought or will to determine the motion. When the will acts, there is an arrest of the instinctive impulse. Before any action is manifested, under the control of the will the different portions of the brain that are involved in the process, are excited by the senses, and these, thus affected, determine the act that follows. We will take, as an illustration, the driver of a locomotive. As the engine thunders along, the engineer, with his hand on the lever, ready to act, suddenly sees a rock fall from a cliff on the road, or a tree prostrated before him. If a rock, he reverses by a push, and springs from his engine; if a tree, he throws on more steam by a jerk, and drives ahead, dashing, by the superior weight and momentum of his locomotive, the tree from the track, broken into splinters. In this case, that which is commonly called presence of mind, an instantaneous judgment, shows that the process of reasoning and judging, as quick almost as a flash of light, has been performed, and the conduct of the engineer determined thereby.

This presence of mind, a common expression, used for ages, and practically understood by all, is a philosophic definition of one of the most complicated operations of the brain. Memory in an instant reverts to past scenes, and spreads before us a panorama of objects with which we were once familiar. The impressions that have been made through the agency of the external senses upon the brain, events that have been the subject of thought, when these are suddenly revived by some startling object, cause us to act in accordance with previous conclusions, promptly and without the least hesitation. It is the memory, or pressure of a past conclusion, that causes the prompt action of the engineer, when at a glance he sees the kind of difficulty he has to encounter.

Individuals physically bold, with keen perceptions, and a moderate amount of reasoning power, make the best railroad engine-drivers, sea captains, and military officers. The situation is before them at a glance, and they are prompt to meet any emergency. Others, with more reflective powers, more conclusions, many of which are conflicting, have nothing instantly at command, and are always hesitating and unprepared for action. Some of the best instructed military men "lose their head" on the field of action; whilst others, not at all distinguished in the military school exhibit wonderful promptness and tact in routing the enemy.

The education of the external senses and perceptive faculties for many of the pursuits of life, has a better effect upon the general function of the brain than instruction of a more abstract character. Those who get their information by practical observation of nature and men, have a better acquaintance or knowledge of the conditions of life than others whose time is spent in the schools, troubling the brain with confused ideas of things that scarcely exist in nature, and engaged in a routine study that cannot be turned to any practical account.

The most learned men, in corroboration of this theory, seldom have much presence of mind. Not like the engine-driver, with his positive knowledge, with his one conclusion, and that ready for the emergency, the learned man would hesitate; he must determine, from a comparison of the various means of escape before he can act, and whilst he is elaborating his conclusion, he is ground up on the track.

Prompt action of the brain depends upon the nerve forces being sent through their accustomed channels. The route that has been most frequently passed over is most readily taken. The manner in which we have been accustomed to recognize objects, is the one that will be pursued. Whatever may occur in the department in which our brains have been exercised, in that department alone will we have presence of mind. The nerve forces that, under excitement need dispersion, cannot pass through unaccustomed channels without causing awkwardness and confusion.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY PROF. E. A. APGAR, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE AND THE NEW.

THE above engraving gives a fair representation of such a school house as the one described in July number of this Magazine.

Since the appearance of articles on School Houses in the July and

August numbers of this Magazine, several letters have been received setting forth the destitution of school houses in some districts, and the difficulties and opposition which those who would better their condition in this respect have to encounter. We need some action by which districts destitute of proper school houses shall be able to secure them, and without such accommodations the work of public instruction will be greatly impeded, morality disregarded, and the benefits which otherwise would accrue to the State, lost.

We print the following letters on account of the important suggestions they contain. The suggestions given in the first letter will form a feature of this Magazine for several months. Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Schermernhorn & Co., publishers of a new book on school architecture, whereby we will be able to select from this new and excellent work such engravings and descriptive matter as may be deemed valuable, and give them to our readers. The second letter sets forth a plan whereby our school fund could be made much more useful than it is at present. The plan is a good one, and we sincerely hope it will be made practical.

At present our school fund amounts to nearly \$600,000, of which the schools only receive the benefit of the annual interest. There is, in my opinion, no good reason why the whole of it should not be loaned to assist in building school houses. In this way the benefits received by the cause of education from this fund would be doubled. The good that would result from such a disposition of the fund would, in my opinion, be much greater than that we now receive from the annual interest. As the money is now loaned, individuals and corporations get all the benefit of the principal of the fund. If loaned for building school houses it would all be returned in from three to five years, and be ready to be loaned again to assist in this good work, and thus it would serve as a perpetual fund to assist districts in furnishing school accommodations, and the benefits derived from the interest would still remain as they are. The plan is clearly explained in the second letter given.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., June 26, 1871.

Prof. E. A. Apgar, State Superintendent :

DEAR SIR—I was glad to see your article on school houses in July No. BEECHER'S MAGAZINE. Will you not follow it up with another article, accompanied with wood cuts of elevation and ground plan, size and approximate costs of a *model school house* for country school districts?

You certainly have at your command, or can obtain, a model, which shall be attractive in appearance and suitable for a majority of the school districts in the State. An article from your pen, with illustrations accompanying it, would be the means of educating the people, and "the Legislature of next Winter" will be educated at home, and "thus you will secure the erection of suitable school houses."

After the appearance of the article in BEECHER'S MAGAZINE, let it be struck

off on "half sheets" and, through your county superintendents, be circulated throughout the school districts of the State, and by this means also assist in the education of the Legislators at home on this subject. When the people are "right" you will have no difficulty in convincing the judgment of the Legislators.

The printing of the "half-sheets" will require some money—tax me ten dollars.

Yours,

AUGUSTUS W. CUTLER.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., July 1, 1871.

Prof. E. A. Apgar:

DEAR SIR—I addressed you a short note last week in reference to school houses. I now desire to call your attention to a plan which I think will induce school districts to build school houses, which I hope you will digest and put into shape, and identify your administration with a new plan of school houses as effectually and popularly as you have with the new system of free education.

It is the enactment of a law which authorizes the Trustees of the School Fund to loan money to school districts, upon bond and mortgage, for the purpose of building school houses. All school houses should be required to be built two stories in height—the lower floor for school rooms, the upper for lecture room. The amount of money that the School Fund now has, and will receive from the sale of lands of the State lying under water, will be sufficient and ample to aid every district in the State. Supposing there are 1,300 county districts in the State, and the average amount loaned to each to be \$2,000, making in the aggregate \$2,600,000.

Let the loan be for five years, payable in five equal annual payments, with interest semi-annually. After the inhabitants have authorized the making of the loan, and the execution of the mortgage by the trustees for a certain amount, then make it incumbent upon the trustees of such district, each year thereafter, to issue their warrant to the assessor of the township to assess such annual payment, with the interest due, with a proviso that in case the said trustees shall fail to make such assessment, that then the State Superintendent or Trustees of the School Fund may withhold the State pay from such district, to an amount equal to such annual payment and interest, and appropriate the same towards the payment of the annual payment and interest due upon the mortgage.

School districts have great aversion, as you well know, to tax; and serious doubts are entertained whether, under the present law, it must not all be collected in one year, making it onerous upon the people. Under the proposed law, the district having five years to pay it, the tax will be small each year, and not burdensome, and little or no opposition would be made to the original loan.

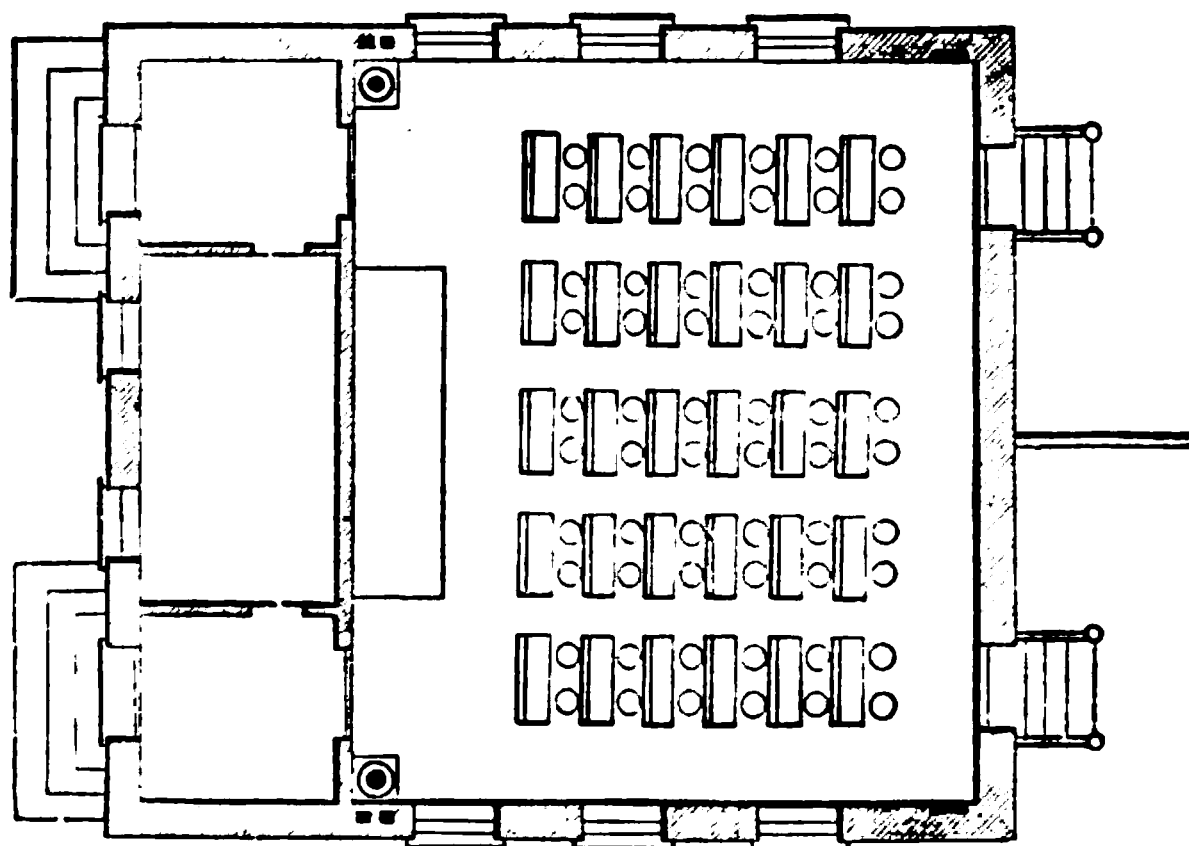
The board having been authorized to mortgage, it will be discretionary with the Trustees of the School Fund to make it or not, as the security may be deemed sufficient or not. No further meeting of the inhabitants of the district should be required, for the law should authorize the trustees (in fact, make it obligatory) to issue their warrant annually to the assessor of the township to assess the annual payment and interest, and make it the duty of the assessor to make the assessment.

♥ The School Fund will thus be used *legitimately for school purposes*—be utilized for the benefit of common schools—and the people of the State will see and *realize that there is a school fund*. It appears to be now a *myth*—an *abstraction*. It will add greatly to the interest of the people in common schools. They will learn that this fund is realized from the sale of lands under water; that still New Jersey has more valuable lands, and if they are judiciously managed and utilized, New Jersey will be able to boast of the best system of common school education in the United States; and our sister States will hereafter point to us as a model, and vainly strive to imitate, because of the *large fund* which she will have at her command; and our State will hereafter lead, where before she was but a *follower*.

These suggestions I throw out for your consideration, and if you can perfect them in such a manner as will redound to the credit of your administration, and the good of the cause, I shall be most happy.

Yours,

AUGUSTUS W. CUTLER.



GROUND PLAN OF ELEVATION NO. 1.

Country schools generally need accommodations for from forty to eighty pupils. In the above plan, sixty seats are provided. The room is thirty-four by thirty-eight feet, and by slight changes in size it may be contracted or expanded. By adding three feet to the length, space is given for ten additional seats, and by making the building four feet narrower there would still be sufficient room for four rows of desks, accommodating forty-eight pupils.

In this design two entrances are provided in front, each of which opens into a room which is at once an entry-way and a lobby for clothes. The space between the two entry-ways can be used for recitations, and a room may be finished in the basement, or added to the rear, for the storing of fuel.

This design is well adapted to districts in which the attendance is large during one portion of the year and small at other times. The recitation-room gives the opportunity for the employment of an extra teacher when

the school is crowded. The front and back walls of the school-room, between the two doors, should be occupied by a blackboard. The stoves are placed in the front corners of the room and the ventilators in the opposite corners, in accordance with the principles laid down in the chapter upon heat and ventilation. This room is supplied with two back entrances opening respectively into the boys' and girls' play-grounds.



ELEVATION NO. 1.—This elevation represents a plain but neat and substantial building of wood. The roof has the plain, wide, projecting cornice and eaves which protect the walls of the building, and at the same time give it an appearance of comfort and solidity. The finish may be of battens, as in the engraving, or it may be of clap-boards, or substantially the same building may be made of brick. This elevation is represented as standing on a hill-side, which slopes downward and backward from the house. In situations of this kind, the back entrance may be omitted, and the basement may be fitted up for a wood-room. The nearly square form of this elevation, the perfectly plain finish, the arrangement of everything beneath a single roof, and the entire lack of ornamentation, renders this one of the cheapest buildings which can be erected. If anything cheaper is attempted, it will be by the use of poor materials, by scrimping just proportions, or by diminishing the size, so as to deprive pupils of their due proportion of pure air, and of their freedom of movement. In either case, the interests of the school will suffer, and present saving will be effected at a fearful future cost to the children.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

SHALL THE OUTRAGE BE PERPETRATED?

WE HAVE never been known as friendly to the suicidal policy of the railroad companies of New Jersey under their present management. We have felt, with the people of the State and the country at large, that the illiberal and ungenerous policy adopted and persisted in, was a serious and apparently insurmountable obstacle in the way of the most rapid development of the interests of the State, all of which are so inseparably connected with and dependent on her railroad system.

The unyielding temper which the companies have displayed against the petitions and arguments for reduction in ruinous freight charges, and extension of insufficient means of transportation, has surprised and displeased the public and many of the stockholders, while the rates of fare imposed have been so high as to materially lessen the stream of travel which more liberal and rational rates would have greatly enlarged. There has never been between Trenton, the capital of the State, and the great centres of the nation between which it is situated in such close proximity as to make it, in connection with its water power, the very best manufacturing city in the country, any favor shown to the multitudes who necessarily come to and go from it, or for its own population. Nothing less than full fares have ever been offered, except for those who could purchase a yearly ticket.

To New York, on a respectable train, the fare is two dollars, a distance of sixty miles, and two dollars to return, making a cost of four dollars for a citizen of Trenton to go to that city on a convenient line. To Philadelphia the fare is one dollar and twenty-five cents, on any but way trains, many of which are a disgrace to a road having the amount and class of travel which this enjoys. That the road is kept in good repair and well-managed, so far as safety is concerned, we do not deny, but cheerfully assert. It is the persistent blindness of the companies to their interests, and those of the people of the State, in demanding extortionate charges and affording insufficient accommodations, that we, in common with others, have complained of, and do now, though admitting small improvements.

The people gave freely to the companies at the outset, in stock and monopoly of privileges, and expected, as they had a right to do, reciprocity of treatment. But for many years they have experienced directly the reverse. The companies have sought to control the Legislature by unjust and dishonest means, and have done it. Instead of open advocacy

of their policy before the people, they have, by scheming and stealth, prosecuted their plans. Thus, instead of making the people their friends, as they might have done, they have compelled them to regard the companies as enemies, in some degree at least, at all events as unfaithful to the interests entrusted to their keeping and execution. For both, this feeling of enmity which has for many years been strengthening throughout the State is unfortunate.

The existence of this feeling has found frequent popular expression in different forms, but not generally through the press of the State. It is well known that the railroad companies have owned, and now own, several papers, or a controlling interest in them ; and generally they are influential organs of public opinion, when left free to express it. Where a direct money interest was not owned by the railroads, a skillful division of printing patronage was made among the weaker papers, who could not afford to be independent if it was to be at the sacrifice of the company's patronage. So it was among all classes. Merchants wanted the trade of railroad officers and employees ; lawyers for a consideration, a free pass or a bank bill, could see only beauty and justice in "Camden and Amboy ;" if they did, what need to say anything about it ; and so not all, but enough of those who had influence, were quieted or converted ; and if a voice spoke against "Camden and Amboy" villainy or lobbying, it fell dead with no audible response.

It is reported for a fact, that one of the leading men of the companies said that it was found cheaper to buy members of the Legislature than to elect them to that body ; and we know it to be true, that after a Senator from this city had made a speech against one of the company's bills which he considered a great wrong to his constituents and the State, another Senator laughed at him, and said, "the bill will pass ; we have eleven votes for it, and some of them paid for." Especially in the city of Trenton, the stronghold of the company, where its officers dwell as men of position and influence in society, has public sentiment been smothered and killed by relationships, friendships, pecuniary and other interests.

But within a short time the increasing intelligence, wealth and needs for cheap and ample railroad facilities, have loudly and publicly and imperatively demanded a change. Competing lines were threatened and projected. Now was a golden opportunity for the companies, but they were paralyzed at what seemed to them popular opposition. The strong protection they had always enjoyed had weakened their early power and destroyed their courage. Like an army trained behind defenses, they trembled at an open field and fair competition. They had been used to impregnable forts and victories of stealth. Seeing that one of two things was necessary, viz : either to boldly encounter any and all competition, or lose a part of their business ; and not comprehending the fact that the wonderful growth that is inevitable between the great centres of

the country—Philadelphia and New York—would give ample employment to as many roads as might be built, or that each road would add vastly to the volume of business, a few ambitious managers planned a cowardly retreat, and, after the manner of Benedict Arnold, stipulated, for a rich reward, with the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, who sought a through transit to New York, to lease them the railroads and canals of New Jersey for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Again did they seek victory as of old—by stealth—and instead of an open announcement to the people of the State that they desired a bill permitting them to lease the entire railroads and canals of the State to this foreign corporation, they, without the knowledge of the people of New Jersey, in the last hours of the Legislature of 1870, introduced a bill permitting any companies in the State to consolidate or lease their works to any other companies in the State or otherwise upon certain conditions. The bill was read only by its title, smuggled through without discussion, and without its contents or character being known to half a dozen members.

The Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, seeking direct communication with New York for its immense business, offered to lease a direct line between Philadelphia and New York. This they could not do ; and deeming it better and cheaper to lease a road than to build one, they executed a lease with the United Companies for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and agreed to pay ten per cent. annually on the capital stock of the company. Thus the great system of railroads and canals in New Jersey were thought to be turned over to a gigantic corporation in a foreign State, that it might empty the vast granaries and productions of the West into the metropolitan city of the nation, and that the few enterprising gentlemen who conceived and executed this masterly retreat, might have, by one grand stroke, princely fortunes and no risks.

The relations between the United Companies and the people of New Jersey being as we have stated, they (the people) at first said, "Certainly we can be no worse off under the new management than the old ; indeed, we think any change is for the better." But this was the outburst of feeling, not the calm expression of reason. Mature reflection has changed all this, and now the people say, "the railroad interests of New Jersey must not be sacrificed ; they must answer the purposes contemplated by the people in their charters. Public opinion will remedy existing evils. We regard this transaction as an unwarrantable barter of our highest interests."

Against this outrage, a few honest Jerseymen, directors and stockholders, true to the people's interests and their own, protest, and have secured an injunction to restrain the execution of the lease. They have a high sense of the sacred obligations which rest upon them as trustees of chartered rights, and of the immense money value represented in the railroads and canals of New Jersey. The State may, in 1889, take all

these great public works at their appraised value, not to exceed their cost, which cannot be more than fifty millions of dollars. They will at that time be worth at least one hundred millions. But if the proposed robbery of the people of the State is successful, they, being a party to the contract, cannot take them, nor will the State have any railroad system under her control. If the lease cannot be prevented, New Jersey presents the interesting spectacle of a State without a railroad system of its own ! A State glorying in her historical record and associations, proud of her standing and wealth, yielding up into foreign hands, not by her own free will, but by the manipulations of a few scheming men who control her railroads, the greatest means of material advancement and power at her command.

Personally, we have not the interest of a penny in the transaction, but it is our duty, when many others who ought to speak boldly upon this subject are silent, to record our protest against a great wrong which is opposed to the will and detrimental to the interests of the whole people of New Jersey. What we ask of our railroads is that they may be retained under a liberal and progressive management of our own State, and be made conservators of the people's interests.

We do not think the Chancellor, before whom the case is now being argued, will be able to find any law which will protect a few men in the perpetration of so gigantic a fraud. If he should find that the law passed by the Legislature of 1870 compels him to decide in favor of the lease, then the power which is behind the throne should exert itself for its own protection, and the honor and dignity of the State.

SOME THINGS NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

WE TAKE it for granted that every young man is aspiring ; that all desire to attain the highest position they can reach, and this not only on account of the greater enjoyment and independence which it is possible for them to enjoy, but also for the respect and praise of their fellow-men. Whoever does not aspire to honorable achievement, certainly will never reach it, and many will never reach it who earnestly aspire and labor to attain it, because the object they seek is not within their reach, or, if it is, they do not use the means necessary to the end.

There are many who would check youthful aspirations, and dampen or extinguish youthful ardor. Why, we do not know ; but who they are, it is easy to determine. They are the unsuccessful, the disappointed, the soured and dyspeptic elements of society. The small, mean or jealous ones, who, having few capabilities, seek to keep or drag others down to

their own level, for in their own misery they love society. We believe, however, that the great mass of men and women in the world do love to watch the struggles and triumphs of youthful effort and ambition; and not only so, but will gladly help it to conquer.

Young men, and young women too, generally launch out in the prosecution of their schemes and plans hopefully, cheerfully and fearlessly. This is right. We believe that no one should try to cross a bridge until he comes to it; yet surely it is unwise to set out upon a journey until we know something of the dangers to be encountered. We need knowledge, and firmness, and strength in whatever we may undertake, if we would accomplish it successfully.

There is an idea prevalent among young men that certain kinds of employment are honorable, and certain other kinds are not, and in this we exclude any that are questionable. Now, any man of experience will tell you what your own observation will verify most readily, viz: that you will find in every business which is honorable in itself, men who have made themselves honored in the prosecution of it, and the success attained.

But, that this article may not be too long, we must not enter into detail. Whatever a man most desires to do, that is honorable, that he should do. There are circumstances, which we cannot control, that often surround us, but it seldom occurs that we could not, if we would wisely try, break away from them and enter upon the accomplishment of our desired plans. We speak now more particularly to young men than others, because they have, as young men, great freedom of choice in the pursuit they would follow.

We would most earnestly urge and advise every young man to choose the occupation which he feels most inclined to, and not to be governed in this by foolish fancy, as many are apt to be, but by sound judgment, carefully exercised. Choose some trade or profession which you will follow as your life work—some one thing to which energy, time and talent shall be wholly devoted—that you may reach in it, if in nothing else, an honorable eminence. Your choice may be that of farming, mechanism, a learned profession, an artist or artisan, or even a day laborer—but the one great aim of your life should be to become master of your business. To this end all your best energies must be directed and your time employed. One thing is of the utmost importance to the accomplishment of any plan of life, and it is that the physical constitution be carefully preserved, for it is the machinery by which our life work is to be performed. Mental and muscular force alike depend upon it for sustenance, and to execute successfully the work of life without a good body is simply impossible.

Let every young man feel that the future opens to him great possibilities, if he but chooses wisely, labors untiringly, and waits patiently.

SEND to Beecher & Sanford for premium list, posters, &c., and secure a club of subscribers for BEECHER'S MAGAZINE in your town. Easily done, large pay, and the best dollar monthly published, are the inducements offered, in addition to helping forward the work. Be sure and read the advertisement of our clubbing rates with other publications and *save money* by subscribing through us.

We are indebted to Mr. I. E. Walraven, of Philadelphia for the pleasure of presenting the elegant design and engraving of a furnished library in this Number.

Messrs. Quick & Moore, dry goods merchants, of this city, are offering a full line of beautiful goods at their new store, No. 3 West State Street. We think our lady readers will make a mistake if they do not call. For full particulars, read advertisement.

Hicks' china store is a household word for miles around. For anything in this or the picture framing line, call on him.

In another place the reader will find an advertisement of the "Diamond Glasses," manufactured by J. E. Spencer, & Co., New York, and for sale by S. & E. Roberts, their agents in this city. The Spencer Diamond Glasses are formed from minute crystal pebbles, united by fusion, and are unsurpassed for clearness and brilliancy. Perhaps the highest encomium that can be passed upon them is their great demand by the dim-sighted and those afflicted with glimmering or wavering sight. Besides the enviable reputation of the manufacturers, our friends may rely upon the character of their well known agents in this city, as being in all respects reliable men.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Trenton Business College in another place.

Robbins, Clark & Biddle, jewellers and silversmiths, 1124 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, will send a price list of their goods, on application, by mail. By reference to their advertisement, our readers will see they offer a magnificent stock.

Walraven, 719 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, offers goods fifteen per cent. less than he could buy them to-day.

"Wherever there is a sick feeling, which is a sure indication of approaching disease—a few doses of Dr. Hoofland's Bitters will prove a sure means of protection against an attack; and any disease of the digestive organs can be cured by a proper use of Dr. Hoofland's German Medicines." See advertisement.

We are doing a favor to the public in again calling attention to the new earth closet advertised in this Magazine, and all interested will do themselves a favor by addressing the company in regard to it, at No. 14 New Church Street, New York.

“OCTOBER! Orchard of the year! Bend thy boughs to the earth, redolent of glowing fruit! Ripened seeds shake in their pods. Apples drop in the stillest hours. Leaves begin to let go when no wind is out, and swing in long waverings to the earth, which they touch without sound, and lie looking up, till winds rake them, and heap them in fence corners. When the gales come through the trees, the yellow leaves trail, like sparks at night behind the flying engine. The woods are thinner, so that we can see the heavens plainer, as we lie dreaming on the yet warm moss by the singing spring. The days are calm. The nights are tranquil. The year's work is done. She walks in gorgeous apparel, looking upon her long labor, and her serene eye saith, 'It is good.' ”

October warns us, by her cooling breath, that winter is approaching. She partakes of Summer and Autumn and Winter. There are days when the clear balmy air recalls the late Summer; and other days are like her gorgeous foliage—full of numberless colorings of cloud and sunshine, of heat and cold: and again she bites with chilly winds and frosts keenly, though but for a moment. Month of glory, teach us by thy falling leaf, so golden and beautiful, that our last days may be the brightest and best.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated,

Pure, Progressive, Practical, Popular.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

No. 23.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF GIRARD.

THAT the name and fame and wealth of Stephen Girard belongs to Philadelphia, is due to the following circumstance :

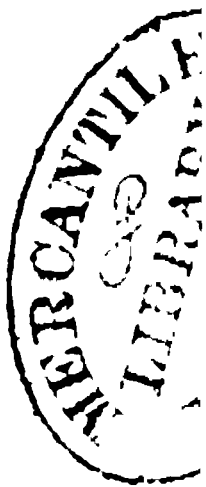
One morning in May, 1776, as the fog lifted from Delaware Bay, an American saw a French flag and a signal of distress flying from a vessel a short distance from shore. The captain ran alongside in answer to her signal, and found that the French master had lost his reckoning in the dense fog and was in utter ignorance of the true course. That he was bound from New Orleans to a Canadian port, and wished to proceed on his voyage. The American skipper told him that he could not reach his destination, except as a prize to the British vessels that lined the coast.

“What shall I do?” cried the Frenchman.

“Your only safety is in making a push for Philadelphia,” was the reply.

The Frenchman did not know the way, and had no money to pay a pilot; so the American lent him five dollars, secured him a pilot, and the sloop got under way just as a British cruiser started to capture her. He reached the city safely, sold her cargo, of which he was part owner, and started in business with a small capital, in a little store in Water street, as a grocer and wine bottler, ignorant of the English language, cross-eyed, thick-set, forbidding, and disliked by his neighbors.

Girard was born in 1750, on the 21st day of the same month that found him befogged in Delaware Bay. His father was a mariner of Bordeaux, and Girard, the eldest of five children, was early soured by parental neglect and his own misfortunes. At eight years of age he was blind in one eye. His brothers were sent to college, while he could scarcely read or write. When still young, the death of his mother and second marriage of his father added to his misfortunes a step-mother. At thirteen he shipped as cabin boy, sailed for nine years between Bordeaux and the French West Indies, improved his leisure time, and became a well-informed person generally, a thorough navigator, and rose



to the position of mate. The French law forbade a man to become master of a ship while under twenty-five, and who had not sailed two cruises in the royal navy; but his ability and his father's influence secured him the command of a vessel in spite of the law, and three years after he entered the harbor of Philadelphia at twenty-six years of age.

He had determined energy and persevering industry, and engaged in any enterprise which offered even a small profit—from buying old junk to trading in groceries. He realized the largest profit, however, from the sale of his bottled wine and cider, which sold readily. He kept his small profits, as everybody knows, and by this means accumulated money rapidly. In 1777 he married a servant girl of great beauty and fiery temper. The two could not agree at all. He was sullen and dogged, and she was stormy and wilful. After seven years of matrimonial life, she was placed in a lunatic asylum. Her husband did all that he could to restore her. In 1790 she was partially cured, and returned home; but relapsing into insanity, she died in the asylum and was buried in the hospital grounds, after giving birth to a daughter, who died before the mother.

Girard lived in New Jersey for a short time, and here prosecuted his business of bottling wine and cider. He bought a house near Mount Holly, and sold his cider and claret to the British at large profits. In 1778 he returned to his former home in Philadelphia. Though trading with the British he was considered a true patriot, and cheerfully and repeatedly took the oath of allegiance to the State of Pennsylvania. In 1782 Girard re-engaged in the West India trade, in which he was very successful and continually extended his business from year to year. The commerce of the country had been almost ruined by the war, and business was prostrate. Girard saw that in a country like this such a state of things could not last long. At this time he took a lease for ten years on a row of buildings on Water street, Philadelphia. Rents were of course very low, and he was satisfied that this would be the most profitable investment he ever made. The result proved his foresight and sagacity. His profits on these leases were immense.

About the year 1782 he entered into partnership with his brother John, but after a few years the firm was dissolved, owing to their inability to agree, and Stephen's share of the profits was thirty thousand dollars. His fortune was further increased in a singular way to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. When the insurrection at St. Domingo broke out, Girard had two vessels lying at anchor in one of the ports. The merchants hastened to put their valuables on board his vessels for safety and returned to their estates to secure more. They were probably killed or captured. He advertised extensively and did all he could to find the owners, but as they never came it went to swell his fortune. From this

time his wealth rapidly increased, and his business extended to all the ports of the world. Loading a ship at Philadelphia with grain, he would send it to Bordeaux, and from the proceeds of the cargo reload with wine and fruit, and proceed to St. Petersburg and exchange it for iron and hemp, which were sold in Amsterdam for coin. From thence to China and India, and take a cargo of silks and teas and sail for Philadelphia, where he could readily exchange these things for money and negotiable paper. Thus his profits were large and rapid, and his wealth soon became enormous.

This business ability was called *luck* by his fellow merchants. "Stephen is a lucky fellow," they would say then as people do now. The secret of his luck was in being master of his business, and the director of everything of importance pertaining to it. He was a thorough navigator, and knew all the ports to which his vessels sailed, their advantages and disadvantages; gave explicit orders concerning every cargo, and allowed no one to depart from them. Girard discharged one of his best captains for disobeying his orders, though by purchasing the cargo in another port than the one where he was directed, thousands of dollars were saved to his employer. Said the captain:

"I was influenced by a desire to serve your interests, sir. The result ought to justify the act, since it puts many thousands more into your pocket."

"Captain," said the stern old man, "I take care of my own interests; nothing can excuse your disobedience. You will hand in your accounts, sir, and consider yourself discharged from my service."

This strange action, which almost any one would condemn at once, was probably right in itself, and for the best interests of the business, inasmuch as where one such departure proved successful, ninety-nine would prove disastrous, and in transactions involving so much, failure would generally be the result.

Girard was hard and illiberal in his bargains to the last cent, but he was also just to the same degree in performing all his own engagements. His word was his bond, and the following incident illustrates how scrupulously this money king regarded it. He was once engaged in a discussion with a cashier as to the length of time it would take to count a million of dollars, telling out each dollar separately. The dispute became animated, and the cashier said he could make a million dots in a few hours.

Said Girard, "I'll bet five hundred dollars that I can ride in my gig from here to my farm, spend two hours there, and return before you can make your million dots of ink."

The cashier accepted the wager, and Girard departed to his farm. In a few hours he returned, confident that he had won.

"Where is my money?" asked Girard, triumphantly.

"The money is mine," said the cashier with a smile. "Come and see."

They went into an unused room of the bank, and there were the million dots of ink on the wall which the cashier had dashed on with a brush.

"Do you mean to say there are a million dots there?" said Girard, angrily.

"Count them, and see," replied his subordinate, laughing.

"But I expected you would make the million dots with a pen."

"I did not undertake anything of the kind, sir."

Girard paid the money for the wager, and repaired the wall besides.

It will be remembered that Girard, who was a firm friend of the old United States Bank, believed that Congress would renew the charter at its expiration, and invested half a million in its stock. Congress did not renew the charter, and he was left the principal creditor of that institution. At this juncture he bought the bank and cashier's house for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, opened the Girard Bank with a capital of a million and a quarter, and subsequently increased it one hundred thousand dollars more. He cut down the salaries of employees, gave no presents, answered no calls for charity, filled no heart with joy instead of sorrow, no hand with bread. When Mr. Simpson, his faithful cashier died, to whom a great deal of his banking success was due, he left the bereaved family of the man who had worn his faithful life out in his service, to struggle with the world alone and unaided.

This was his private character. Yet in business matters he was liberal and often generous. It was his policy to encourage small traders and beginners, giving the preference to small notes offered for discount, and thus doing much to avert the evils of the time consequent upon the suspension of the Old Bank of the United States.

In 1814, when the government called for a loan of five millions of dollars, only twenty thousand were taken by the public. Girard took the whole balance, and at a critical juncture relieved the country from embarrassment and restored public confidence. When the government could not pay the interest on the loans, Girard wrote its officers: "I am of the opinion that those who have claims for interest should wait, or receive pay in treasury notes. At either plan I shall not murmur." When the State banks suspended specie payments Girard recalled and redeemed his own notes in coin, and paid out the notes of the State banks, thus saving his credit.

He was public spirited in a remarkable degree at all times. Anything for the public good enlisted his warm support. He subscribed at one time one hundred and ten thousand dollars for the navigation of the Schuylkill, and at another loaned the company more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. When the credit of Pennsylvania was pros-

trated, he made a voluntary loan of a hundred thousand dollars to Gov. Shultz. When the balance of trade was heavily against us, Girard drew upon his London bankers, Baring Bros. & Co., for twelve thousand pounds sterling, and disposed of the bills to the Bank of the United States, at an advance of ten per cent., and later for ten thousand more, which he sold at the same rate, thus relieving the embarrassment caused by the high rate of exchange, and reducing it to a reasonable figure. He built blocks of handsome buildings, and spent large sums to beautify the city, subscribed ten thousand dollars towards an Exchange building, and two hundred thousand to the Danville and Pottsville R. R., in 1831.

The war of 1812, which ruined others, enriched him. He never lost a ship, but ransomed one taken by a British cruiser for one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in coin, and sold her cargo at a profit of half a million.

In 1828 his wealth was ten millions, yet he was a solitary old man, living in a dingy little house in Water street, a widower, childless, feared by his subordinates, disliked by all, loved by none; living on less than his clerks, deriving from his vast wealth no enjoyment, using none for personal comfort—solitary, sour, cold; with a heart of stone, and an ambition great as that of Napoleon. He had no vices, no attractions, no religion, no soul apparently, except that which was in his business. When questioned as to his career, he said: "Wait till I am dead; my deeds will show what I was." It is said by one who knew him best, that he once had a loving heart, but that early disappointment and domestic unhappiness embittered and turned it to stone. It would seem as if this was true from some of his actions, which were grandly heroic.

In the summer of 1793 the yellow fever broke out, and raged with fearful violence in Philadelphia. Houses and streets were deserted. Horror and dismay reigned throughout. All who could went away, and the plague-stricken were left to die. Nurses could not be had for money. It seemed as though nothing could be done to stay the panic. All except one paper had suspended publication, only three visitors of the poor were left, all others being sick or dead, or had abandoned the work. Meetings were finally called at the City Hall, twenty-seven persons volunteered to take care of the sick, only twelve kept their promise. They set to work promptly. The hospital was reported to be in fearful condition—dirty and foul—and no nurses could be had at any price. Two of the twelve volunteers stepped forward and offered to manage the hospital. Their names were Stephen Girard and Peter Helm. They were regarded as doomed men. Girard chose the post of danger—the post of honor—the interior management of the hospital. He spent money freely, renovated and supplied the hospital fully, and announced the next day that it was ready for the reception of patients. He waited on the sick in the hospital, listened to their dying messages, received them at the gate, carried

them in his own arms, sought them out in the city, drove them in his own carriage to the hospital, buried the dead, did the work that no other one would do, and did it when doing stood between a promising business future, and a probable death from pestilence.

Our frontispiece represents him in the midst of the dead and dying carrying a stricken man to his carriage, while his driver and a passing merchant hold their handkerchiefs saturated with camphor over their mouths. For sixty days he discharged the duties of his position with unceasing fidelity nobly supported by Peter Helm. Again in 1797 and 1798 when the city was visited by the plague a second and a third time, did Girard earn and receive the gratitude of his fellow-men for his self-sacrifice and labor, among the sick. He wrote to a friend, "During all this frightful time I have remained in the city, and without neglecting any public duties I have played a part that will make you smile. I have lost only one patient, an Irishman, who would drink a little; and while acting in the capacity of Philadelphia Physician, I flatter myself that not one of my confreres have killed fewer people than myself."

Such works as these compel us to believe the man was truly heroic, and had somewhere in his heart, human sympathy.

Mr. Girard was always active; at eighty he nearly lost the sight of his eye, but would have no assistance. In crossing a street he was knocked down by a wagon and severely injured. This was in 1830. His health rapidly declined, and on the 26th of December, 1831, he died. He gave to his surviving brother and eleven nieces, sums of from five to twenty thousand dollars, and to his remaining niece, who was the mother of a large family, sixty thousand dollars. To each captain then in his service, who had made two voyages, and who should bring his vessel safely into port, he gave fifteen hundred dollars. To each of his apprentices, five hundred dollars. To each of his old servants, annuities from three to five hundred dollars each. He gave thirty thousand dollars to Penn. Hospital, where his wife had been; twenty thousand to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; ten thousand to the Orphan Asylum; ten thousand to Lancaster Schools; ten thousand to provide free fuel for the Philadelphia poor; ten thousand for the relief of distressed sea captains and their families; twenty thousand to the Masonic Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, for the relief of poor members; six thousand for a free school in Passayunk, near Philadelphia; five hundred thousand to the city of Philadelphia, for certain city improvements; three hundred thousand to the State for her canals; and a large portion of his valuable estate near New Orleans, for the improvement of that city. The remainder of his property, worth then about six millions, he left to trustees for the erection and endowment of the noble College for Orphans in Philadelphia, which bears his name.

The man who opened not his hand in life to any charity, in death gave all his magnificent fortune for a perennial blessing to mankind. Who shall judge him but God who knoweth the hearts of all men.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

BY ETHELIN BRANDE.

CHAPTER II.

MISSING.

AILEEN stood on the same hearth, no longer a girl, but a gentle, beautiful woman, and a dark figure leaned against the mantel-piece beside her; but it was not Robert.

"What, back again, Claude?" she said, and her face was very sad as she looked at him. Her eyes were full of a strange wonder and compassion as the firelight flickered over his face for a moment, and then left it dark.

"Did you think that calm good-night was going to satisfy me?" said the young gentleman vehemently. "You are so cold to me—you, whose gentleness is on the lips of all who know you. Why is it?"

"I am not cold to you, Claude," she replied; "I am the same as ever."

She could not keep those eyes of wondering pity from his face, from reading the rebellion and passionate remonstrance which spoke in every feature of it. He was little more than a boy to her; and yet she saw now, for the first time, how strong the feeling was which had written itself there outwardly, as though he cared only that she should so read it.

"Not cold?" said he. "You have scarcely a word or thought for me; and when I am here you barely suffer my presence. Yes, you are the same as ever—that is what I complain of. You drive me mad—"

She stopped him with a look of pain.

"Claude," said she, "consider how unreasonable all this is."

"Aileen," he replied, "understand that every word you say is as a sting to me. Have a little mercy, a little charity for me!"

"So I have," she replied—"so I will. Go, Claude, that is May's step. I would not have her see you thus."

"I will ask but one thing of you," said the young man, biting his lips. "Suffer me to come again, only once more, to-morrow."

Aileen turned away from him, troubled and ill at ease. In the pleading voice of this willful boy, there rang at times a tone that fell upon her like a sound from a far off land—a faint and distant echo, coming over the restless waters to touch her with the great sorrowful longing of hope deferred. Would it not be better for him and for herself, that she should tell him all?

"Come, if you will, Claude," she said.

He bent his head over her hand, the hand on which Robert's betrothal ring glistened, and touched it with his lips, but she hardly felt the touch,

and then the door closed after him and she was alone. Did ever passionate human love, such as Claude's, fail to touch the heart to which it spoke? Aileen was yet young, too young surely to give up all the hopes and dreams that cluster softly around a woman's life. There was another love, calmer than Claude's, like the ashes of a burnt-out fire; should she cheat him with a mimicry like that? Through all his passion and his pleading, the grave, thoughtful woman read, or believed she read, that it was but a fitful storm of excitement, a flash of boyish enthusiasm, that would die out, and then—

A servant came in to light the gas and lay a packet on the table. Aileen turned and took up the packet absently; when the servant was gone she opened it. There lay before her the German poem, Robert's last finished work, with its rich border of birds and flowers. She sank down on her knees before the table and tears fell upon her clasped fingers as she read the brief sentence that accompanied the work: "Found accidentally amongst some rubbish from my poor godson's studio."

Aileen took a pen and marked out the word "poor" from that sentence.

"Robert," she said, "my Robert—where?" But no one could tell her that.

The next evening Aileen stood before the long glass upon the mantelpiece, waiting, and a strange expression came into her beautiful face. What beautiful woman is there that does not know she is beautiful, and that beauty is a power, a rare gift? Such knowledge is distinct from vanity, inasmuch as, while it cannot but exist, it takes no note of itself. And Aileen stood before the glass and looked at the reflection there. The soft folds of her dark dress became her. In the half-light of the fire, the stamp of ten weary years seemed to have passed away and left her young again, an untried, visionary girl.

"But I would not have it so," she said; "oh, not for worlds!"

Then all at once she turned away from the glass with a throb of pity and dismay, for Claude was there, kneeling before her and pouring out the story she had hoped to silence on his lips.

"I would have prevented this, if I could!" she said, sorrowfully. "You are so hasty, so impetuous, Claude, my poor boy!"

"Reject me if you will," he cried, stopping her with a violent disclaimer of the unhappy word, "but not thus refuse my love and send me away; but let it be as other men are rejected. Remember, I am no boy!"

"I remember only the years by which my life is older than yours," she said, "and—"

"What of that Aileen," he exclaimed. "Hear me a little longer. No lip that takes your name upon it, speaks it as other names are spoken. Surly men soften at your name; shrill-voiced women calm themselves and grow gentler when they hear it. Indifferent people, whose time is swallowed up in doing the world's work, pause and turn aside for a moment,

to wonder what fascination hangs about it. Think, then, what it is to me. I will give up everything for your sake. My great ambition I throw at your feet. My riches shall go, as yours do, to feed the starving, and our home shall shelter the homeless. This is not all; if there is a hope for me—"

Aileen put her hand on his shoulder, and felt that he shrunk from the touch as though it hurt him.

"Claude," she said, "I have something to tell you—a brief story. Will you listen?"

"I will hear whatever you have to say," he replied.

"There is no such feeling as you speak of in my heart," she said; "none such can ever come into it again. Ten years ago my promised husband went abroad. You knew nothing of me then; no one but myself can ever know what he was to me—what he is still. One letter reached me from him—one only; the first and the last. Then I heard that he was—"

"Dead!" exclaimed Claude.

"No, Claude—missing," she replied.

Then she told him the little there was to tell, and drew from her bosom a small morocco case, in which lay that one letter and a lock of hair. Through all these years that she had waited with hope growing fainter, no voice had brought tidings of him. Where in all the wide, dreary world had he found a resting place? None could tell. No soul knew how it was, or where, that he disappeared. All trace of him was lost. The young man covered his face. He saw it all—the terrible agony of the first suspense, the long, hopeless waiting; the ghastly uncertainty, and the courage of the loving woman who bore it all so bravely. A little while he sat thus, hiding his face; then once more he bent his knee and took her hand, putting it to his lips.

"Aileen," said he, "forget my love. I will go away now. When you see me again I shall be to you a true friend and brother."

She saw his face pale with strong emotion; she knew that he meant what he said, and a gleam of comfort stole across her pity for him. Then she stooped and kissed his forehead; a grave, womanly kiss, the seal of the compact between them.

The evening grew cold and still. Aileen sat where Claude had left her, watching the faces that came and went between the bars of the grate. And by and by a light knock sounded on the door, and a radiant little figure came in and sat on the footstool at Aileen's feet, looking up.

"They said you had a visitor, Cousin, and must not be disturbed."

Aileen's hand wandered caressingly over the fair hair, a smile stole to her lips. This was Robert's cousin, the poor, "wee lammie" he had given into her charge ten years ago, and whose home was with her now.

"So I had a visitor," she replied, "but he is gone, Mayflower. You did not want me?"

"Not more than I always do," she replied,

A shadow passed over Aileen's face. She scarcely knew why, but something in the words startled her into a sudden prevision of loneliness in the future. This child, who had so grown into her life, and who loved her now, might change with the changing years. Aileen had yet to consider what her own world would be when that light should shine upon another hearth.

"Aileen," said the girl.

"Well, Mayflower?" she replied.

"You are so grave," continued the girl. "The visitor was a tiresome one, I know. What are you thinking about? Would you rather I went away again?"

"No," said Aileen, smiling into the upturned face, "I was only thinking—thinking what I should do if I had no Mayflower."

The girl started up with an exclamation of dismay.

"Aileen!" she exclaimed, "what do you mean? What have I done? You are not going to send me away? I could'nt bear it; I could'nt live without you."

Then, as she met the sad, tender eyes fixed upon her, a sudden rush of color spread over May's cheeks, and she hid them.

"Aileen, if you mean that, I shall never care for any one as I do for you," she said. "I shall never leave you—I will never—"

Her lips were covered hastily, and she felt Aileen's arm round her in a close embrace.

"Hush, my darling," said she, "that is not for you or me to decide; it is all in the future. I have you now; we will be satisfied with that, shall we?"

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

AILEEN sat by the fire, where she liked to sit in the twilight hour, though the time of year scarcely required fires; and because she sat there, another came and sat there too, on a stool very near to her. This was the light of the house, the treasure she could hardly bear out of her sight—the Mayflower that had come to cheer a life whose summer blossoms had been few, and gathered long ago, set aside, Aileen herself would have told you, like precious memories, never to be parted with, even in their ashes. But then, of these the Mayflower knew nothing. She held a book in her hand, and her head was bent down over it, one cheek resting on her hand, and it is just possible that her thoughts were not with the book itself. At any rate, Aileen, looking down upon her, conceived some idea they were not.

"Burning your eyes," she said, "and your cheeks and head; scorching

yourself to death, and all for the sake of one foolish chapter. Let us see, what book is it Mayflower?"

"A borrowed book, cousin," replied the girl; but she kept her face hidden as she spoke.

"Borrowed?" said Aileen. "I wonder who lends you books. There is only a christian name on the title page—Madeline."

"Yes, Aileen—Claude's sister," she replied.

Aileen never answered a word. Her hand, which had been wandering as usual, amongst the fair hair, grew cold, so cold and nerveless, that by and by May, still without looking up, put out her own wistfully to clasp it; conscious, in a vague sort of way, that something was wrong, and yet unable to speak her thought.

"Madeline is very good, Aileen," she said. "I don't mean that she is as good as you; you know no one could ever be that to me. But you are not vexed with me?"

"For borrowing the book?" said Aileen. "No, May."

"Nor for anything else? Because you are not like yourself, quite," said May.

"I was only thinking how fast time flies," replied Aileen, a little sadly.

"Another month, and the trees will be bare again for winter."

"And I shall be twenty-one," said May—"of age, Aileen, and beginning to go down hill."

The two looked at each other and the smile faded out of Aileen's face, leaving it dark. Was it only the firelight that sent that sudden flash over the girl's cheek and made her hide it? Aileen knew better. In the tone of her brief answer, there rang something so like a knell, that the child at her feet trembled and grew pale, not knowing why. Aileen was not thinking of Claude's sister, but of Claude himself; and when, by and by, his well known knock sounded through the hall, and his step was in the room, he came upon her an unexpected guest indeed, one whom it cost her a struggle to welcome—only for a moment, however; the next she stood before him, with her arm round May, half-smiling at the sight of his pleading face and agitated greeting.

"Aileen," said the young man, wistfully, "it was three years ago."

She would have understood him without that, well enough; three years since her story had silenced his boyish love for herself.

"I know it, Claude," she replied, "and now?"

"Take my thanks for all your goodness to me and to—"

"My Mayflower, who is to be mine no longer," said Aileen. "Is that it, Claude? It is an old story."

The smile was on Aileen's lip still, and May clung to her.

"Oh Aileen! never say that," she said; "yours always, both of us. We could'nt live without you."

"We!" echoed Aileen. She said it very softly, as we repeat the name

of a dead friend. Then she stooped to kiss the girl's forehead and to put the hand which trembled so, into Claude's, before she left them.

Many years have passed over Aileen's head since that day, and she has ceased to question the wisdom that made her lot lonely. She is happy. Eyes that are weary with pain, turn eagerly to look after her as she passes, and pale lips murmur blessings upon a blessed life ; how blessed in its self-sacrifice and care for others, will be known only when the secrets of all hearts are told.

MY ANGEL.

BY CHARLES W. JAY.

TO thee, O God ! I lift my rescued soul,
In holiest praise,
To bless thee for the saving hope Thou gav'st
My later days !

When all was but as darkest, frowning night,
No kindling beam
Threw o'er the weary waste of a long life,
One cheering gleam.

Swift to the gulf of my unblest despair
An angel came,
And bending o'er the fearful dark abyss,
Whispered my name !

Then in my leprous heart a glory shone
At thy command,
And through the darkness of my fate I saw
My angel's hand !

Safe to the rock she lifted up my feet
From sensual mire,
And purified my former evil thoughts
From base desire !

Immortal Spirit ! bless this angel bright,
So dear to me,
Who lifted from my soul eternal night,
And made me see !

A FLORIDA SATURDAY.

BY L'ENFANT PERDU.

A FLORIDA Saturday! and what is the great difference between a North and one beyond Mason and Dixon's line? The greatest difference in the world—as great as that between the customs, the customs, and even the dialects of the two sections. To the stranger—nomadic Yankee—and all Northerners bear that signification—the sights and scenes here witnessed of a Saturday will be a source of infinite amusement; differing vastly as they do from those of the stirring, busy, money-getting North. To appreciate and understand the situation fully it will be necessary to give a short explanation of a certain provision of the present system of labor. Among the colored hands upon the various plantations, every other Saturday is a recognized day, and they all scrupulously refrain from any labor upon that day. That part of their contract they observe with very commendable exactness. At the break of

THE PLANTATION HAND. day, they commence pouring into the town. All the roads leading in are dotted here and there with men, women and children, all hurrying to the one grand central point. Every sort of nondescript vehicle and serviceable quadruped are pressed into service. Here will be seen an asthmatic cart, with the exception of the wheels, evidently of home manufacture, drawn by a gaunt mule, or wretched half-grown "beef critter." Sometimes a retired army wagon will come dashing into town, drawn by four fine looking mules, and filled with a noisy load of happy laughing humanity. Sometimes, in defiance of the old Mosaic law, a horse and an ass are seen yoked together, geared with a combination of rope, chain and leather, in feeble burlesque of the harness maker's art. I noticed one wagon particularly, as it seemed to have a fence rail for a tongue, a master piece of art, in which its owner, inventor and builder—and these three are one—appeared to take a pardonable pride. It was drawn by a yoke of huge brawny oxen, who were traveling at that slow gait so peculiarly exasperating to a live Yankee,

but perfectly suited to the natural indolence of the negro. It was occupied by thirteen persons, evidently a family party, from the patriarch at the helm—*i. e.* in charge of the gad—to the little pickaninny, who seemed like the famous Topsey to have just “growed.” The father, or grandfather, whichever he was, was a philosopher in his way, and when not engaged in shouting “whoa, harr, gee” to his fiery steeds, seemed absorbed in silent meditation, deep and profound. The younger members of the family were either displaying their voices in the broad grin of unadulterated enjoyment, or placidly sucking huge stocks of sugar cane. Sometimes, but not often, the charioteers combine business with pleasure. In the latter case, their carts may contain a half dozen watermelons, a basket of eggs, and a dozen or so of squalling chickens; or it may have a dozen sticks of wood piled upon it, with nearly as many stalwart field hands sitting upon it to prevent it from rolling off.

The horsemen are also generally well represented; though that candor which is so thoroughly a part of my nature, compels me to state that the horses they bestride are, to use an irishism, mostly mules. The garments worn are equally unique, and well worth an attempt at description. The females make some little attempt at display, but owing to the lack of mirrors in their respective boudoirs, make some curious complications in the arrangement of bustles, panniers and chignons. Some are dressed as if for the ball or fashionable soiree, while others, with that contempt for conventionalities so characteristic of large natures, have on but a single garment, and that seldom of the cleanest. Most of the men are in a state of “looped and windowed raggedness,” while a few are the envied and admired of all their compatriots, in all the glory of ruffled shirt and cassimere unmentionables.

Occasionally may be seen a black embryo Napoleon, whose martial tastes impress themselves upon the beholder, in a lavish display of carriage fringe upon the shoulders, while the lower extremities dazzle the eye with a most astounding amount of red flannel stripe.

About noon the scene is at its greatest height. The two squares look like veterinary hospitals, so filled are they with diseased and crippled horse flesh. Monroe street, with its line of miscellaneous stores, is thronged with a laughing, joking crowd of dusky pleasure seekers. The women do their little trading and shopping, retail the gossip of their respective neighborhoods, or, sitting in careless, graceful *abandon* upon the sidewalks, float off into the realm of dreams; or more wakeful, but as happy, seem to be building *chateaux en Espagne*, in which their life of toil is for the nonce completely forgotten. Some talk about their olden life under the shadow of slavery, how “old marse” was always kind to his people, or how “marse C—— whopped me kase I once saunt some flour doins to Jim Stillson’s wife, but I’s free now, I is,” and a laugh, fairly rollicking with intense animal enjoyment, winds up the pathetic

tale. Sometimes we can see a comely matron surrounded, like the wife of unfortunate John Rogers, with nine small children, and one at the breast. Again, we see an aged grandmother tottering under the weight of one hundred and four years; nearly one hundred years a slave! her hands have grown hard and distorted from a life of unrequited toil. She tells me she is from Virginia, and had her "old man" and every child sold from her never to meet again in this world. "'Twas fifty years ago," she says, "but I'll soon be home, young marse, and maybe I'll meet them thar," and the dim eyes looked reverently up to the stars. Yes, poor creature, she will soon be home. She has lived to see the grandest consummation of any time. Universal freedom, born amid the throes of a bloody war. When she came to Florida, it was a wild and desolate wilderness, and tonsorial operations were strictly confined to the Indians. Now the land is blossoming like the rose, and some of the descendants of the very savages who varied the monotony of life by the murder of men, women, and defenceless children, have arrived at the dignity of high hats, "claw-hammer" coats, and immaculate linen. Verily the world moves! The men employ their time very different from the women. Some of them gather upon the corners and talk politics; for these men are voters now, and are becoming deeply interested in political economy. They talk well too, and some of them display a native shrewdness that bids defiance to the specious sophistries of the politician's art. They are beginning to reason for themselves, and the rule of the demagogue is about drawing to a close. Some produce suspicious looking bottles, which I regret to say do not as a general thing contain water, and under the potent influence of the ardent, it is not an unusual sight to see two sable gladiators leap into the street for a trial at "butting," a species of classic duelling beyond my powers of description, but it appears to be a very effective arbitrator in most cases of dispute. Sometimes with the aid of a battered drum and hysterical fife an impromptu parade is gotten up, and under the leadership of the before mentioned military genius, a grand display of tactics is given, differing slightly, however, from the formulas laid down in Scott and Hardee.

Saturday is also their business day. They cancel old obligations and contract new ones; renew old friendships, and settle old quarrels, and sometimes lead a dark skinned damsel to the altar. The marriages are a source of infinite amusement to one who, like myself, is merely "a looker on in Vienna." I well remember one that occurred a short time ago. The high contracting parties were "Dick," an attaché of a plantation near the city, and a blushing brunette living in the same vicinity. I met Dick early in the day, and from a rather homely chrysalis, he had emerged a most gorgeous butterfly. He wore a most preposterous collar, over which the tips of his ears looked like two mice peeping over a white-washed fence, while his neck was enshrouded in a perfect labyrinth of

neck-tie. A huge breastpin reposed upon a shirt bosom stiffened to the consistency of a pine board, and olive colored pants threw a faint shadow on his—shade of Brummel pardon me—bare feet. Dick was the picture of happiness, and grinned from ear to ear as I congratulated him on the approaching nuptials. I know your fair readers are anxious to learn how the bride was dressed, and I regret that my memory will not warrant me in attempting a description, but I do not think that her trousseau was a Paris importation; and I know that the officiating clergyman received his pay in country produce.

Another scene that impressed itself strongly upon my mind at the time, was of a different nature altogether; weird, strange and pathetic. A young colored girl, apparently about seventeen years old, was kneeling upon the hard pavement, beneath the blaze of this semi-tropical sun, surrounded by an awe-struck crowd, her face convulsed with agony, engaged in earnest prayer and supplication for a new heart, for a newer and a holier life. As her rich contralto voice rose and fell with its mournful, wailing cadences, I thought of Gethsemane, and felt that the Father heard the prayer of this humble black girl, in all its humility, while the stilted utterances of aristocratic piety have but an echo of true devotion when they reach the starry throne; and would grant her that “perfect peace which passeth understanding.” By eight o’clock at night the glory and excitement of the day have departed, and happy youth and joyous maiden are homeward bound. Asthmatic mules and consumptive oxen again take up the burden of life. The dark-eyed Israelitish merchants close their doors, and retire to count their gains; and but few stragglers remain on the street after the darkness and the shadow have closed around the sleeping beauty of the night.

ETIQUETTE.

BY B. W. LACY.

ALTHOUGH works on Etiquette are sufficiently numerous, we have but few of decided merit, and none, perhaps, which is exhaustive of the subject. This seems to result, measurably, from the fact that such works are burdened with a number of specific rules, but do not treat sufficiently of the common sense principles which relate to what we term “good breeding.” There are two kinds of Etiquette, the one which comes from the *head*, the other from the *heart*. The one is the effect of cultivation, inspired by a kind of personal vanity, or from a desire for the esteem of society; the other is prompted by a humane and benevolent feeling, and by a regard for the feelings and happiness of others. Both kinds are im-

portant, but if we must accept one without the other, the latter is greatly to be preferred. However rough the exterior, or uncouth in the artistic sense, the manners of an individual, if there beat within his bosom a kind, warm heart, there will be about him a native politeness, which makes us at home in his company, and which almost blinds us to his violations of the arbitrary rules of good breeding. But however polished the manners of a person, if he be wanting in humane, good feeling, the social atmosphere which surrounds him is chilled, and even his acts of kindness appear, as they are, tributes to himself rather than to those for whose benefit they are ostensibly performed. To illustrate the difference between these two kinds of politeness, let us consider the popular manner of paying a compliment to a lady. Women are naturally fond of sincere admiration and heartily despise, when they detect it, empty flattery. Nor are they, in this respect, half so dull in perception as is generally supposed. Yet our fashionable beau has on hand a stock of compliments, which, like ready made clothing, are intended to suit each unfortunate which chance throws into his society. And then he pays them out with such a patronizing air. How *can* a lady fail to melt under such treatment? Again, it is quite common, when a lady expresses an opinion on any subject, to *appear* to agree with her. If she says white is black, "certainly, who was ever stupid enough to doubt it?" And then the subjects of conversation with which the ears of women are regaled, contain the implied charge that they are airy nothings, whose mental food should be diluted into ethereal consistency. All this results from the want of a heartfelt appreciation of woman, and from a blindness to the noble elements of her moral and intellectual being.

Would you pay an acceptable compliment to a lady, listen respectfully when she talks, and treat not her opinions like the prattle of childhood, as unworthy of dissent. A respectfully expressed difference of sentiment, is often a tribute of esteem to those with whom we talk. A man of native politeness, even when he undertakes the delicate task of praising personal beauty, is rarely at fault, for such politeness carries the impress of sincerity with it, and sincere admiration is grateful to all, and particularly so to the fairer sex.

But compliments paid with the evident belief that they must prove highly acceptable to a fair auditor, or rained in showers, or long dwelt upon, or oft repeated, or clothed in conventional words and phrases, as "most divine, most fascinating," &c., are insults to the intelligence of those to whom addressed.

I would not for a moment, be understood as disparaging those conventional rules, founded on experience, which regulate and harmonize social intercourse. Such rules, when they have grown into habits, like a military drill, impart ease and elegance to action, and establish a pleasing uniformity. But still they constitute but the form of true politeness, the life and soul

of which, are kindness and nobleness of heart manifested in our intercourse with society. Until this fact is fully recognized, we shall have fewer examples of the perfect lady and gentleman than are desirable.

Many who are the most observant of the mere forms of etiquette, disregard its spirit to an extent which shows an utter want of refinement in thought and feeling. Such people often monopolize conversation, and when forced to listen to others, do so with a grace which shows that they are doing unwilling penance. If displeased themselves with the subject of conversation, they are in no way recompensed by the fact that every one else is pleased by it; and should any one chance to violate their sacred canon, they are the first to seem shocked by way of indicating their own superiority.

The true gentleman and true lady, while desiring to be exemplars of good breeding and to dress and act with taste and refinement, are never anxious to place others in unfavorable contrast with themselves, and would rather divert than attract attention to a violation of the formal code of politeness.

Had people less vanity and more humanity, we should have more of the *spirit* and less of the *foppery* of etiquette.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

BY AMOS JONES.

WHERE TO FIND IT.

ALMOST any where in the Eastern section of Ocean County, New Jersey, one may see large tracts of cranberry land, many acres of which are under cultivation. The land is sandy and poor, as a rule, except in these low, wet tracts, formerly supposed to be worthless, but now among the most valuable lands in the State. Near the New Jersey Southern Railroad, in the vicinity of Bricksburg, Manchester, Toms River, and other places along this line and its branches, one may see from the cars, in riding past, flat tracts of from twenty-five to fifty acres, surrounded by an embankment, divided into squares by ditches, and covered with a dark green growth level and uniform, except for slight ridges, which give it a wavy appearance on the surface. At any time, from the middle of September to the tenth of October, these bogs or flats, during the day, are covered with hundreds of people, at work, close to each other, side by side, gathering this valuable crop for the market.

JOHN WEBB, THE PIONEER.

Not far from twenty years ago, there was a man generally known throughout the county on account of his having a wooden leg and no credit. Nobody would trust one legged John Webb for anything—he says, not for three pounds of rye bran. We were informed by a man who is now a bar-keeper for a hotel in Toms River, that when he kept a hotel in that place, Webb used to come in and ask for a glass of rum, which at that time, cost three cents. Unless he put the money on the counter, the bottle was not set out upon any condition, and often he would go out and borrow three cents of some generous fellow to pay for the drink. He owned a tract of this, then considered, worthless land, upon some parts of which grew, scattered here and there, wild cranberry vines. He ascertained, in some way, that cranberries would grow well by being transplanted, but he was too poor to clear the land and prepare for the vines. So, from time to time, as he went about, he would punch a hole in the ground with his wooden leg and stick in a bunch of vines. By doing this for some years, in such places as were clear of trees and underbrush, he was able, at last, to gather one hundred bushels of berries. The next year he had three hundred bushels, and the third year, he gathered one thousand bushels. “From that time,” says he, “I was *Mr.* John Webb, and a rich man.”

He immediately began to clear his land and put it under cultivation. Last year his crop was many thousand bushels from hundreds of acres of bog. He is the father of New Jersey cranberry culture and a very wealthy man.

MAKING THE BOG.

There are two kinds of cranberry land. The cedar bottom and the Savannah bottom. The first is thickly covered with a growth of stunted cedars. It is the best quality, though costing more to prepare it. The Savannah bottom is composed of huckleberry and other shrubbery of small growth. It is more easily prepared, but does not produce so strong and thrifty plants or last so long. This land, in a wild state, is worth from forty to sixty dollars per acre. In the cedar bottom, the trees are dug out, but on the Savannah tracts the top, formed of numberless small roots, is taken off and removed. There is less remaining to fertilize the ground than in the cedar bottoms, where much remains to decompose.

We shall speak of the bogs of Brown & Brothers, New York, located near Winchester Station, which forms a part of the Winchester tract, of about twenty thousand acres. They have about fifty acres of cranberry bog under cultivation. In preparing the land, the first thing to be done is to trim the trees, dig them up and burn or carry off the timber and brush. The holes must then be filled and the ground made level, when ditches are made about three feet wide and twenty-six feet apart, running parallel with the fall of the land. If there is sufficient fall, cross ditches are made, narrower and wider apart. The bog is then covered with sand, six inches deep, in this kind of bottom.

PUTTING IN THE VINES.

After the bog is sanded, shallow furrows are made from twenty to twenty-four inches apart in both directions, and in the angles of the furrows the vines are planted. These plants are obtained from swamps where they grow wild, at a cost of two dollars per barrel. Fourteen barrels will plant an acre at twenty-six inches apart. A tuft of six plants is placed in a hill, each one of which has fibrous roots which will soon find a home in the soil and exhibit a hardy and rapid growth. The cost of putting down a bog approximates three hundred dollars, exclusive of the dyke surrounding it. This company has three bogs, numbers one, two and three, containing about fifty acres each, under good cultivation, and producing finely. At the end of the third year it is generally necessary to sand the bog, to thin the vines which by this time have become dense and matted. A covering of sand about two inches thick is spread over the bog if it has a heavy growth of vines. The quantity and thickness, however, varies considerably in different parts of the same bog. The only thing that occasions fears in regard to a crop is the scald. This is thought by many to be due to the hot sun. But we do not think the scald can be truly accounted for in this way. It is far more in accordance with facts and natural laws to account for it as follows: The vines are thick, and heavily loaded. Underneath is sand, which becomes heated by the sun's rays. Rain or the heavy dews which fall here cause a warm vapor to rise from the heated sand, which penetrates the fruit and parboils or cooks its skin, killing its life, and occasioning the dreaded scald which yearly ruins bushels of choice berries.

PROFITS OF THE BUSINESS.

That the business is profitable, capitalists have already learned by experience and their observations of others engaged in the cranberry culture. The land bought at forty to sixty dollars an acre soon becomes marketable at one thousand dollars per acre. Messrs. Brown & Brothers get an average of a little less than 200 bushels per acre. Some single acres have yielded 400 bushels, but this is very extraordinary. Our calculations are based on a fair yield. As in other kinds of business there may be occasional failures to realize an average crop. Last year they picked thirty-two hundred bushels of fruit, this year they will pick thirty-five hundred bushels. It brings from four to five dollars per bushel, and sometimes as high as eight dollars, and costs fifty cents for picking.

From Mr. Shults, the Secretary of the Manchester Land Company, we have this as a fair estimate of increase and return from the lands in their section. The first year after putting in the vines the crop pays for picking. Second year pays interest on the money invested. Third year pays picking and interest on principal. Fourth year pays interest and part of principal; and sixth year pays all the principal invested and the land is clear the seventh year. This estimate is given on fair crops and

a good market—though there cannot be cranberries enough produced to materially reduce the market for years to come.

PICKERS IN THE FIELD.

Here is, at once, a striking and interesting sight. From a distance you see the pickers working, all nearly abreast, each on his own row, separated, you will remember, about two feet apart, leaving just room enough to work and none to spare. From one to three hundred, mostly boys, and women, and girls, can be seen on a field at one time, gathering the rosy looking fruit. Coming nearer, you will notice that it is a motley company, of all ages, from boys and girls of five years old, who pick their pails full, to the old and infirm, who with more skill and perseverance than the little fingers of the youngest, pick, perhaps, their bushel per day. But the majority are rapid and nimble in their work, and are from twelve years old and upwards. They secure from two to four bushels, making sometimes, even more than two dollars per day. The pickers come in during the season, from the country for miles around, and many a poor woman and her children earn enough on these bogs in a few weeks, to keep them through the winter, with the little other work they can secure. They bring their babies with them. Look in a basket, and you may see, perhaps, a baby face and head sticking out from under a coat or covering of some kind. It is fast asleep. Near by, another looks up with blue eyes of wonder at you or into the bluer sky. The field is dotted thickly with carriages, all having babies in them. All ages and sizes, from these in the baskets and carriages to the youngster of five years old, who is expected to pick some at least, are rolling and lying about their mothers, on the vines that have been stripped of their ripe red clusters by the hand-full at a time. They do not take cold, for the vines are dry and the sand beneath them free from hurtful moisture. There is work for an artist's pencil on any cranberry bog during this period, and a study that offers unsurpassed advantages to those who love humanity in its humbler and yet not less interesting variety and character. The business is destined to become very important to South Jersey and the markets of our country.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

BY THOMAS D. MARBACHER.

HE lay upon a heap of damp and filthy
 Straw that served in lieu of bed ; no warm
 And cheering blanket there to shield him from
 The winter's knife-like blast that crept through grinning
 Crevaces and broken panes ; dead ashes lay
 Upon the hearth, with not e'en a stick
 Or coal from which to conjure warmth and brightness ;

Clothing he had none—unless, perchance,
 The tattered threads, that scarce could cleave
 To his foul form, might be called such ; his hair hung
 Down in dank, disheveled locks, and mingled
 With the scarce more filthy straw on which he lay ;
 His curling beard that once had been the envious
 Mark of many a village youth, lay on
 His breast unkempt ; its silky texture
 Spoiled and marr'd by many a filthy vomiting.
 I gazed upon him, but could not call
 Him man, for scarce one line remained
 That the Great " Architect " had drawn.
 His bleared and blood-shot eyes shot forth a
 Tiger glare from deep sunk cavities !
 In all, it was a thing more vile, more loathsome
 Than the foulest beast that God has made.
 And yet it once was man, proud, noble man,
 Endowed with all those noble parts,
 Those high prerogatives, that e'en make angels
 Envious ; but ah, how fallen, for rum—
 The vilest monster in the damned
 Archangel's train, had stamped upon his
 Brow the signet mark of hell ; and even
 Then he felt the burning pains and saw the
 Frightful forms that through the countless ages
 Of eternity, will bear him close companionship.
 And with a demoniac shriek, he started
 Up and called, with horrid oaths, to be
 Released from monsters that his own distorted
 Brain called forth !

" Great God ! and are you men to stand and gaze,
 While devils tear my very vitals out ?
 To stand and not one finger raise
 To help me put this demon host to rout ?
 See ! see ! they come, oh God, where can I hide
 To 'scape the lightning of their fiery eyes ?
 Mercy ! they thrust their darts into my side,
 And mocking, laugh to hear my groans and cries !
 Oh, Lord, and what is that ? kill it, or 'twill come
 And twine its slimy folds around my form !
 See how it thrusts about its darting tongue,
 And shows its horrid fangs with venom warm !
 Heavens ! it's on me now, and now its fangs,
 Its venom'd fangs are thrust into my throat !
 Help ! help ! oh, God, what horrid, sick'ning pangs,
 And yet you stand and in my anguish gloat.
 Ha ! ha ! they're gone, all gone ; but must she come
 To torture me with memories of the past ?

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

She points with fleshless finger t'ward that home,
Wherein she vainly hop'd that peace would last.

Peace! ha! ha! and when did peace e'er fall
Upon a home where demon rum held sway?
Had I ten thousand worlds, I'd give them all
To dwell with peace, if only for a day.

See, now, she points there to that little bed,
Wherein an infant sweetly sleeping lies,
Peace hovers like an angel o'er its head,
No sorrows yet have ever dimm'd its eyes.

It was my child and hers, and 'twas slain;
This bloody hand crush'd out its sinless life—
'Twas rum that made me do't; rum craz'd my brain;
Oh, God, it robb'd me of my child, my wife.

Take her away, 'tis more than I can bear—
The reproachful glances of her burning eyes,
Away, away, why do you stand and stare?
Why do the dead from out the grave arise?

Ah! look you there! old bony death comes now,
And beckons me to go along with him;
He lays his hand upon my burning brow,
His icy fingers palsy every limb.

Horror! he drags me in the cold, dark grave,
And worms already gnaw into my heart;
See, now my feet hell's fiery billows lave;
Fiends, tear my bloated, festering flesh apart."

One horrid shriek that yet methinks I hear,
And he was dead; dead to earth and heaven;
Dead to the sympathies of men, and angels'
Pitying tears; dead to repentance, light,
And hope, and all the joys he might have won;
Dead to all save conscious guilt and black remorse—
Those angels of the pit that always
Stand beyond the grave to wait the guilty soul
And bear it company throughout the realms
Of endless night.

They placed, unshrouded and unshriven,
The bloated mass into the rough pine coffin,
And bore it out to fill a pauper's grave.
'Twas done as e'en we'd do the same for
Beast, or carrion flesh that 'fected the pure atmosphere.
No prayer, no tear, no burdened sigh, no flowers scattered round;
The earth heaped up, and then forgotten. But from out
That drunkard's grave, and from the deeper pit of endless
Woe, methinks I hear his voice cry out "BEWARE OF RUM!"

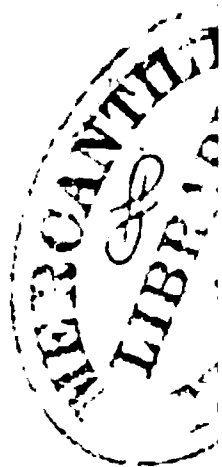
HIRAM POWERS.

HIRAM POWERS.

WE ARE constantly reminded that it is not wealth, and leisure, and opportunity that makes most of our great men, and strong men. They come from among the poor and lowly by birth, they rise by constant struggles, they are urged forward by their own manly ambition and sustained by their own noble purposes. They grow to men of might, and reach their grand eminence by hardy blows and fearless steps, often with hands that are sore and feet that are bleeding.

“What man has done man can do,” and there is probably nothing that is more encouraging to the many that are striving for eminence to-day, than the example of these men who once were where they now are, but are now where they one day hope to be. Nor is it well to forget that by comparing our position with that of others who have gone before, we can hardly fail to be encouraged by some things in our favor which they did not have. So we may be not only stimulated by their example, but learn that our lot is not as hard as that of many others has been.

Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, whose fame is world-wide, and whose works of art have been received with the greatest enthusiasm by our own and foreign nations, has attained his present enviable eminence through just such simple paths as are open to every young man in the land ; and yet how few think of this, who wonder at his success. He was born at Woodstock, Vermont, in July, 1805 ; was the youngest but one of a family of nine children, whose parents were farmers, and to provide even the necessaries of life was often a hardship to them. The boys all worked on the farm in summer and went to the district school in winter. Mr. Powers, sen., lost what little he had by becoming security for others, and this disaster was closely followed by a dreadful famine in the State. Mr. Powers says, “We cut down the trees and fed our cows on the browse. We lived so long wholly on milk and potatoes that we got almost to loathe them.” A brother had managed to secure an education at Dartmouth College, and was in Cincinnati, editing a paper. The father, discouraged at the famine, determined to go West with his family. This was in 1819, Hiram was fourteen years old. They passed Niagara Falls on their route, so near that the solemn roar of this grand cataract could be heard. The boy was very anxious to visit it, but was forced to forego the pleasure. Continuing westward they came to the Ohio river, down which they floated on a flat-boat, and came to Cincinnati, then a city of fourteen thousand inhabitants, now having two hundred and sixteen thousand two hundred and thirty-nine. By the help of his son, Mr. Powers secured a wild farm and began clearing it. The farm was near a pestilential marsh, and all the family were brought down with the ague, of which the father died, and young Hiram was sick for a whole year,



and deterred from hard work for a much longer time. The family was broken up and scattered. Our hero secured a position in a produce store in Cincinnati. His duty was to stand at the junction of the principal roads by which the farmers came into town, and inform them that their concern paid better prices for produce than any other in the city. We judge they did, as the firm soon broke up. Hiram gave good satisfaction as a "drummer." He also helped roll barrels from wagons to the store in addition to his regular duties.

His brother the editor, now came to his aid, and arranged with a hotel proprietor to open a reading room in his hotel. He was to furnish the room and get a few paying subscribers, the editor to stock it with his exchange papers, and young Hiram was to be placed in charge. The hotel proprietor did not keep the contract, and the scheme failed. At this time, while looking anxiously about for the means of living, he fell in with a worthy man, a clockmaker and organ builder, who gave him employment in collecting bad debts in the country. He was put on an old horse that had the "swalleys" and could not go down hill head foremost, and he frequently had to dismount and back him down to get along. His adventures in that wild country were anything but pleasant, to say nothing of the business. Sometimes there in the corner of a log hut hung the wooden clock, the only ornament of the house, ticking off the last moments of a sick child. To urge the payment of a debt which some of their pedlers had induced the family imprudently to contract, was not very agreeable. However, he succeeded by kindness in collecting much more than his employer expected from these debtors, who, he says, would always pay when they could. He frequently met men who bore signs of no good intent, and who caused him no little alarm at times, when meeting them in the forests miles away from any human habitation, he would have to exercise all his ingenuity to evade their questions and escape from danger.

His employer was so well pleased that he offered him work in the shop. Says Mr. Powers, "I was in no condition to refuse any employment that would furnish me bread and clothes, for I often walked the streets hungry, with my arms pressed to my sides to conceal the holes in my sleeves." He was at first given some rough work, which was to pass from his hands to others to be finished. Greatly to his employer's surprise he did his own part and then finished the work better than any that had ever before been done in the shop. He was at once given the superintendence of all the machinery, and taken to live in his employer's family. Powers exhibited great skill in machinery, and by application and indomitable energy soon obtained the jealousy of the workmen and the special consideration of the "boss" and his employer. There was an old bulls-eye watch hanging in the shop, a good time-piece, but ungainly and clumsy in appearance. This Powers wanted very much, but he was too poor to

buy it. He said to his employer, that if he would give him the watch he would produce a much better machine for cutting out clock wheels than was now used. The workmen ridiculed the idea that he could improve on Connecticut clock machinery, but his employer accepted the proposal, and in ten days Powers produced a machine that would perform twice as much work as the old one, and do it a great deal better, and won the watch. "The old watch," said he, "has ticked all my children into existence, and three of them out of it. It still hangs at the head of my bed."

About this time Powers saw in a museum in Cincinnati a plaster cast of Houdon's Washington. It moved him strangely. He had an intense desire to know how it was made, and thought that he could do the same work if he had an instructor. The instructor he soon found in a German, who taught him the secret of the art. He at once surprised his teacher by unusual proficiency. His first effort at modeling from life was the bust of a little daughter of Mr. John P. Foote. His success encouraged him greatly.

"I found," says he, "that I had a correct eye and a hand which steadily improved in obedience to it. I saw that if I could copy the features exactly, the likeness would follow, just as surely as the blood follows the knife."

He followed the business of clock making, and devoted such times to the study of art as could be spared from his regular employment. When he was twenty-three years old, a Frenchman, named Hervieu, opened in Cincinnati a museum of natural history and wax figures. The latter were badly damaged and broken by transportation, and Powers was applied to to repair them. This he saw would be impossible, but he persuaded the showman to have made an entirely new composition of the old materials. The result was a hideous, ungainly figure, which Powers proposed should be called the "King of the Cannibal Islands," but to his amazement, the Frenchman advertised it as the embalmed body of a "South Sea Man-Eater, secured at an immense expense." The Man-Eater drew immense crowds, and was regarded as the most wonderful natural curiosity ever seen in the West.

Powers remained in the employ of the Frenchman seven years, making such figures and representations as were demanded by his employer, and having many ludicrous and some unpleasant experiences. His employer promised him, from time to time, an interest in the business, but seeing the vanity of his expectations, he left him. During this time he had been married, and had it not been for his wife, who kept an account of all money received, he would have been cheated out of quite a sum of money by this man.

Powers was now thirty years old and had quite a reputation as an artist. Mr. Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, called on him and offered to buy

out the museum and establish him in business. The offer was declined, with thanks. The gentleman then offered to send him to Italy, which was also declined, when this friend still further urged him to go to Washington and try his fortune with the public men of the country, which he did in 1835. During this period, he modeled busts of Jackson, J. Q. Adams, Calhoun, Chief Justice Marshall, Van Buren, and others. He went to Marshfield, at the invitation of Daniel Webster, where he secured a model of the great statesman, and declares that he looks back upon his sojourn there as one of the most delightful portions of his life. One of his sitters in Washington, was Senator Preston, of South Carolina, who was so much interested in the artist, that he wrote to his brother, urging him to send him to Italy. General Preston at once responded to this appeal, which was unknown to Mr. Powers, and wrote the artist to draw on him for four thousand dollars, annually, for several years. Frankly made, the offer was frankly accepted. He took his departure for the old world in 1837. Of General Preston, he says, "I have endeavored to requite his kindness by sending him works of mine, equal in money value to his gifts, but I can never extinguish my great obligations."

Thorwaldsen pronounced his bust of Webster the best work of its kind in modern times. Orders came in rapidly, and he soon had as much business as he could attend to. He gave his leisure time to an ideal figure, which was purchased by an Englishman. This was "The Greek Slave," the most popular of all his works. It has won him universal praise. His statue of "Eve," brought him orders from all parts of the world. Thorwaldsen says it is fit to be any man's master-piece, but it is not equal to the "Greek Slave." Powers asked permission to take a cast of the Venus, and this much coveted boon, which had been denied to other artists for years, was at once granted him.

His works since this have been numerous, and are generally well known to Americans. Among them are "The Fisher Boy," of which three duplicates in marble have been made. His works are all marked by beauty and vigor of conception, as well as by exquisite finish, yet he excels in busts and statues of great men of his native land. His Jefferson and Franklin are wonderful works. Mr. Powers has resided in Italy for over thirty years. Motives of economy have influenced him, as he would gladly return to his own land did he feel justified in doing so. He says, "it is impossible to model successfully without living models. In New York, it costs three dollars per day to employ a model, that in Italy can be had for forty cents. Young women are driven to this employment by want of bread. Their history is a sad one and makes one often lament the necessity of employing them. They are usually accompanied by their mothers, and I strive to treat them in a way to save their self respect and delicacy—a very hard task, which too often breaks down in less scrupulous hands."

“The anatomical schools here are nearly perfect and free from all expense. They not only illustrate anatomy and surgery by the cadaver, but standing by the side of the dead body is a living one.”

“I employ a dozen workmen in my studio, the whole costing me fifteen dollars per day. In New York, if they could be had at all, it would be at an enormous expense. Then my rent here is four hundred and fifty dollars for what in New York would be twenty-five hundred annually.”

Mr. Powers is sixty-six years old, in full possession of mental and physical strength; a genuine American, with a warm welcome for all his countrymen who visit his studio, and a favorite with the younger artists. He still exhibits the genuine originality which was the basis of his fame.

PULPIT ORATORY—No. 2.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED ATLANTIS.

WHILE, however, as American patriots we regale our spirits with the opening prospects of our country, as regards excellence in this respect, we must not fail to recollect at the same time, that amidst the numerous advantages under which talents for oratory will act amidst our free institutions, pulpit speaking will be exposed to peculiar dangers and trying temptations to seduce and corrupt it. These dangers arise out of the very felicities of our political and ecclesiastical condition. That art which makes its appeal to popularity for support, and which derives the honors of its victories from mixed assemblies, must become in a great degree, if not entirely, accommodated to the judgment of the multitude, the ignorant as well as the learned, the dull and tasteless as well as the discerning few. Now this is preëminently the situation in which pulpit eloquence stands in this country. To gain the ear of senates and legislative or deliberative assemblies, enlighten their counsels and influence their decisions, a speaker must be profoundly skilled in the science of politics and international law, as well as the municipal regulations of his own country. He must have traced the whole history of man and deduced lessons of wisdom from the experience of nations, as well as be familiarly conversant with the legislation of the republic of which he is a member. He must be able in debate, solid in argument, fertile in resources, prompt in replies, irresistible in his inferences, and, in a word, display all the skill, address and competency of an able reasoner and philosophic statesman. Flimsy reasoning, sonorous periods, glitter of imagery, poetic finery, and empty pomp of declamation, will not serve his purpose among men of education, engaged in grave debate upon practical affairs, and earnestly searching after measures of expediency,

prepared by long experience and intercourse with the world to scrutinize the characters and qualifications of men, and accustomed to counterpoise the weight of opposing evidence by long habits of deliberative investigation. In such contests nothing but solid parts sedulously cultured, superior knowledge and attainments, and masterly address and skill, will gain predominance, obtain lasting influence or establish eminent reputation. Similar to this field of intellectual contest, is the scene presented at the bar for the display of talents in the legal profession. In the presence of learned judges, and rival pleaders, deeply versed in law and jurisprudence, and keenly on the watch in detecting flaws in the arguments of opponents, nothing can enable the orator to ascend the heights of fame, or hold a position of eminence, but sterling merit and extensive acquisitions, upon those topics which judicial tribunals are called upon to investigate and decide.

A very different spectacle, however, from the preceding stages of action, is presented in the pulpit of our country, and very unlike these the qualifications which insure success to the clergyman, and enable him to attain the heights of clerical ambition, or even the posts of extended usefulness. The pulpit speaker appeals to a mixed multitude, not only for his maintenance, but as the arbiters of his reputation, and expects to find in their applause or censure his passport to fame and extensive influence, or the mildew that falls upon and blights his hopes of temporal welfare. If, indeed, his heart be rightly attuned to his high and holy calling, and he has imbibed its genuine spirit, he is elevated above the control of temporal motives, and looks for purer rewards for his arduous toils than it is in the power of man to bestow; but while he continues in connexion with his fellow-men, is bound by their ties, and finds his happiness to lie in the place he occupies in their estimation, he must be in no slight degree affected by those considerations that usually operate upon human conduct, and to draw from ordinary sources the largest share of his pleasure or pain. From this fountain spring those dangers to which sacred eloquence is exposed even in our country, in which we should have reason to expect that it would find a native home in a congenial soil, and an abundant harvest. Although we have cause of great satisfaction in the diffusion of knowledge among our community, and to rejoice in the proofs on all hands exhibited of their general intelligence, yet it is not to be denied or controverted, that by no expedient can the multitude or great mass or even a considerable portion of mankind, be educated or modelled into correct judges of fine writing or accomplished speaking, or be prepared to act as umpires upon the comparative merits of rival claimants to ecclesiastical preferment. Hence, showy parts will gain a preference of solid, superficial pretensions of substantial attainments, flimsy declamation of genuine oratory and finished composition, tinsel and gaudy ornaments of style of natural coloring and just imagery,

the crudest conceptions of well-digested materials, and affected and artificial modes of action and elocution, of that consummate address and skill, by which all appearances of art are lost, and nature reappears in the perfection of art. Good judges only have a just relish of excellence, and are able to discriminate the perfect from the imperfect in the performances of genius. It required highly educated and refined audiences to estimate and call into being such sermons as those of Barrow, Clarke, Tillotson, Atterbury, Bossuet, Saurin, Massillon and Bourdalou. What are the most grand conceptions, golden maxims of truth and duty, conclusive reasonings, original thoughts, apt allusions and illustrations, and choicest terms of expression, with all the beauties that can truly decorate writing and speaking or sublimities that can elevate and aggrandize them, to an audience upon whose ears they fall like gems into the ocean? Had an ignorant and illiterate woman, written an account from Paris about the preaching of Father Bourdalou, to her daughter residing in the interior of France, would it have resembled in simplicity and discernment that of Madame de Sevigné? It requires kindred excellence to discover and comprehend the full excellence of another, and little persons behold great ones with microscopic vision. Finished discourses are not articles that are vendible in the ecclesiastical market, until the taste of auditories is sufficiently cultivated and refined to enjoy them. In a sophomore or inchoate state of the public judgment, therefore, we may be assured, we shall always meet with all the faulty modes of pulpit exhibition; such as poetic effusions in prose, flimsy disquisitions, vapory declamations, and whimsical conceptions and interpretations of Scripture, disproportioned thoughts, shining conceits, extravagant figures and representations, feeble and abortive attempts to swell into the beautiful and sublime, and incoherent rhapsodies.

We conclude our reflections upon this part of our subject, by earnestly recommending to public speakers in our country, to form their taste upon the English and French models, to which they may advantageously add a few of the best American. These should be familiarly contemplated, perused and reperused, studied, digested, and completely appropriated by them, until a high relish for these productions is contracted, the mind imbued with their principles, views and modes of thinking, and all their delicacy of taste and correctness of expression completely mastered. There are many pulpit speakers among us, at this time, of considerable native talents and high qualifications for professional eminence and superiority, but the deficiency among them which strikes me, arises out of the neglect of high cultivation, long and laborious habits of study, and an assiduous contemplation of the finest models. The preaching of our country seems to me to run too generally into the poetic or florid, on the one hand, or on the other, into the mystic, speculative and enthusiastic. These faults will be corrected only by the cultivation of the understanding, and the gradual refinement of the taste: ends to be accomplished in

no other method, but by familiar converse with the master spirits of sacred and profane eloquence. On this account, singular as it may seem to many readers, who, perhaps, have never devoted much reflection to the subject, I know of no author more worthy of habitual perusal by the preacher and divine than Cicero, and, more especially should his orations be diligently read. Not that they will collect from him any materials of thought or argument which can be translated into the pulpit, but because he has displayed to them the most perfect model of that kind of powerful and persuasive oratory which is suited to mixed assemblies, which is directed to the double purpose of convincing their understandings and affecting their hearts. Separate from the most finished sermons and the sacred volume itself, which, of course, is the heavenly granary from which the divine is to draw all his seed of evangelical truth to be scattered in the field of the Church, there are no two performances from which he can extract so much valuable matter as from Cicero and Shakespeare. The first will instruct him in oratory both by precept and example ; and the last will furnish him with an inexhaustible treasure of fine conceptions, pregnant maxims of practical wisdom, profound reflections upon human life and manners and the secret workings of our inward nature, the richest images of fancy, and those glowing and descriptive words and phrases which present a crowd of associated ideas to the mind and speak the genuine language of the heart. And surely, if the celebrated Chrysostom could be allowed to keep the wretched comedies of Aristophanes always under his pillow, the clergyman need not now be refused the indulgence of becoming familiar with the admirable productions of the English bard.

AMBITION.—I asked a student what three things he most wished. He said : “Give me books, health and quiet ; and I care for nothing more.”

I asked a miser, and he cried, “Money, money, money !”

I asked a pauper, and he faintly said, “Bread, bread, bread !”

I asked a drunkard, and he loudly called for strong drink.

I asked the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words, “wealth, fame and pleasure.”

I asked the poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian ; he replied that all his wishes could be met in Christ. He spoke seriously, and I asked him to explain. He said, “I greatly desire these three things : first, that I may be found in Christ ; secondly, that I may be like Christ ; thirdly, that I may be with Christ.”

I have thought much of his answer, and the more I think of it the wiser it seems.

WILLS—No. 2.

BY JUDGE REED.

I PURPOSE giving some plain directions in drawing this important paper. I do this with no desire to make every man his own lawyer. There is nothing which should be done with more caution and with the aid of more careful counsel.

A distinguished ex-judge of the Supreme Court of this State used to say that he never sat down to draw a will “without fear and trembling.” After death it cannot be changed. The least obscurity of language or awkwardness in the construction of a sentence may defeat the intention of the testator.

The use of legal terms or technical words by scriveners who do not fully comprehend their legal effect constantly gives rise to litigation, and results in the expenditure of the time, money, and peace of mind of parties who fight in the courts for different constructions of the same will.

Every person of whatever age who has property which in the uncertain event of death he desires to have distributed in a manner different from that which would be made by the law, should make a will. In so doing he should employ some person learned in the law.

As, however, there are instances where it is impossible to secure the services of such persons; as when a person suddenly sickens without having performed this important duty and is at a distance from counsel—I will give the formalities required to make such a paper.

Under our statute every person over the age of twenty-one may make a will disposing of his real and personal property.

The will must be signed by the testator and declared to be his will in the presence of at least two persons who shall be present *together*. These witnesses shall subscribe their names thereto in the presence of the testator and in the presence of each other. The law formerly required *three* subscribing witnesses.

No person who takes an interest under the will can be a witness, or more properly, a person who is a witness can take no legacy or devise under the will.

It has been questioned whether a person can be a subscribing witness to the will and also an executor of it.

While there seems to be no well-founded legal objection to an executor acting as witness, still it is safer to avoid all question, to have two persons entirely disinterested and unconcerned in the terms or manner of execution of the provisions of the will.

The general devise of real and personal property passes not only what the testator owns at the time of executing the will, but all subsequently acquired property which he owns at the time of his death.

This is a change from the common law. Under that law the will only affected the real property which the testator owned at the time he made his will. The rest descended according to law.

If a married man who has no children makes a will and dies and there is a child born after his death, for whom there is no provision in the will; in that case the will is null and void, and the property goes as if there had been no will.

If such a person dies leaving a child living and after his death there is a child born, and there is no mention nor express disinheritance, then the said child shall succeed to the same share of the father's estate as he or she would have been entitled to if the father had made no will. The rest who take under the will must contribute proportionately to raise the portion of such child.

In a will the word "bequeath" applies strictly to personal property, and the word "devise" to real property.

It is usual, and it is sufficiently accurate, to begin a will by saying "I give, bequeath and devise all my property, real and personal, as follows," and then go on and specify how both kinds of property are to be disposed of; what is to be done with this piece of land or that sum of money.

It was formerly essential that words of inheritance should be used if a man wished to give a devisee real property absolutely.

Thus a devise to "A" only gave "A" a life estate. A devise to "A" and "his heirs" would give him a perpetual estate, or in legal parlance, a *fee simple*.

This rule, however, so often defeated the intention of testators that the rule has been changed, and it is provided that all devises made of land or other real estate within this State in which the words "heirs and assigns" or "heirs and assigns for ever" are omitted, and no expressions are contained in the will whereby it shall appear that such devise was intended to convey only an estate for life, and no further devise being made of the devised premises after the death of the devisee to whom the same shall be given; all such devises shall be taken to grant and devise an absolute estate.

It is also provided by statute that a father can by a duly executed will dispose of the custody and education of an unmarried child who is under the age of twenty-one years, during the minority of such child, and such disposition of the custody of such child shall be good and effectual against all persons claiming the custody of such child as next of kin.

When a person has made a will and afterwards wishes to vary its terms in some measure, he usually does it by what is called a *codicil*. The changes made by a codicil to a former will should be very distinctly stated.

If a codicil gives one a legacy who has already one by the will, the codicil should state whether it gives the second legacy in the place of the first or in addition to it.

Every codicil should conclude with these or similar words: "I hereby expressly confirm my former will dated —, excepting so far as the distribution of my property is changed by this codicil."

It is often necessary to revoke entirely a will which has been made. Nice questions sometimes arise as to what amounts to a revocation. As we have already seen, if the testator afterwards marries and has a child, the will is revoked by operation of law. Destruction of the will of course revokes it. Tearing off the name of the testator revokes it; but the question might arise who tore it off, the testator or a stranger who obtained access to his papers.

The safest plan if a new will is drawn to supersede the old one is to express a revocation of the old will in the new document. If no new will is made, then to have a formal revocation executed in writing with the same formalities as the original will.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

MECHANISM AND POWER OF MUSCLES.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D.

THE wonderful power of muscular contraction must have been noticed by all who are interested in the operations of nature. When we sit behind a horse, as he trots freely along the road, pulling from eight to ten hundred pounds apparently without much effort, and at the same time if we watch the movement of the hind legs drawn forward and backward by the muscles attached to the bones about the hip, and terminating in tendons inserted at points from hip joint to hoof, we have before us a study in mechanism and physiology, that for important results, can hardly be overestimated. The moving apparatus, or engines that perform this task, are the soft muscular fibres that are placed at suitable positions, so as, by their contraction, the necessary kinds of motion we witness, may be effected. We can readily understand why the muscles are arranged as we find them, when we know that their only important action is to contract or shorten themselves, and in this is their power. If propulsion of the body forward be the function of the hind leg, we would look for the great mass of muscle where we find it, so that contraction might draw the limb backward, and as a return of the limb forward is merely to take position for a new hold, and another exertion of power, we would expect to find smaller and weaker muscles for this movement in front of the leg. It is thus the muscles are arranged.

After this indispensable mechanism is presented to our observation, the great mystery of the actions of the muscles is still to be accounted for. We examine muscular fibre and find that it possesses but little strength of cohesion. Shreds of it that we may have observed whirling a loaded wagon over rough roads, when taken from the animal are easily pulled apart, a bundle of them an inch in diameter is hardly able to support twenty pounds weight. The strength of an equal mass, in the living animal, under the stimulus of the nerves, when in a state of contraction, would support more than ten times that weight. Such a difference between the relaxed, or dead muscle, and the living in a state of tension, favors the belief, that by the play of the nerve force, similar effects are produced amongst the ultimate globules, or particles of which the muscles are formed, to those that are supposed to occasion the arrangement of atoms during crystallization of minerals and salts. That is, particles in opposite states of electricity or polarity unite, and with an almost irresistible force. This attraction is governed by the electric state of the elements that compose the mass. In minerals it is obedient to fixed chemical laws, the permanent results of which we have evidences everywhere around us. Ice, salt, quartz, in their peculiar crystals, form from their floating or liquid elements with sufficient force to rend rocks that may oppose their formation. In animal structures the same laws operate partially, that is, no permanent solid crystallization takes place, but the tendency of certain arrangements of elements to come together for a time, and for a specific purpose, may be inferred. Nothing but such a power as has been demonstrated in inorganic matter, could cause the particles that compose the muscles to approach each other, and with such force, that nothing but the wire-like tendons can sustain their action. That the action is similar to that produced by the electric or galvanic current in inducing polarity, and attraction, is favored by the shortness of the duration of muscular effort and the exhaustion that follows. The muscle, like the soft iron magnet, which has no power except whilst the current from the battery is passing around it, gives way immediately on the nerve force being withdrawn.

That the nerves are the media through which the forces act upon the muscles no one doubts. Divide them anywhere between the muscle and the nerve centres, and with the exception of a few spasmodic actions that may occur at the instant of separation, all further contraction ceases. They become soft and useless. Whatever may be the essence that stimulates contraction, whether it be generated in the muscle itself, or in the medullary structures, whether the contraction be occasioned by nerve fluid passing out or into the muscle—both hypotheses having advocates—the fact is obvious to every investigator, that all efforts that call the muscles into severe action, cause great exhaustion of the physical powers generally, and that to sustain this continued exertion, the drain on the system is

similar to the drain of the galvanic fluid when it is holding in action a temporary magnet.

The structure of the muscle having the property of contraction, and the contraction depending on the nerve stimulus, we are at liberty to infer that the ultimate arrangement of the fibre is electro-magnetic, or something equivalent to that condition : and also that there must be polarity, positive and negative, of the parts so constituted ; that attractions are at command to meet the vital requirements ; and that the innumerable molecules that make up the fibrous threads of the muscle, when they are drawn together by their differently excited poles, must produce an amount of power, that will rend asunder many times their weight of relaxed or dead muscle.

As far as microscopic investigation has gone, the smallest filament of a muscle has its nerve, and each globule or cell of this filament has its branch. The volume of a muscle is not diminished by its action. All that is lost in length by contraction, is increased in diameter laterally. The fibres in action become corrugated, showing, inferentially, the spherules are shortened in their longitudinal, and extended in their lateral diameter.

The tremor of a muscle during contraction, favors the idea that the moving power is thrown into it by jets, which cause vibration throughout its structure. This tremor may be recognized by simply closing the teeth firmly together, and holding them thus, with the muscles of the jaw in a state of extreme tension, until the effort becomes painful. The vibrations of the strained muscles are communicated to the ear, and a roaring sound attends the experiment, more distinct in the interval of the vibrations as weariness and giving out come on. During this simple experiment, the effort, and the exhaustion, seem so like spending by jets forces that have been accumulated in the living tissues, that it is but a warrantable analogy, to place side by side, the dynamics of galvanism and the muscular power of animals.

The immense power manifested by muscular contraction, in the living animal, the limited duration of this power, and the drain upon the whole economy to maintain this action, go far to prove the similarity of muscular action to electro-magnetic movements, and warrant us to believe that the source of the power, that moves the muscle, is outside of its own structure, or if inside, and generated by the muscular tissue itself, the nerves, by opening and shutting communication with the general system, allow their changing polarities to operate in producing these muscular phenomena.

The facts practically recognized, are muscular contraction, and the connexion of these movements with the general wants and habits of the animal. There is nothing in the whole range of animal mechanics more satisfactory to investigate, than the contrivance for motion, whether strong or weak,

slow or rapid. Some muscles with short and coarse fibres, show little activity, but great strength; others with long and delicate fibres, have little strength but great rapidity of motion. In the neck of the bull, and the jaws of the mastiff, examples of the first may be noticed; and in the slender limbs of the antelope, and the hare, we have illustrations of the last. Throughout animated nature, whether in insect, fish, fowl, or quadruped, the nicest adjustment is made in all these respects to the wants of the individual, and every being holds, in one form or another, whether microscopically small, or of elephantine magnitude, these wonderful muscles, made without a mistake, and acted upon without a failure. In construction and functions they are organized and maintained, as the Only One Great Artificer can plan and support, throughout all nature, the harmony of things.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY PROF. E. A. APGAR, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

DESIGNS FOR SCHOOL HOUSES.

THE two designs for school houses here shown are but slight variations of the one given last month. The one on p. 511 represents a very plain and cheap structure of wood, finished with clapboards. The bell-tower gives dignity to the building, but it may be omitted. The roof is the ordinary pitch and may be covered with slate or shingles.

In finishing wood structures in this manner, the clap-boards should be laid with but little exposure to the weather. This arrangement gives tighter joints, and makes the building much warmer. In some sections buildings designed for habitation are covered with a coating of tarred paper before the siding is laid, and this renders them almost airtight. This covering is recommended for school houses built in our northern climate, and in exposed locations. By its use the school room will be made more comfortable, and a large saving of fuel will be realized.

ELEVATION p. 513, has been varied by the introduction of the arched windows and corner buttresses. These features give to the building a strong and substantial appearance. The cupola is a square structure supported by a projecting framework beneath, and in keeping with the general architecture of the house. The material represented in the picture is stone, though brick may be used.

The pointed arches are always elegant, and may be much more commonly used in buildings to the manifest improvement of architecture. The window heads and sills should be of cut stone, but a fine effect may be produced by making the arches of brick and stone, or brick of two

colors laid alternately. The string-course at the base of the window-caps may be omitted entirely, and the windows finished in the ordinary manner. The buttresses should always terminate in pinnacles, or otherwise the structure would appear bald and unfinished. In case brick is used in the erection of this building, a fine impression may be made by using

ELEVATION 2.

DESIGN 3.

common brick for the principal walls and pressed brick for the buttresses and ornaments.

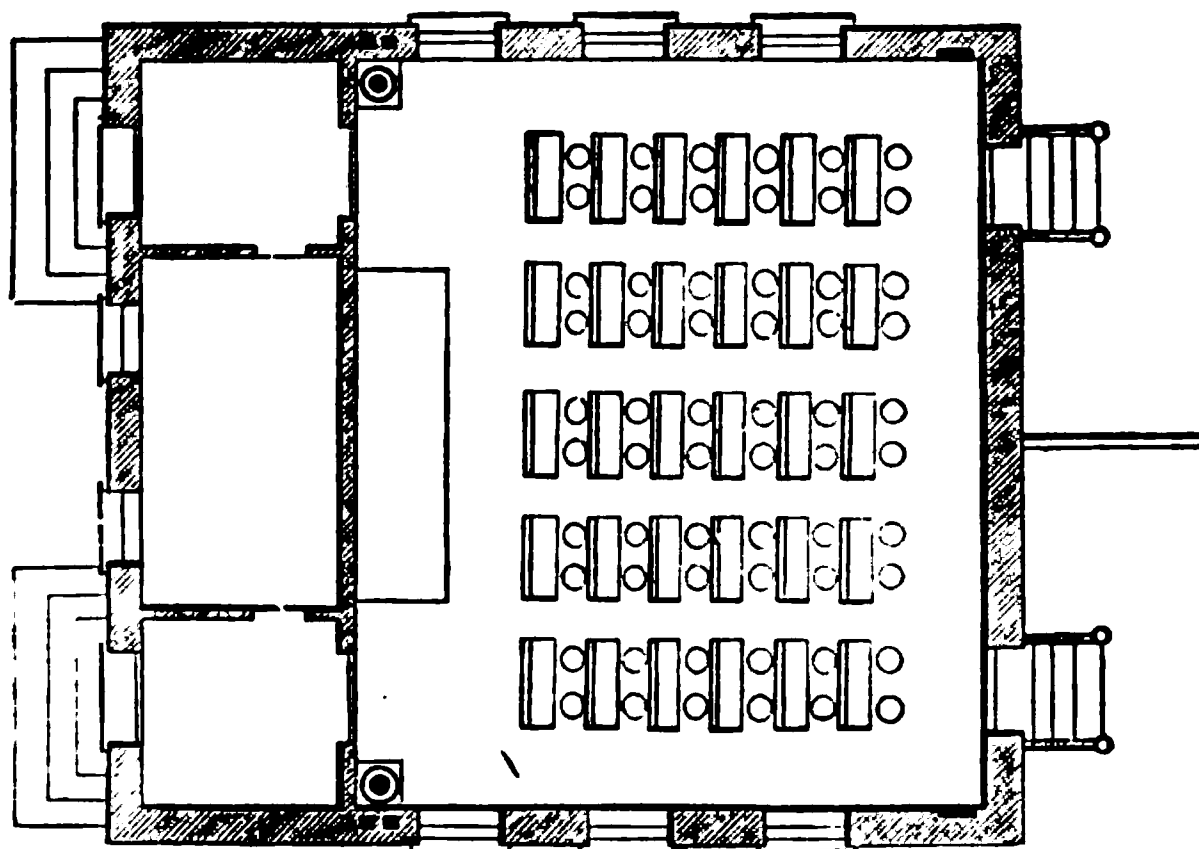
In the erection of brick walls care must be taken to have the walls hollow, or so formed that a space of air can be confined within them, otherwise the walls will be damp and the room unhealthy. The precau-

tion should also be taken to have the foundation laid in hydraulic cement as high as the water-table to prevent the moisture of the ground from permeating the entire walls of the building. The effect of the moisture is not only deleterious to health, but, combined with the action of frost, it has a tendency to crack and destroy the walls of the building.

Wherever stone can be easily and cheaply obtained a building of this description may be put up at a moderate expense.

In constructing a stone building, extra care must be taken that the foundations are securely laid below the action of the frost. The walls should be hollow or furred.

The same design given last month and repeated below will serve to show the internal arrangement of the elevations given in this number.



The following admirable letter from Rev. Samuel Lockwood, County Superintendent of Monmouth county, presents strong points in support of Mr. Cutler's excellent plan for building school houses. Mr. Cutler's letters were published in the Educational Department of this Magazine for October, and may be had from the office of publication.

FREEHOLD, N. J., Oct. 2, 1871.

Prof. E. A. Apgar :

DEAR SIR—I have just read Mr. Cutler's suggestions on making loans to school districts for building school houses, the State School Fund to supply the money. Permit me to offer three thoughts in advocacy of such a measure.

1. The thing is practical. Indeed such a plan has long been in operation in some of the strong denominations of Christians. These sects have what they call their Church building fund. The object is to aid "weak societies" to erect churches. A bond and mortgage is effected, in some instances no interest is exacted, unless the property pass into the possession of some other denomination, in which case, both principal and interest are collected. With them the plan works well; and why should not Mr. Cutler's proposition prove a tower of strength to the public school cause in our rural neighborhoods?

2. The project would greatly reduce the friction now too severe in the working of one portion of our school law. In the strictly rural districts it is often the case, that it is impossible to get the required two-thirds vote to carry the project of building a school house. This often happens where the old school is an eye-sore and a disgrace, as well as a health-destroyer of the chil-

dren. Now where these district battles are so hard fought, whether the cause be lost or won, much bitterness is inevitable, often entering households. The plan proposed, I think, would greatly obviate all this.

3. Real hardships would be prevented. It is a fact that some farmers, with small, unproductive, or poorly managed farms, which as usual in such cases, have an incumbrance on them already, whose moth-like interest eats into the

ELEVATION 4.

DESIGN 3.

little earnings made, feel this tax severely. I have known cases where the assessing of a tax to build the school house, has borne too heavily on them. And one case I can recall in which a widow had a small farm, with her one cow, which cow had to be sold to pay that one year's tax, the increase being caused by the new school house.

For these reasons, then, I admire Mr. Cutler's sagacity, and the more such excellent cutlery he affords us, the better.

Yours respectfully,

SAMUEL LOCKWOOD.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A FREE ADVERTISEMENT FOR SWINDLERS.

THE country is full of humbugs and swindlers who put on garments of charity or generosity in which to do their devilish work. And they put them on with so much skill and perfection that if it were possible they would deceive the very elect of knowledge. We suggest to all our readers, young and old, that in this world of struggling humanity, men do not outside of the well known avenues of charity spend time and money, simply to "benefit the suffering FREE OF CHARGE." We have taken the trouble to inquire concerning the following "*benevolent enterprises*," and now have the pleasure of giving our readers the benefit of the result.

Every editorial office is constantly receiving such things, and we have no [doubt that our readers will see the same advertisements in some country papers. Their rural publishers may rest assured that sending the bill and marked copies will be entirely a gratuitous work. We are and always have been as particular to see that no illegitimate advertisement appears in this magazine as that the literary contents are unobjectionable in this respect. It is with increased satisfaction that we confer this favor upon these benevolent gentlemen, for the reason that they desire to extend their generosity to us as well as to the public. Gentlemen, accept the following as a mark of our distinguished consideration, and be assured that whenever you shall honor us with your communications, they will always be the subject of our best endeavors to do you full justice so far as our space will permit.

PORTLAND, MAINE, Sept. 27, 1871.

- J. A. BEECHER—Sir:—If agreeable, please insert the enclosed *two months* in BEECHER'S MAGAZINE, at lowest cash rates, commencing with next issue, and forward your bill with copy of Magazine containing adv. and we will remit promptly by P. O. Order.

Refer to *Globe*, *Baptist Union* and *Revolution*, New York.

Resp'y, B. F. GARDINER & Co.

SOMETHING NEW FOR EVERYBODY.

A Useful, Easy, and Money-making Employment for All, Old and Young, Male and Female.

From \$50 to \$200 per month can easily be made by any person of ordinary capacity, in our NEW, USEFUL, and HIGHLY LUCRATIVE OCCUPATION. No capital is required to engage in this business. *It will in no way interfere with other business.* It requires no traveling or peddling, but gives the comforts of home and good wages. This is no Recipe or Agency, Gift Enterprise or Lottery Swindle, but is an *honorable, lawful* business, and cannot be too highly recommended to all persons who desire a *permanent, money-making*, and genteel employment. No person will ever regret sending for this information, let their business be what it may. *We guarantee satisfaction in every case.* The information we offer, when once gained, can be brought into use at any time during life, without extra expense, and made a source of constant income; every one should secure this information at once, while there is an opportunity, as the cost is trifling. There is positively *no humbug or deception* in our statements; we would not make false statements to the public, for our reputation is at stake, and there is nothing

gained in the end by deceit. During our connection with this business, we are not aware of a single case in which any one of our numerous customers has found reason to accuse us of any other course than that we have *invariably pursued*—that of fair, upright, and honorable dealing. We will upon receipt of ONE DOLLAR by mail, send by return of mail, full instructions in regard to the business; and to any person who, after receiving information, shall feel dissatisfied, or that we have misrepresented, we will send TWO DOLLARS for their trouble.

All money forwarded by mail, in carefully sealed letters, at our risk.

Address, B. F. GARDINER & CO., Portland, Maine.

P. O. Box 1105.

OFFICE BEECHER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Trenton, Sept. 30, 1871.

P. M., PORTLAND, Me.—Dr. Sir :—Will you have the kindness to reply, yes or no, to the following question? Is the firm of "B. F. Gardiner & Co., Portland, Me.," a responsible one, and is their business legitimate?

Yours truly,

J. A. BEECHER.

Ans.—"No!"

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1871.

Publisher of Beecher's Magazine, Trenton, N. J. :

Dear Sir—I wish to advertise the inclosed Card in your paper one year as a special notice. The Card to occupy the space of two inches, and to be paid for quarterly in advance, on receipt of your bill and paper having the advertisement inserted.

Please make out your bill at your lowest price, net cash.

Yours truly,

WM. H. NORTON, 676 Broadway, N. Y. City.

TO THE SUFFERING.—The Rev. Wm. H. Norton, while residing in Brazil as a Missionary, discovered in that land of medicines, a remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Nervous Weakness. This remedy has cured myself after all other medicines had failed.

Wishing to benefit the suffering, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this remedy to all who desire it FREE OF CHARGE.

Please send an envelope, with your name and address on it.

Address,

REV. WILLIAM H. NORTON, 676 Broadway, N. Y. City.

STATION A, N. Y. P. O., Oct. 4, 1871.

J. A. BEECHER.—Sir :—In reference to the foregoing, I would say that the Rev. Wm. H. Norton is a Patent Medicine Doctor, and professes to treat Consumption as a specialty.

He advertises as follows : "The sands of life are nearly run out," &c., &c. You can draw your own inferences as to his *standing and respectability*.

Yours resp'ly,

E. G. HERBERT, Supt.

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN BANNER,
(Circulation 50,000 copies Monthly.)

THOMPSON & Co., Publishers,

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEWATER, CONN., Oct. 3, 1871.

GENTLEMEN :—Please insert the enclosed advertisement, and send bill and marked copy.

Respectfully yours,

C. B. THOMPSON & Co.

2,000 Agents wanted to canvass for the most interesting relic and curiosity in the Christian world ever discovered. This day is published, Price \$2.50, A finely executed engraving, the only true likeness of Our Saviour, taken from one cut in an emerald by command of Tiberius Cæsar, and which was given from the Treasury of Constantinople by the Emperor of the Turks, to Pope Innocent VIII, for the redemption of his brother, then a captive to the Christians.

Agents are making from \$10 to \$50 a day. Send stamp for terms. We give a large discount to agents. Send \$2.50 for a sample copy. Address,

CHAS. B. THOMPSON, Bridgewater, Conn.

OFFICE BEECHER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE,

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 3, 1871.

POST MASTER :—Will you do me the favor to say whether the parties who send the enclosed advertisement are responsible and their business legitimate, and much oblige

Yours truly

J. A. BEECHER.

SIR :—The party you inquire about is not responsible. A *humbug* throughout. I have no idea he intends to pay any bills he contracts.

Respectfully yours,

GEO. LYON, P. M.

From the above correspondence it will be seen that all these parties are first class swindlers. If any of our readers are duped by them or others like them they deserve what they will get. The advertisement of the plausible parties at Bridgewater, Conn., was inserted by the publisher of the *Sunday School Workman*, N. Y., and last week this paper "regrets to inform its readers that they are swindlers;" but not until after hundreds probably have sent \$2.50 for a sample engraving, "originally cut in an emerald." All of which should teach respectable publishers and the public the necessity for exercising the greatest caution.

A WORD BY THE WAY.

OUR article last month on the Camden & Amboy Railroad lease met with the hearty approval of a large number of right feeling and right thinking men, and they have expressed themselves decidedly in favor of the course therein advocated. We have at present twenty-five thousand readers per month—at a low estimate—in all parts of the State and outside of it, and it is a matter of no small comfort to the occupant of the editorial sanctum to be assured that the honest utterances sent forth to the people meet the hearty response of their judgment which is generally right.

We do not know of any corporation the fear of which is before our eyes, and we hope that our perceptions of truth may always be quick and our desire to do that which is just, stronger than all other influences combined. Unaided to the amount of a cent by any individual or company, the success of this magazine is due alone to the welcome given it by the public and the press, coupled with our best efforts, and a kindly favoring Providence, and to-day as we stand within sight of the new year, we will not look mournfully into the past for it comes not back again, but wisely improve the present and go forth to meet the future with a firm and a manly heart. Our position in the coming year will be even more positive in regard to all questions affecting the public welfare, than ever before, and excepting party politics and religious matters, we shall not

hesitate to take a position that all will be able to define. We shall in the next number, the last of this year, be able to announce plans of much interest to all of our readers, but can now say to those who have so kindly responded to the only successful effort ever made to establish a magazine in New Jersey, that when we begin the next volume we intend they shall rejoice with us that they aided to establish an independent organ of popular opinion and progressive literature in this State.

SOME PRECIOUS FRUIT.

IF THE awful destruction of Chicago is barren of all other blessings, let us rejoice that it has been the occasion for the most magnificent expression of human sympathy and brotherhood, may we not say, that the world has yet witnessed. So few words, such prompt action, and the outpouring of State and individual beneficence have not been witnessed before in this land at least. And while we mourn the destruction of property, the suffering and death, the disastrous effects to the business interests of the country that has and must result from the conflagration, we rejoice that the response which has met the appealing cry of this voiceless anguish, has completely vindicated the power of human sympathy, the union of all parts of our land, and the unparalleled generosity of our people.

The terrible devastation and death that swept over this proud young metropolis of the vigorous West, including the almost total destruction of the business part of the city, and leaving one hundred thousand homeless beings to face the approaching winter's cold, ruining the business for a long time to come, indeed composes a spectacle to move all men to sympathy. But notwithstanding these things there is no one who before seeing it would have believed that the spontaneous offerings of the nation would have amounted to one half their present value. There is no one who can be ignorant upon this point, so that we will not reiterate what is daily before the public in regard to it. Some of the most touching incidents of unostentatious benevolence have come to our notice; benevolence which the world will never praise the giver for, but which every individual heart will pronounce worthy of the Saviour's words to the poor widow who cast in two mites: she "hath cast in more than they all." Want of space forbids enumeration, but we give one incident which occurred in this city of a very poor man, going up to the platform after a very enthusiastic meeting had been held and a large sum raised for the relief of the Chicago sufferers, and handing a dollar and a half to the Treasurer, said it was all he could give. He refused to tell his name and went modestly away. Many such instances in all parts of the country

have come to our notice, and they are truly touching because given out of the means required for the actual necessities of life. While others are chronicling the gifts of thousands and justly lauding the givers before the world, let us tarry a moment to honor the hundreds of poor, who thus, all unknown and unpraised, have cast in their mites from hearts of charity—have cast in as it were all their living.

Of the great offerings made not one of the donors has fared less sumptuously nor have their children been disappointed of expected joy ; but among those of whom we speak many a table has had plainer fare and many a child learned to give up some childish treasure, that the hungry and unfortunate might be fed and clothed. Not one jot less of deserved honor would we give to the first, neither will we forget those who have done their little at great personal sacrifice.

And when the whole civilized world is pouring in upon Chicago money and food and clothing, it is full compensation to those who have had the pleasure of giving, to witness the spirit manifested by the sufferers. What city, with the embers of wealth and glory still hot and smoking about it, has sprung forward to recover itself from ruin, and entered upon the work of restoration with such pluck and cheerfulness as this people has done? Hear the *Tribune* from a half-sheet, two days after the fire, nobly sounding the call to labor. To help such unfortunates is a privilege, and if "God helps the man who helps himself" then Chicago will have Divine aid as well as human :

"Cheer up! In the midst of calamity without parallel in the world's history, looking upon the ashes of thirty years' accumulation, the people of this once beautiful city are resolved that Chicago shall rise again with vigor.

"With \$200,000,000 or \$300,000,000 of our hard-earned property swept away in a few hours, the hearts of our men and women are still brave, and they look into the future with undaunted hearts.

"As there has never been such a calamity, so has there never been such fortitude in the face of desolation and ruin.

"The \$300,000,000 of capital invested in these ruins are bound to see us through. They have been built with special reference to a great commercial want at this place, and cannot fail to sustain it.

"As Chicago must rise again, we do not belittle the calamity that has fallen upon us. The world has probably never seen the like of it; certainly not since Moscow was burned.

"Ten or twenty years may be required to reconstruct our fair city, but capital will rebuild it, and fire-proof will be forthcoming.

"The losses we have suffered must be borne, but the place, time and men are here. Commence at the bottom and work up again—not at the bottom either—for we have credit in every land, and the experience of one building of Chicago to help us.

"Let us all cheer up, save what is yet left, and we shall come out right. The Christian world is coming to our relief—the worst is already over. In a few days more the dangers will be passed, and we can resume the battle of life with Christian faith and Western grit. Let us all cheer up."

SUBSCRIBERS who have not paid their subscription for the last year, will oblige us by remitting the amount without further notice. Because it is only a dollar do not neglect it.

We wish to employ a man of fine address and good education, who has a thorough knowledge of men. For the right man we will pay a salary of twelve hundred dollars per year and expenses.

In our advertising pages the American Sunday School Union announces a series of lessons for every Sunday in the year; to be published in the *Sunday School World*. They are being prepared by Rev. John Hall, of New York, and this is sufficient commendation to all who know anything of this great man—great in the power and simplicity of the Gospel.

Messrs. Owens & Vannest, the leading Merchant Tailors of this city, are ready to fill all orders for custom work, in the best style, from a large and carefully selected stock, of great variety. They have also full lines of ready made clothing and gentlemen's furnishing goods. They have not failed to please us during a term of several years and our testimony is that of all their customers.

We have made special arrangements with the publishers of the *Christian Union*, by which that paper and the two beautiful chromos that are given as a premium to its subscribers, and BEECHER'S MAGAZINE, can be furnished at three dollars, the price of the paper alone. This is a fine opportunity to secure two beautiful chromos, a first-class weekly paper and monthly magazine, all for the regular price of the paper.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE will also be furnished free with any of the following periodicals, upon the receipt of the publisher's prices: *Harper's Weekly*, or *Monthly*, or *Bazar*; each four dollars per year. *Scribner's Monthly*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Galaxy*, *Appleton's Journal*, (weekly or monthly), *Old and New*, *Lippincott's Magazine*; each four dollars per year. *The American Phrenological Journal*, *The Hearth and Home*, *Scientific American*, *Plymouth Pulpit*, *Godey's Lady's Book*; each three dollars per year. We will send any of the following upon the same terms, upon receipt of fifty cents in addition to the publishers' price: *Peterson's Ladies' Magazine*, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, *The American Agriculturist*, *The Nursery*, *The Sunday School Workman*, *The Weekly Tribune*, *Times*, or *World*, each two dollars per year except *The American Agriculturist*, *Nursery*, and *Sunday School Times*, which are one dollar and fifty cents per year. The reduced rates at which we obtain these publications enable us to furnish two magazines for the regular price of one. None of our readers need go outside of this list for their periodical literature. Let your orders be plain and brief.

NO WARMTH, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds, November!

—*Thomas Hood.*

And who shall say that this prince of humorists has not truly portrayed stern, blustering, biting old November. He would blow every leaf from the lifeless stem; he cuts down every green thing which the more generous October left. If a living flower blossoms above its dead companions he ruthlessly destroys it. His work is to prepare the earth for her winter garments.

He enters dwellings unbidden; he visits the fireless hovel, and pinches the shivering inmates; he compels us to protect ourselves against that which we cannot drive away. The poor gather faggots for the hearthstone and the rich bid the hot fires to be lighted; and though hundreds shiver by the fireless hearthstones of poverty he will not begone.

But though cold and stern, November is not barren of joys. Though the least desirable and enjoyable month in the year perhaps, yet the long evenings for improvement and social pleasures are first of him, and even now we can see the blustering old fellow turning to leave with a frosty smile as he wraps his garments closer about him and shouts to the children, "Cold December is here, with his holidays and gifts for you all."

GEORGE PEABODY.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated,
Pure, Progressive, Practical, Popular.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1871.

No. 24.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

A SCHOOL boy in South Danvers wrote the following composition on his native town :

“South Danvers is in the United States. It is bounded by Salem and reaches to Middletown. Its principal river is Goldwaite's brook which empties into Salem Harbor. Its principal lake is the mill-pond which is dry in summer. Its principal productions are leather, onions, South Church and George Peabody.”

It is of this last production that we shall speak particularly—the one for which all the others were necessary. Mr. Peabody could trace his family back to the year of our Lord 61, and down through the brilliant circle of the Knights of the Round Table, to Francis Peabody, whose family went from Hertfordshire, England, to the New World, and settled in Danvers, Mass., in 1635, where he was born in 1795, on the 18th of February. His parents were poor, and hard work was his birth-right and legacy, but it made a strong man of sterling qualities, vigorous constitution and penetrating intellect. All the schooling he had was before he was eleven, for after that age he had to earn his own living.

We know how he served his apprenticeship in a small country store and learned all there was to be learned there ; and of his stay in “Post Mills” with his grandfather, Mr. Dodge, who was a farmer, and the story of his sawing wood at the inn to pay for his lodging on his return to Danvers.

In 1811, at the age of sixteen, he went to Newburyport as clerk in his brother David's store, who was a dry goods merchant. Here he earned the first money he ever made outside of his business, by writing ballots for the Federal party in that place. A part of the town, including his brother's store, was destroyed by fire soon after he went there and he left. At this time he was not worth a dollar. Mr. Spaulding, a merchant in Newburyport, gave him letters of credit for two thousand dollars to Mr. James Reed, a Boston merchant. This was his start in life, and

at a public entertainment in that city many years after, Mr. Peabody, laying his hand on Mr. Reed's shoulder, said: "My friends, here is my first patron, and he is the man who sold me my first bill of goods." In 1812 he went to Georgetown, D. C., where he entered the store of his uncle, Mr. John Peabody, who was a dry goods merchant there. The war of 1812 interfered with business seriously, and George joined a volunteer company, and for a while was stationed at Fort Warburton. No active duty was required and he soon returned to his uncle's store. While here he had almost the entire charge of his uncle's business and won the highest respect of the merchants there. He saw the business threatened with ruin by his uncle's incapacity, and resigned his position to enter the service of Mr. Elisha Riggs, who had just opened a wholesale dry goods house in Georgetown. Mr. Riggs furnished the capital and Mr. Peabody took charge of the concern and became a partner while yet so young that he could not legally assume business responsibilities, being only nineteen years old. But the old merchant saw in the young man the qualities which never fail to win success. The new business consisted chiefly in the importation of foreign goods and consignments from Northern cities. It extended over a wide field and gave full scope to his excellent abilities. He worked with energy and intelligence, traveling on horseback through the wild and unsettled regions of the border States. The business soon became so extensive that a removal to Baltimore was necessary. Mr. Peabody at once rose to preëminence among the merchants there. His manner was frank and engaging and he was noted for "a judgment quick, cautious, clear and sound, a decided purpose, a firm will, energetic and persevering industry, punctuality and fidelity in every engagement; justice and honor controlling every transaction, and courtesy—that true courtesy which springs from genuine kindness, presiding over the intercourse of his life."

The business increased rapidly, and in 1822 branches were established in Philadelphia and New York. In 1827 Mr. Peabody went to England on business for his firm, and during the next ten years made frequent voyages between London and New York. In 1829 Mr. Riggs withdrew from the firm, and the style which had been "Riggs, Peabody & Co." became "Peabody, Riggs & Co."

At the suggestion of Mr. Peabody, an irregular banking business was added to the house early in its history, and had become so important that it was now the financial agent of the State of Maryland. The negotiations committed to it had been managed with such skill and success that it was a source of great profit to the firm.

In 1836 Mr. Peabody extended his business, already large, to England, and opened a house in London, removing there a year later, from which time that city became his home. The summer of 1837 will be remembered by many as one of great financial disaster and distress all over this

country and in Europe. Thousands of merchants until then prosperous were hopelessly ruined. In the parlor of the Bank of England, this man performed that miracle by which the word of an honest man turns paper into gold.

His gains in the exchange of British manufactures for American produce were very large, but less than from another and different source. Merchants and manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic who consigned their goods to him, frequently procured advances before the goods were sold, and again would leave large sums to their credit in his hands, upon which they were always sure of proper interest. Thus Mr. Peabody became a heavy banker in the prosecution of his regular business. In 1843 he withdrew from the house of "Peabody, Riggs & Co.," and established the house of "George Peabody & Co., of Warnford Court, City." He was always very proud of his country and dealt chiefly in American securities, and was regarded as one of the best specimens of the American merchant ever seen in London. He said, "I have endeavored in the constitution of its members and the character of my business to make it an American house and to give it an American atmosphere, to furnish it with American journals, to make it the centre of American news, and an agreeable place for my American friends visiting London."

It was his custom to celebrate the Anniversary of American Independence by an entertainment at a public house in London, to which distinguished Americans were always invited and also prominent men of Great Britain. In 1851, when it was thought that there would be no exhibition of American industry and ingenuity at the Great Exhibition, from a lack of funds, Mr. Peabody gave fifteen thousand dollars to enable the Commissioners to make a suitable display. Mr. Everett thus speaks of the subject :

"In most, perhaps in all other countries, this exhibition had been a government affair. Commissioners were appointed by authority to protect the interests of the exhibitors ; and, what was more important, appropriations of money had been made to defray their expenses. No appropriations were made by Congress. Our exhibitors arrived friendless, some of them penniless, in the great commercial Babel of the world. They found the portion of the Crystal Palace assigned to our country unprepared for the specimens of art and industry they had brought with them ; naked and unadorned by the side of the neighboring arcades and galleries fitted up with elegance and splendor by the richest governments of Europe. The English press began to launch its too ready sarcasms at the sorry appearance which Brother Jonathan seemed likely to make ; and all the exhibitors from this country, as well as those who felt an interest in their success, were disheartened. At this critical moment, our friend stepped forward. He did what Congress should have done. By liberal advances on his part, the American department was fitted up ; and day

after day, as some new product of American ingenuity and taste was added to the list—McCormick's reaper, Colt's revolver, Powers' Greek Slave, Hobbs' unpickable lock, Hoe's wonderful printing presses, and Bond's more wonderful spring governor—it began to be suspected that Brother Jonathan was not quite so much of a simpleton as had been thought. He had contributed his full share, if not to the splendor, at least to the utilities of the exhibition. In fact, the leading journal at London, with a magnanimity which did it honor, admitted that England had derived more real benefit from the contributions of the United States than from those of any other country."

Mr. Peabody made the bulk of his colossal fortune in banking. During the last years of his business operations his gains were enormous. But he who gave away millions with a generosity never excelled, was scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of contracts. His habits of economy contracted in youth were retained to the last. Being unmarried, he did not keep up a domestic establishment, but lived in chambers and entertained his friends at public houses. His personal expenses for ten years did not average three thousand dollars per annum, a sum which many a young man—not having that income—feels is too small for his personal needs. There was nothing in this man's dress to indicate his great wealth. It was tasteful and scrupulously neat, that was all. He made several visits to the United States late in life, and on each occasion performed some act of princely munificence. Education and religion were the objects of his grand charity, and he made every one of his relatives wealthy. To none did he give less than \$100,000, to some \$300,000. His magnificent provision for the poor of London was surpassed only by his charities in this land. Queen Victoria recognized his munificence by one of the most valued tributes that could have been made to such a man—the portrait of herself, executed at a cost of \$40,000. In 1866 Mr. Peabody came to this country and remained about a year. In June, 1869, he returned here again, but his feeble health induced his departure for London, in the hope that the atmosphere to which he had been accustomed would improve it. He failed to rally and died in that city the 4th of November, 1869.

The circumstances of his death and honors to his remains are still too fresh in the minds of all to need repeating. It will be remembered that his body was placed in a vault in Westminster Abbey, by the side of the greatest in the kingdom of Britain, and from thence transferred to this country in a royal man-of-war, where it was received by our government with the highest honors. None in the world were too great to do homage to the remains of this plain, simple man, who began life a poor boy and never departed from the character of an unassuming citizen. He was borne across the water with kingly honors, the two greatest nations of the world his chief mourners, and then when the pomp and

splendor of the occasion were ended, they laid him down in the little town of his birth by the side of the mother who bore him, and from whom he imbibed the principles of integrity and goodness which were the foundation of his fame and fortune.

No correct statement of Mr. Peabody's charities can be given, but the following list includes the most prominent, though not the several millions besides, which he gave in sums of from one thousand to two hundred and fifty dollars :

To the State of Maryland, for negotiating the loan of \$8,000,000	\$60,000
To the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md., including accrued interest.....	1,500,000
To the Southern Education Fund.....	3,000,000
To Yale College.....	150,000
To Harvard College.....	150,000
To Peabody Academy, Massachusetts.....	140,000
To Phillips Academy, Massachusetts.....	25,000
To Peabody Institute, etc., at Peabody, Mass.....	250,000
To Kenyon College, Ohio.....	25,000
To Memorial Church, in Georgetown, Mass.....	100,000
To Homes for the Poor in London.....	3,000,000
To Libraries in Georgetown, Massachusetts, and Thet- ford, Vermont.....	10,000
To Kane's Arctic Expedition.....	10,000
To different Sanitary Fairs.....	10,000
To unpaid moneys advanced to uphold the credit of the States.....	40,000
Total.....	<u>\$8,470,000</u>

To Mr. Peabody's own words we will not attempt to add anything concerning the lesson of hope and encouragement his life holds out to others. In 1856, while on a visit to Danvers, he said: "Though Providence has granted me an unvaried success in the pursuit of fortune in other lands, I am still in heart the unpretending boy who left yonder humble dwelling. There is not a youth within the sound of my voice whose early opportunities and advantages are not very much greater than my own, and I have since achieved nothing that is impossible to the humblest boy among you."

A man who knows the world will not only make the most of every-thing he does know, but of many things he does not know; and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance, than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.

CURED OF FLIRTING.

BY LETTIE THORPE.

“**I** DO wish, Lina, that you would give up this flirting with married men, it annoys and mortifies me exceedingly.”

“Why mother, what is the harm?”

“The harm is that you are losing the respect of all who know you.”

“The respect of all gossiping old maids and jealous wives, you mean, mother.”

“I mean just what I said, Lina—girls that flirt with married men, are very little thought of.”

“But I *don't* flirt, I merely laugh and talk with them.”

“There is a certain way of talking and laughing, that you understand too well altogether. I have watched you a great deal, lately, and I do not like your manner at all. Last night, you danced three times in succession with Mr. Manly, and his wife looked very serious and uneasy. I was humiliated to think that the conduct of my daughter could ever bring so sad an expression to her face.”

“She is just as jealous as she can be, and it's too absurd.”

“She has reason to be jealous.”

“Well, I think if I were not willing to see my husband look at any woman beside myself, I would stay at home and not show my foolish, silly face in society; Why doesn't she fix herself up, and look pretty, and try to please and attract him.”

“Lina, hav'nt you any heart or good feeling?”

“O yes, mamma, plenty of it; enough, I assure you, to make me feel very uncomfortable when you chide me so severely.”

“I am sorry that my chidings do not have more effect.”

“What shall I do when men talk to me and ask me to dance with them, shall I refuse and stand against the wall, like a neglected flower?”

“There are plenty of young, unmarried men, who would be only too glad to dance with you, if you could condescend to give them a little encouragement.”

“Encouragement, yes. The moment I showed them the faintest semblance of partiality, they would say that I was in love with them. That is the trouble; it does make me perfectly furious to see young men strutting about like peacocks, and pluming themselves upon their imaginary conquests. Now, I can say what I please to married men, and they do not think anything about it.”

“Are you sure of that? But whether *they* do or not, others do. Your uncle spoke to me the other day about it. He says that people condemn your manners in society very severely. I wish you to act differently, Lina, or I shall refuse to go anywhere with you.”

Lina Griswold was handsome, stylish and fascinating, but self-willed, and very careless of other people's opinions. She dearly loved to flirt, and still it annoyed her "to have vain, silly boys," as she said, "imagine that her nonsense meant anything." With pleasant, married men, she could joke and laugh, or sigh and be as sentimental as she chose, without any fear, she thought, of her feelings being misconstrued. Her mother's reproof had an effect for awhile, but it was not long before she was flirting, as recklessly as ever.

One evening Lina attended a large party, dressed in a rich crimson silk that set off her fine, brunette complexion to the very best advantage. She was looking unusually handsome, even for her, and in contrast to her dark, glowing beauty, all others looked pale and faded. There was a stranger present, who watched her a long time with undisguised admiration, and finally enquired her name.

"It is Miss Lina Griswold," was the answer, "but unless you are a married man, do not attempt to win any smiles from her."

"How is that?" he asked.

"I mean that she flirts most shamefully with married men. I think it is very strange that her mother will countenance it."

"Perhaps her mother cannot prevent it. Mothers of the present day do not seem to have much influence over daughters. But will you not introduce me? Tell her that I am married, if you choose."

"Shall I, really?"

"Yes, I am determined to win her favor, and if I cannot do so under my true colors, I will adopt false ones."

"Very well, just for the fun of the thing, I'll do it. I shall tell her you are a married man with six children."

"Say twenty, if you choose. Only give me a chance to look into her glorious eyes and bask in the radiance of her smiles."

"Why, Mr. Mathers," exclaimed the lady, "I am afraid that you are really very much impressed by that heartless beauty."

"Is she heartless, then?"

"She is called so."

"Perhaps no one yet has been fortunate enough to touch her heart. I cannot believe that any woman with such eyes, was born without the power to love."

"Take care, my friend, take care; but I will go and fulfil my part of the bargain," and the lady left him to speak with Lina.

Charles Mathers was a distinguished looking man of thirty-three or four years, one who would attract attention anywhere, and although Lina seemed wholly absorbed in the conversation she was carrying on with those around her, she had noticed, nevertheless, his fine face and stately figure, and was also quite conscious of the admiring glances he bestowed upon her. For the first time in her life, she said to herself, "I hope he is not

married," so that when his lady friend mentioned the fact of his having a wife and children, she heard it with a vague sense of disappointment, for which she could not account.

When presented to the brilliant beauty, the gentleman assumed a light, bantering tone, such as he supposed, from the impression given him of her character, would be most congenial, but she answered him in a manner so reserved and dignified, that he immediately changed his own and introduced some literary topic that seemed to suit much better her present mood. They were soon engaged in a lively and animated conversation, and Mrs. Griswold watched them anxiously, wondering who it was that had now won her daughter's attention and interest, and hoping that it was not another flirting married man Lina had got in her toils. She noticed the change in her manner, so much more womanly and restful, but hardly knew whether to rejoice over it or not.

"Lina," she asked, when they were seated in their own parlor that night, "who was that gentleman you talked with so long this evening?"

"Mr. Mathers, mother."

"Is he married?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is he coming to see you?"

"I invited him, and he accepted my invitation."

The lady sighed and turned away.

"Don't sigh so, mother dear," exclaimed Lina, with unusual gentleness, "you certainly cannot say that I *flirted* with him."

"No, dear, I have no fault to find with your *manner* to-night; you were perfectly quiet and dignified; but he never left your side for two hours."

"Well, mother, it is so refreshing to come across a man that reads and thinks, and conveys flattery, without the gross medium of words. I wish he was not married. He is the only man I ever saw that I feel sure I could be happy with."

"Has he come here to live?"

"No; he only intends to spend a few weeks here."

"There is one request that I have to make, which is, that you will not accept any invitations from him; will you oblige me in this?"

"Yes, mother, I will."

The next evening Lina attended another large party, and again met the distinguished stranger, who lingered by her side almost constantly, and in whose society she felt a new and strange happiness. He called the day following, and the fascination increased so that Lina could no longer blind herself to the fact that she loved this man, the husband, as she supposed, of another woman. The second time he called, he invited her to ride. She thanked him, but declined very decidedly.

"May I not asked the reason of your refusal?" he said.

"My mother dislikes to have me receive such attentions from married men, and I think that she is right, Mr. Mathers." Then seeing a very peculiar smile gleam from the gentleman's eyes and face, she added hastily, "perhaps you think that my scruples are of very recent origin. I know that I have been severely censured."

"Excuse me, Miss Griswold, I had no such thought, but—"

Here they were interrupted by a caller, and giving her hand a long and tender pressure, he bade her good-by.

"Mother," said Lina that night, "can we not go away somewhere?"

"Where, dear, where would you like to go?"

"Off into the country, away from all society, where I can have rest and quiet—I am so tired."

"We will go if you say so; but why do you wish it?"

"That man has such strange power over me, I fear him; I fear myself. I must go away, where I shall not see or hear about him. Mother, you thought I had no heart. I wish that it were indeed true."

"Lina, what will you do in the country? So little to occupy your mind and arouse your interest, you will only brood over your troubles, and I am afraid will come back worse than when you went."

"No, no, mother, I feel such a sense of weariness, you do not know how I long for perfect rest."

"It shall be then as you say. When do you wish to go?"

"To-morrow, there is nothing to detain us, and I will pack our trunks to-night;" and thus it was settled.

So when Mr. Mathers called again, he was told, much to his regret and dismay, that Mrs. Griswold and her daughter had gone off into the country; *where*, he could not learn. At first, disappointment alone took possession of him, then all at once a delightful thought flashed across his mind. "Can it be that she loves me?" he asked himself, "and thinking me a married man, flies from me? I will go home now, and then I will take measures to find out where she has hidden herself."

He did *not* find out however, although he tried his best, for three months passed before Lina returned to her home. During that time she had obtained the rest she needed, and had found enough beside to interest and occupy her. She had reflected over her past life, her reckless pursuit of pleasure, her disregard of her tender mother's wishes, and the trouble she had made in many families, for Lina knew that she had caused many a fond wife to weep over the waning interest and affection of her husband.

When the mother and daughter returned to their home, every one noticed the change in the latter. Her manners now were quiet and subdued, for she carefully avoided the slightest approach to a flirtation, and although she was no longer followed by a crowd of triflers, who sought to win her favor by flattery and idle jests, she saw with pleasure that she was treated with genuine respect and admiration, and she had fully as much attention as she desired.

One evening, at a small gathering, she stood talking pleasantly with a friend, when suddenly Mr. Mathers appeared before her, with beaming face and out-stretched hand. For a moment, her self-possession was all gone, and her heart beat loud and wildly, but summoning all her pride and resolution to her aid, she controlled herself, and spoke a few words of welcome.

"How are your wife and children?" she asked.

"Wife and children!" exclaimed the gentleman beside her; "why, how long, Mathers, have you been blessed with any such appendages? He had'nt any a week ago, Miss Griswold, I can vouch for that;" and he laughed merrily.

It would have been hard to tell which was the most confused, the lady or gentleman; but finally, the thought that she had been imposed upon, aroused Lina's anger, and, sweeping past him, she went to bid the hostess good-night, and left the house.

"Why! what is the matter?" asked the unfortunate man, who saw that he had said something *mal apropos*, but scarcely knowing why or wherefore. "Miss Griswold probably thinks that she has been imposed upon, and is justly indignant. I owe her an apology, and shall have to make a somewhat embarrassing explanation."

"Oh! you told her you were married, did you?"

"Well, Mrs. Caton told her so, and I did not deny it."

"Ah! I think I understand it all now. Lina is very much changed, and has become a really splendid woman. I know of no one so worthy of her as yourself, so I wish you all success."

The next day, Mr. Mathers called to see Lina, who received him very coolly.

"Miss Griswold," he said, "you feel that you have been deceived, I know, but the last time I saw you, before your departure from here, I was just on the point of revealing the truth, when we were interrupted. Then you went away, and, although I made every effort to find out where you had gone, I did not succeed."

"But why was I deceived in the first place?"

He repeated the conversation between himself and Mrs. Caton, saying, in conclusion, "I was so anxious to win your favor, Miss Griswold. Will you not forgive me for the course I took? Strategy is generally considered excusable in such cases."

Lina was inexorable for a long time, although she realized fully how good the lesson had been for her, but she must finally have relented, if a certain matrimonial notice that appeared in the papers several months afterwards is to be relied upon.

There be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.

AFTERNOON.

BY UNA.

THE crystal dew-lit sparkle, the light shimmer and the sheen,
Born of the summer morning in the valley summer-green.
The dimpling, smiling, whisp'ring of the river gliding there,
The merry matin minstrelsy flung on the crisp blue air,
The toying in dim forest paths of shadow and of ray,
Like the soft glint and glimmer of some dainty footed fay,
These are no more, the child of morning, she with sunny brow,
Sleeps, and another spirit times the gliding hours now.

Across the winding valley, on the river's gentle tide,
Passing the tangled flower-fringed path that circles the woodside,
Lie lengthening lines of shade and shine, and in the old oak tree,
Like wine that dyes its chalice, now the mellow, glossy lee!
We sit in pensive mood upon the grass, the dew is dry;
Voices of silence only float between the earth and sky;
We watch the softly changing hues—the day has passed its prime—
And listen, listen for the bells to ring the evening chime.

Life's afternoon, it comes to us—in quiet spots apart
We sit, and mark the lengthening of shadows on the heart.
The morning hours, flushed and filled with gladness, have gone by;
The airs that thrilled and leaped with song, bear oftener a sigh,
We are not what we were, the crystal "dew of youth" is dry;
Our hearts scarce weep with those that weep, or joy with those that joy;
Our spirits image not the truth and love that shine on all.
Between the river and the sky, the long, slant shadows fall.

We are not what we were, the lily broken in the shower
Lay not unnoticed and unwept at morning's golden hour.
We saw through prisms of glad tears, earth's beauty glorified,
Now, clear and cold, our eyes behold her rarest visions glide.
Life's pulse is calmed, 'tis easier to check the heart's wild beat,
To stay the step when it would bound another's step to meet;
Fancy is now no more the wild, unfettered, wayward thing
Of earlier time, and thought floats out on smoother, slower wing.

Our darling hopes unrealized, pass silently away;
Our cherished expectations cease like idle dreams of day.
We are alone, faces we loved—so many they may be—
Are pictures only hung aloft in memory's gallery.
Sadly and shrinkingly we learn the longing is in vain,
To fold the heart's blurred pages back and have them white again.
We sit in pensive mood and watch life's shadows deepening,
And listen, listen for the early curfew bell to ring.

A VISIT TO THE PLANTATION.

BY L'ENFANT PERDU.

IT WAS a beautiful sunny day, a week or two since, that with a friend I stepped into the buggy for a visit to the plantation. It was a peculiarly attractive day. The year was about taking off her summer robes and arraying her form in the more sober but not less beautiful garments of autumn.

Our course lay directly east from the capitol, which towered aloft in sullen majesty, its flag-staff showing the ghastly wound it had received in some fierce conflict with the lightning-charged clouds. At the bottom of the hill we were descending—a hill of red clay baked to the consistency of brick by this semi-tropical sun—a little brook leaped and sparkled in its bed of glistening sand; now advancing now retreating, seeking every corner and crevice, trying by all possible means to escape the fate awaiting it, a dark gloomy pool, that a few yards off, unruffled by a breath of air, seemed some huge animal baffled of its prey. Directly beyond, the eye encountered a belt of woodland which apparently stretched across our road, but as we advanced it opened ranks as if on some grand review, and we passed down its green clad aisles.

The luxuriance of nature in Florida is wonderful. On each side of us was an impenetrable thicket. The variegated undergrowth seemed heaped and piled as if by some mighty convulsion of the elements. The grape-vine had wound its corded arms around nearly every tree, and in utter defiance of the natural foliage, had flung a cloak of gorgeous leaves upon the quivering top, through which the purple clusters of fruit frowned darker as they met the amorous glances of the sun. Here and there the graceful bamboo, embroidered with delicate white flowers, twined like a serpent around some stately tree, and from its fragile arms the quaker-garbed mocking bird awoke the echoes with his wondrous melody; or a bird of curious plumage darted like a rift of sunshine through the clustering leaves.

Farther on we came to where, from the fury of the storm, two trees had fallen across the road, forming a natural arch, just allowing the passage of horse and buggy. This arch, by the way, will doubtless remain until the elements have done their work of decay. A true Floridian never does any, what seems to him unnecessary work. He invariably goes round an obstacle in preference to removing it.

Emerging from this stretch of woodland, we come to the first hints of plantation life. On the left is a cotton field in full bloom; the flowers, some red, some white, some brown, looking very pretty beside their shields of green. On the right is a patch of sugar-cane, and a bare-footed, bareheaded urchin, black and shiny, stands by the fence dissect-

ing a stalk of the juicy cane. Two miles further on we come to our first gate. Driving through, a large uncultivated field in which the weeds have grown nearly six feet high, lies before us. Six or seven "hoof cattle" stare at us in large-eyed wonder, while a dozen or so of gaunt swine run before the horse. Such swine! I wish some of our Western farmers could see them. Curved bodies surmount long, bony legs, while sharp pointed snouts tell of the struggle they make for existence. They amply justify their name of "Florida reindeer," for it takes a good horse to run them down. We are now on the Ward Plantation, and giving a casual glance at the immense screw and gin house, we pass through another gate, and find ourselves at the "quarters". Here we meet Mr. S., the keen-eyed overseer, who tells us of the deer he started up a short distance ahead of us; and in hopes of having like good fortune, we cut our interview short and drive rapidly on. Just as we enter the woods again we hear a rustling in the bushes, and hold our very breath in expectation; but the silence is broken with a shout of laughter. 'Tis a covey of *black birds*! Here they come, seven of them, and representing as many ages. Fat, black and merry, clothed with but a single garment, through many a rent and tear can be seen what the eccentric editor of the *Golden Age* calls the divine comeliness of a black skin. We crack the whip at them as we pass, and with eyes dancing with mirth, they tumble over each other in the soft, white sand.

Further on we pass through a vista of woods and bushes, so locked and interlaced that a passage is difficult. The vines clutch at our wheels, or reaching downward with many a beautiful coil, dart at us like snakes eager for their prey. Here and there a massive oak, scarred and torn by years of battle with the storms, stands like some grim sentinel dead upon his post, its long, gnarled arms shrouded and hung with the grey, pendant moss, mourning for the dead heart that is turning to ashes within. Now we come to another gate, passing through which, we are upon the plantation we started to visit. The plantation consists of some twelve hundred acres, and is now owned by Hon. S. B. Conover, formerly of Trenton, N. J., now State Treasurer of Florida, and a resident of this city (Tallahassee). It is not all under cultivation, but will produce this year about fifteen hundred bushels of corn, and some fifty or sixty bales of cotton of five hundred pounds each. In this country they do not shock their corn as it is done in the North and West, but let it stand until the fodder is ready to be stripped, then at the first leisure, the corn, still in the husk, is carted to the cribs and stored. These cribs are large, massive structures, built square, and of huge forest logs. The doors have to be kept locked night and day, as some of the plantation "hands" have very curious ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, one of the many vicious outgrowths of the former slave system. As we progress, on one side as far as we can see, the dingy corn stalks stand stripped and desolate, amid a perfect

wilderness of weeds. On the right the cotton fields spread out until lost in the belt of woodland that fringes the entire plantation. In this field the "hands" are already busy at work; they have large sacks fastened to the waist for convenience in picking, which when filled are emptied into the large baskets placed at convenient intervals in the field. A number one hand can pick about two hundred and fifty pounds of cotton per day; but the average amount picked will not range much over two hundred pounds per hand. The terrific and unusual storms of this year have done great damage to the crop all over the State, and have washed much cotton out upon the ground, besides rendering the picking more laborious. Only about a third of the usual crop will be harvested this year, but it is probable the increased value will amply offset the loss in quantity.

Further on we come to a small rice swamp, cultivated by some of the "hands" as a private speculation. It grows in the manner of oats, but not much over a foot in height. As we drive by a flock of rice-birds start up, some of them, by way of a practical joke, settling upon the various scarecrows that have been erected to keep them off the rice. A few rods further and we come to the mansion house, a large frame building, much the worse for wind and weather, which, with the exception of the rooms occupied by the overseer, is used for the storage of cotton.

The house is beautifully situated upon a knoll, surrounded by live oaks, orange trees, fig trees, magnolias, crape myrtle and cape jessamine. In the rear of the house are the former "quarters" of the house servants, and in the rear of this, a grove of live oaks conceals the family burying ground of the former owner of the place, a Confederate colonel, who was killed at the head of his regiment in the battle of Gettysburg. It is a dark, gloomy-looking place, and sadly neglected, the tombstones being scattered and prostrate.

To the right a long lane leads through the grazing land directly to the "quarters" of the "hands" and the stables of the mules, twenty-five of the former and thirteen of the latter being employed upon the place. The pasture is dotted with cattle and swine, the property of the "hands," gaunt and savage, living libels on the brute creation, upon whom a mess of corn would create an internal commotion indescribable in its effects; they, the swine especially, maintain the battle of existence with a strategy of which their Northern brethren are hopelessly ignorant.

Leaving our carriage at the house, we saunter down to the beautiful little lake that lies sleeping west of the mansion. This lake is the abiding place of many alligators, and as we approach we see one lazily sunning himself upon the shore. He gives us one sharp look from his wicked eyes, and then throws himself into the water rapidly disappearing beneath its disturbed surface. These alligators deserve to have a good word spoken

for them here. In the North they are looked upon as murderous and savage, objects of universal fear and dread. Apropos: some two or three years ago, a thrilling story ran the circuit of the Northern press. It was said that a celebrated circus in crossing one of the Florida swamps, had been attacked by alligators, and that some of the rarest and most valuable of the animals, including the Bactrian camel, had been killed, and served as a feast for alligator epicures. The whole thing was a hoax, a shrewd advertising dodge; and may be regarded as purely imaginary, having not even the shadow of a foundation in fact. The alligators of Florida are regarded as perfectly harmless, and the whites and negroes both, go in bathing with perfect impunity, in streams that are known to be swarming with them. Large numbers of them are shot along the St. John's River by Northern tourists, and ever afterwards these gentry wear dangling from watch-chain, an alligator's tooth, in token of their skill and prowess. The rough, scaly hide of the alligator can be worked into a splendid article of leather, soft and pliable, and perfectly impervious to the wet. The teeth are worked up into very pretty charms. I saw one in Jacksonville in imitation of an alligator's head, the eyes being represented by small diamonds.

After a short walk along the lake, we sauntered back toward the house, stopping to pluck a few oranges and a bunch of the fragrant crape myrtle. Near the house we discover a persimmon tree, loaded with fruit, about two-thirds ripe. My companion is a Maine Yankee, with a natural impulsiveness which ten years of roving sailor life have only served to strengthen. Despite my warnings as to the stringent qualities of unripe persimmons, he is up the tree in a trice, and regaling himself with the fruit, which scarcely bears a hint of the sun's warm kiss. He don't eat many, however, and I notice that his repast has had a strange effect upon his vocal organs. The larynx, pharynx, and esophagus seem all affected, and for the remainder of the time he speaks but little, but preserves an air of inscrutable gravity.

It is drawing near to evening, and we are once more seated in the buggy with our faces turned homeward.

Driving down the road lined with cactus and Spanish bayonet, we meet the "hands" returning from the cotton field, bearing upon their heads huge baskets filled with the snowy fruitage of the summer. Their faces, dark and weary with toil, yet have a more buoyant look, I imagine, than when they were slaves and bowed down at the feet of a master, like human with themselves.

Soon we have passed through all the gates and are on the road again. The sun is just setting, and the fleecy clouds in the west are streaked with gold and crimson. The gulf breeze that fans us, bears a breath of the distant ocean on its wings, and wakens a whisper of music in the leaves of

the forest trees. A few birds are flying wearily homeward, and from a bit of marsh ahead, a blue heron circles upward, a lizard struggling in its talons. The shadows come greyer and greyer. Far to the west, only a rift of silver remains where the sun has gone to rest, and silent and dreamy as the glory all around us, we ride homeward through the gloaming.

MY RIVER.

BY C. W. JAY.

THERE is a river that ever flows,
In solemn silence before my soul,
Keeping it ever from repose,
By thoughts beyond control.

There are no waves upon its tide,
No sunbeams gild its gloom,
But phantoms on it ever glide,
As toward some direful doom.

Slowly they glide—nor look nor sign
Bespeaks a living hope,
Nor mercy, human or divine,
Strives with despair to cope!

Silent and sad the long array
Of visions cursed to me,
Glide far and farther still away,
As toward some shoreless sea.

And others follow in the train
Of those that go before—
I close my eyes—but all in vain
Oblivion I implore!

And all the day and all the night,
The spectres come and go;
Ah! me, it is a fearful sight,
This ghostly tide of woe!

O that I could repent the sin
With which my soul is rife!
No single star is mirrored in
This river of my life!

CHICAGO IN 1830.

BY AMOS JONES.

FROM first to last the story of Chicago seems more like some fairy tale of our childish days, than the veritable record of history. She was unequaled in prosperity ; she is unapproachable in calamity. Undaunted, she will rise again from her ashes, humbler but greater than before. The cry of her great distress has gone over the land and across the Atlantic into every civilized nation of the world, and from almost every hamlet, and village, and city, responses of sympathy and practical aid have been returned to her stricken people. It is difficult to realize what this city was a few years ago, though a glance at the log cabin and the pioneer's kitchen will aid the mind in this respect.

It is little more than half a century since the first settler's cabin was built upon the site of what a few weeks since was the city of Chicago. In 1804, Fort Dearborn was built, and in 1830, there were only about a dozen log huts outside the garrison of the fort, which stood at what is now the junction of Michigan avenue and Lake street, in the very heart of the city. In 1812, General Hall was notified by a friendly Indian, that a powerful tribe was planning an attack upon the fort, and advised Captain Heald to evacuate and distribute the arms and stores among the friendly Indians, which he promised them to do. After five days' delay, he left the fort, but destroyed the ammunition, stores, &c., promised the Indians. By this act he secured their enmity and they refused to be bound by the contract.

Captain Heald, notwithstanding a warning, required the Indians to escort him to Fort Wayne. The garrison marched out accompanied by five hundred warriors, who immediately poured volley after volley into the ranks of their betrayers, killing nearly all, and taking the others prisoners. They then plundered and burned the fort and butchered the women and children.

The history of Chicago might run about in this wise : From time immemorial to 1804, the home of "Lo, the poor Indian ;" then came John Kinsey and the pale faces, who built their log cabins and felled the forests ; after a time, "Uncle Sam" sent his agents there to take care of poor "Lo," out of pure benevolence—to some government hireling who saw large profits in supplying "Indian necessities" in exchange for furs and skins. The red skins, not appreciating these acts of humanity, evinced savage tendencies, and Fort Dearborn was built to protect the whites. In 1812 it was destroyed and the people murdered. The fort was rebuilt in 1816 and stood till 1857, when it was taken down, being useless to its original, or any other purpose in the heart of a great city. In 1830 there were a dozen cabins in the vicinity of the fort, occupied by about one hundred souls, small and great, of different kinds and colors, denominated

"squatters." In 1833 the place was honored by being known as a town, and in 1837 it secured a charter. The first vessel unloaded at its wharf in 1834, and three years later it gloried in a population of 4170, not including hogs, dogs, or Indians.

Its growth from this time has never been equaled. In 1843 her population had swelled to nearly 8000; in 1847 it was 16,859; in 1850, 28,269; in 1855 it numbered 80,000; in 1860 it rose to 109,263; in 1865 it embraced 178,539; and by the census of 1870, it had 300,000, and the *Tribune* says it gave mortal offence to 50,000 more who are ready, or were

before the fire, to make affidavit that they had not been counted. There was something more than growth here. It was "True Grit," as Robert Collyer would call it—a native force and fearlessness, that made the name Chicago synonymous with the supernatural, in regard to the elements of power. Chicago had not so large a population as many other cities, but it was regarded as the second city in the Union, and it latterly came to think that New York itself was getting to be a second class town; but while Chicago was forever talking about herself, she did it in such a cheery, off-hand way, that nobody was offended at her reckless disregard of facts, and never opposed or disputed her enthusiastic statements. She was the "Garden City" of the West, indeed, and not even the great disaster which has prostrated her power and reduced her glory to ashes, can prevent the resumption of her activities and influence as the natural entrepot of the great garden of which she is the centre. Stripped of her pride, shorn of her strength, wasted of her wealth, and receiving alms of the world, she still manifests the true grit that made her great in the past, and though receiving charities in one hand, with the other she is rebuilding her waste places and resuming her former position, with a spirit and rapidity which is wonderful as was her former growth, and will make her greater than ever before.

PEOPLE WHO VEX THEMSELVES.

BY E. T. BUSH.

AS IF this world had not enough of unavoidable sorrows and vexatious cares, there are many people whose greatest aim seems to be to make their own lives miserable. Nor are they satisfied with vexing and distressing themselves only; they do their best to render all that are so unfortunate as to be connected with them as unhappy as they are themselves. Did they confine to their own bosoms the troubles of their own creating, and not inflict them on people who are innocent of their parentage and not accountable for their maintenance, we might pity rather than censure them. Sensible people are inclined to pity fools and idiots; but when a semi-idiotic person becomes dangerous and unmanageable, breaking the peace and committing depredations which annoy and endanger those around him, they soon lose their sympathy for his half-idiotcy and censure and demand satisfaction of his evil intelligence. So with people who render their own lives unbearable. They are the most foolish of all foolish people; yet we cannot help feeling for them. Poor wretches! pity even prompts for them a tear. Sad and disconsolate when they might be joyous; weary and disheartened when they might be exulting; sighing when they should shout, weeping when they should laugh, despairing when they should hope, they appeal to us. Our

judgment censures but our hearts weep over them. Our minds, cold and exacting, will recognize none of their claims to our indulgence ; but our sympathies, warm and hospitable, run out and bid them welcome.

But when their weakness becomes wickedness and their folly becomes crime, when they no longer restrict their self-coined tortures and vexations to proper limits, themselves, but inflict them on those who do the wrongs of which such are the penalties, they lose much of our sympathy and gain much of our censure. If people have a right to render their own existence a burden—a supposition which we would be very slow to admit—have they, at the same time, a right to embitter the lives of those who may be inseparably connected with them? Has the husband a right to shut out the sunshine from the life of his wife ; or the wife to becloud the days of her husband? Has either, or have both, a right to fume and fret their home into a dark and gloomy cell, and to inflict on the innocent young lives of their children the perpetual chill and darkness of a coming storm? Has any body, even if so foolish as to shut his own eyes to all the beauties of earth, and see only its deformities, to shiver in the shade when he might be walking in the warm sunshine, a right to cast shadow over the life of any other?

Fretting is the chief means of self-torture, and of making all within the home circle miserable. Were we appointed to make out a table of crimes and wrong-doings, fretting and suicide should go down in the same column ; and, in consideration of its extended miseries, fretting should come first in order. By constantly irritating himself a person soon becomes cross and ill-natured. It is the best means of bringing out all the worst qualities of his nature and of obscuring or uprooting all the good. The fretful man loses what little amiability he ever had, perhaps unconsciously, yet surely and steadily as the consumptive loses vitality. Gradually his comeliness disappears and the bones and rough features stand out boldly, unpleasantly, repulsively, hideously.

Fretting is the source of much unhappiness and the secret of much discord. It is often the only key needed to unlock the seeming mystery of social failure and alienated affections. It makes inconsiderate husbands and undutiful wives ; tyrannical parents and disobedient and disrespectful children. Fretting and love may not be exactly antagonistic, but they are certainly not closely related and not even on friendly terms ; and fretting and harmony are so much at variance that they are never found in the same family. If a man fret and worry over every little cross, real or imaginary, that he has to bear, as a certain consequence he becomes ill-natured, and treats his wife coldly, and by times even rudely. This ill-treatment received from a husband, even though not amounting to open abuse, is a thorn ever present, ever stinging and festering in the heart of the wife. It may seem a trifle to others, but it is worse than a dagger to her ; it may be little to inflict, but it is much for her to bear ;

it might be easily borne were their relations less tender, but it is certain death to her happiness, to the happiness of *both*, and to the harmony of a rising family. Let either husband or wife be fretful and the misery of that family is insured.

As the man who is intoxicated is seldom conscious of the fact, and frequently rails at everybody else for being drunk, so he who has vexed himself into a sort of walking receptacle for miseries, and ruined his temper and made himself unbearable, is apt to be blind to himself, and to accuse others of his own faults. He is generally wronged. Everybody is tormenting and abusing him. Nothing goes right. Every thing is just as it should not be. Nobody does right. Everybody has faults that need airing. Nobody is his friend. Everybody is conspiring against him. Nobody cares for him; and, we add, not much wonder if they don't.

There are people who seem to delight in being worried, and to take pleasure in being displeased. Their only comfort is in being uncomfortable; and their only satisfaction in being dissatisfied. They nurse as carefully and caress as fondly their little pet miseries as though life were not life without them. They nurse into great sorrows the little petty vexations which they have, and run out to meet half-way all others that they can coax to come near them. Hence, it is not strange that they should find sorrows enough to make them constantly miserable; or that they should denounce the world as a sad and gloomy place. There is truth not very flattering to some of us who go about with long-drawn faces and beclouded brows, in the poetic expression, "This world is what we make it."

ANECDOTES OF THE GREAT BACKWOODS PREACHER.

METHODISM can claim no greater or more successful pioneer preacher in this country than Peter Cartwright. He was wonderful in enthusiasm, in adaptation to the rough classes he had to deal with, in fertility and command of resources to meet sudden emergencies. He had a firm belief that whenever God undertook a work, the devil would be on the ground to operate against Him. And he was as ready to knock a man down and pummel respect and truth into him, as to pour forth the message of love and gentleness that he had for those who would hear it. He melted his hearers into penitence, or to use his own words, "shook them over hell until they smelt brimstone right strong," as the exigencies of the case might require.

It was the general belief among the ignorant settlers on the southwestern frontier, that Cartwright possessed supernatural powers.

One night, on his circuit, he stopped at a cabin where he found a man and woman. Suspecting that all was not right, he began to question them, and found that the man was her lover and that her husband was away and

would not be home for two days. While Cartwright was remonstrating with the guilty pair, the husband's voice was heard in the yard. In an agony of terror, the woman implored him to help get her lover out of the way. He agreed to do so upon promise of the reformation of both parties. There was a large barrel of raw cotton standing by the chimney, and Cartwright put the man into it and piled the cotton over him.

The husband soon entered and the preacher engaged him in conversation. He said, among other things, that it was commonly believed in that region, that Peter Cartwright could call up the devil. "The easiest thing in the world," said Cartwright, "would you like to see it."

The man after some hesitation, expressed a desire to witness the transaction.

"Take your stand by your wife," said he, "and don't neither move nor speak. I'll open the door to give him a chance to get out, or he may carry the roof away."

Taking a handful of cotton from the barrel and lighting it in the fire, he shouted "Devil, rise!" In an instant the barrel was in flames, and the lover in utter dismay, leaped out and rushed from the house. The husband ever afterward avowed a firm belief in Cartwright's power over the devil, for had he not had ocular proof of it?

Among his clerical brethren was a poor, hen-pecked husband, whose wife possessed a terrible temper. Cartwright confessed his fear of her when asked to go home with his brother preacher. But once he consented to spend a night with him.

"I saw," said Cartwright, "that the Devil was in her, as big as an alligator, and determined on my course." She held her tongue till after supper, when her husband asked her to join in prayers. She flew into a rage, and swore there should be no prayers in her house that night. Cartwright tried to reason with her, but she cursed him roundly. Then facing her sternly, he said, "Madame, if you were my wife, I would break you of your bad ways or I would break your neck."

"The devil you would," said she. "Yes, you are a pretty Christain, ain't you."

"Now," said he, "if you don't hold your peace and behave, I'll put you out of doors."

At this she clenched her fist and swore she was one-half alligator and the other half snapping-turtle, and that "he could'nt put her out." The cabin door stood open. "I took her by the arms," said he, "and bringing her right up to the door, shoved her out. She jumped up, tore her hair, and foamed and swore like a pirate. The door was intended to keep out hostile Indians, and I barred it and we went on with our prayers as best we could. I began to sing to drown her voice as much as possible, and she roared and thundered on the outside until perfectly exhausted and panting for breath. At last she became perfectly still, and then knocking gently on the door, said, 'Mr. Cartwright, please let me in.'"

"Will you behave yourself?" I said.

"O yes, I will," said she.

"I opened the door, led her in and seated her by the fire-place."

"O!" said she, "what a fool I am!"

"Yes, about one of the biggest fools I ever saw in my life," said Cartwright.

They then knelt down and prayed; she was gentle as a lamb. Not long afterwards this woman was converted and became as bold in the cause of God as she had been for the wicked one.

Cartwright strongly opposed intemperance and slavery, and it required true courage to do this in the wild regions of Illinois at that time.

He frequently thrashed half-a-dozen rowdies in meeting when it became necessary to its success. Said he, "I never allow myself to believe any man can whip me till it has been tried. I should doubtless propose to him to have a season of prayer, and then follow the openings of Providence."

But these are only the rough side of a man who was probably the only one who, at that time, could have preached the gospel successfully among these people.

"Sixty-eight years have passed away since the old pioneer began his preaching, and still he labors in the cause of his Master. Age has not subdued his zeal or dimmed his eye. His labors make up the history of the West. Where he first reared his humble log hut, smiling farms and tasteful mansions cover the fertile prairies; cities and towns mark the spot where his backwoods camp meetings drew thousands into the kingdom of God; the iron horse dashes with the speed of the wind over the boundless prairies which he first crossed with only the points of timber for his guides; the floating palaces of the West plow the streams over which he swam his horse or was ferried in a bark canoe; and stately churches stand where the little log chapels of the infant West were built by him. It is a long and noble life upon which he looks back, the only survivor of the heroic band who started with him to carry Christ into the Western wilds. He has outlived all his father's family, every member of the class he joined in 1800, every member of the Western Conference of 1804, save perhaps one or two, every member of the General Conference of 1816, the first to which he was elected, all his early bishops, every presiding elder under whom he ever ministered, and thousands of those whom he brought into the Church. 'I have lived too long,' he said, in a recent lecture; but he has not lived too long whose declining age is cheered by the glorious fruition of the seed sown in his youth and prime. Few, indeed, are given so great a privilege; and few, having lived so long and worked so hard, can say with him, that during such a long and exposed career, 'I have never been overtaken in any scandalous sin, though my shortcomings and imperfections have been without number.'"

THE METAPHYSICAL SOCIETY.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED ATLANTIS.

AFTER the departure of Mr. Locke, I determined to spend the interval of time between that moment and the meeting of the society, in reading, and with that view had recourse to some volumes of Moliere's comedies, which I generally carried in my trunk. This author, in my estimation, is the only writer for the drama whose productions will bear any competition with those of Shakespeare. This observation will, of course, apply only to the comedies of the great English dramatist, as in his tragedies he stands altogether unrivalled. The purity, propriety, pungent wit, and judicious arrangement of parts, which appear conspicuous in the pieces of Moliere, give him an exalted rank among writers of this class, and perhaps, render his dramas the most chastened and exquisite treat to the man of delicate and refined taste, that was ever furnished by human genius in efforts of this kind.

After passing the day in this agreeable reading, in the evening I accompanied Mr. Locke to the Metaphysical Society. The room in which this learned body assembled, was of similar structure and similarly furnished and arranged as the one in which I had before seen the Society for the Promotion of Natural Philosophy. As Mr. Locke presided this evening, after introducing me to some of the most illustrious members, and providing me a seat among them, he ascended the chair. Upon remarking a chair on the left of that in which the president was seated, of like construction to it, I inquired into the intent with which it was placed there, and learned that it was appropriated to Sir Isaac Newton, when he chose to honor them with his presence, and that this was a distinction conferred upon that great man by all the societies in Saturnia, in acknowledgment that he was regarded as holding the first place in philosophy, having displayed in his Principia the greatest effort of human reason.

I saw now, in front and around me, a similar assemblage of the lights of science as before, and not a few of the very same personages, these having excelled alike in several branches of learning. Besides the great Father of Metaphysics, who was the presiding officer, here were Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Leibnitz, Des Cartes, Malebranche, Clarke, Butler, Edwards, Berkeley, Priestley, Confucius, Pascal, Reid, and a long list of schoolmen and reviewers of learning from all the various nations, and of different ages of the world.

After Locke had called the society to order, Secretary Malebranche read the question proposed for discussion, which was this: Did the Divine Being ever exist without a universe as his habitation, or is it not demonstrable that the universe as a whole, is a voluntary but eternal creation of omnipotence, and while subject to endless mutations in its various departments, retaining always unity and identity, throughout its whole sphere?

As soon as this theorem was propounded, I inwardly exclaimed, well, surely, this is one of the most magnificent inquiries that ever occupied the human mind. I am plunged at once into the most profound abysses of metaphysics. I was not, however, long left to my solitary meditations upon the subject, since Aristotle, the keen and penetrating Greek, soon rose and opened the discussion, with a speech so neat, so clear, so simple and unadorned, that I wished at the moment every senator and legislator of my country could have been present, that he might become enamored with that plan of debating, in which we perceive nothing in our track but the shining light of a pure and intense reason, which, without dazzling with its brilliance, rendered every object before and around us as distinctly visible as could the sun at midday. Without attempting to convey even a dim conception of this philosopher's exact train of thought, I shall simply state the substance of his argument :

It is admitted upon all hands, Mr. President, said he, that the Creator of all things has existed from eternity, and in the full possession of his infinite perfections. During this eternal duration, then, has he ever subsisted at any period without a universe, or that fabric of universal nature, from the contemplation and dominion of which he must derive satisfaction, or he would never have created it? If the Deity ever subsisted without a universe, then, he must either have existed as a Spirit, dwelling in and pervading infinite space, or he must have informed or animated the material mass in its indigested and chaotic state. Now, let us observe, that if we suppose any specific period of duration in this past eternity, while he existed either simply as a Spirit or in connection with a chaotic mass, in which time he fabricated the universe, then he had passed the previous eternity in a state of inaction, without the exertion of his omnipotence or the display of his benignity. No matter how far we go back to find the period in which he created the world, if it be millions and billions of years, still an eternity, or rather a duration without beginning, must have preceded it, in which the power and goodness of God remained undisplayed. Is not this impossible? Is it not utterly inconsistent with his character and attributes? This view of the subject serves to explain my meaning, when, in my works I maintain, that the universe is a natural emanation of the Divine mind, like light from the sun. Not that the universe flowed from the Deity by necessary laws and without a determination of the will, as light does from the sun; but that it was the natural and unavoidable result of the Divine attributes. As for instance, we say, and are assured we affirm correctly, that the actions of God must be wise, and his purposes benevolent. Not that he has not freedom to think and do what is malignant and destructive, but that such purposes and actions are incompatible with the infinite perfections of his nature. Could the Deity do what is wrong? Certainly not. To come then to the topic under discussion, I maintain, that it is inconsistent with the

attributes of the Deity, to imagine that he ever existed without a universe, in the creation and government of which he has always exercised his almighty power, and which opened to him a sphere through which he diffused his unbounded benevolence. Is it conceivable, that his own happiness is not infinitely augmented by the distribution of happiness among unnumbered living creatures, as well as from his personal enjoyment in the contemplation of so sublime a scene as that which is exhibited in these countless solar systems? If so, he must always have enjoyed that happiness, since infinite happiness is one of the essential perfections of his nature and is not susceptible of increase or diminution. I conclude, therefore, that it is inconsistent with the character and perfections of God, that He should ever have subsisted without a universe as his habitation.

CLARKE—But if the universe has subsisted from eternity, must it not have subsisted from the necessity of its own nature, and, of consequence, occupy all space? Under this view, too, must it not be itself God, and bring us into Spinoza's system of Pantheism?

ARISTOTLE—I have a profound respect for the opinion of the objector, and acknowledge, moreover, that the objection is natural and powerful. But I think it may be obviated. I have just undertaken to demonstrate, that the All-perfect Being who has existed from eternity, would naturally give rise to the universe in the exercise of his essential attributes. I have now to show that this universe might have a *derived* subsistence from eternity. What the learned gentleman has alleged, that a Being which has subsisted from eternity must have subsisted from the necessity of its own nature, and in fact must be God, is true only of a Being whose existence is underived. But surely the Deity may have originated or given origin to a Being from eternity, or which shall have been coeval with his own existence. Let us attempt a familiar demonstration of this proposition: No one denies, that the Deity might have formed the world six thousand years ago—if six thousand, then, an hundred thousand, a million, an hundred millions, and so on to the utmost limits of his own existence, or eternity. And throughout that eternity no reason can be assigned for his creation of the world at one time rather than at another. Therefore, the universe may have had a *derived* existence from eternity. I have already shown that the natural perfections of God must have led him to communicate that existence to it.

MALEBRANCHE—The learned Stagyrte has given us a very ingenious and able argument upon the subject, and a view which I do not remember ever to have seen hinted at by any author. But, I am sure, he will allow me to inquire, how we are to reconcile his doctrine with the account of the creation which is contained in the first chapter of Genesis?

ARISTOTLE—After a thorough examination of the Bible, I have come to a decided conclusion that it is divinely inspired, and as to the Christian religion, I regard it as so beautiful and sublime a system, that it recom-

mends itself to my heart and mind by irresistible evidence. After this candid acknowledgment of my entire belief in the divine inspiration of that blessed volume, for blessed I do regard it as surpassing in many respects all the finest productions of my country; I will now proceed to state my Greek sentiments concerning the mode in which I can reconcile the cosmogony of the Scriptures with the doctrine I have maintained concerning the eternal creation of the universe. There are two solutions of this difficulty, which entirely satisfy my mind at least. In the first place, it does not appear that the sacred book, although an inspired volume, and emphatically claiming that peculiar distinction, makes any pretension to communicate to mankind a system of natural philosophy. It is no impeachment of its divine authority that the true solar system is not recognized in it. Its avowed object is to convey to us a scheme of religious doctrines and moral precepts, which shall influence our conduct here and prepare us for happiness hereafter. Now, in making this revelation to us, it falls in with the plan of the inspired writer to give an account of the creation of the world. In executing this task, all that we can conceive as the province of inspiration, is to save him from error in doctrine, and infallibly determine that the world was created by the Almighty. As to the mode in which that creation was effected, we may suppose he was left as much to the guidance of his own judgment, as was the author of the Book of Job in the construction of his poem, as was Solomon in the composition of his Proverbs, as were the Prophets in the indiction of their prophecies. It is as true in the order of grace as in that of nature, that God does nothing in vain, and always attains his ends by the simplest and most compendious methods. All that was necessary to give full validity to this portion of divine revelation, was that the inditer should deliver nothing but the important truth, that the world was formed by the Deity; but as to the mode in which the work was performed, I conceive this to have been left entirely to the discretion of Moses. He, no doubt composed his sublime description conformably to Eastern tradition, which we find exactly imitated by Ovid.

To those who are unwilling to venture upon so bold an interpretation of the sacred records, as the one I have already propounded, I will furnish another, against which the most scrupulous orthodoxy can make no exception. While we maintain that the universe is an eternal creation of the Divine Mind, and as a whole will always retain its identity, we must acknowledge, that it is beyond the utmost powers of the human mind to ascertain what portions of that universe must remain entire, and in a state of organization and vital action, in order that it should retain its identity, or be regarded as the same system. The destruction of a small member in the human body does not prevent it from continuing the same body. The recurrence of earthquakes and volcanoes and the dissolution of plants and animals do not affect the identity of the earth, as it is still the same earth,

after numberless mutations and alterations of its minute parts. Now, the solar system when compared to the whole universe, is less in proportion than a limb to the human body, or a human body to the earth. We may suppose then that the infinite multitude of solar systems which compose the universe are perpetually undergoing the same changes as bodies upon the surface of this earth, that they are forming, advancing to maturity, and dissolving, and are reproduced in incessant vicissitudes; and that at the period to which reference is made in Genesis, a previous system to ours had sunk to dissolution, and ours was created or fashioned out of it. These are my Greek conceptions of this great transaction, and in this method I can reconcile my philosophical theories with my belief in the inspiration and infallibility of Scripture.

CLARKE—As the learned Stagyrte has presented us with some new and unexpected views and arguments upon this topic, which require calm consideration and profound study before we can pass a final decision, I propose that its further discussion be postponed until our next sitting, that the members may be allowed time for deliberate examination and thorough inquiry.

This proposal was acceded to, and the Secretary then called upon the members for their communications.

The first of these which was presented to the Society was a treatise read by Lord Bacon, explanatory of his method of induction. He began by remarking, that as much as had been written and said concerning this system in the modern schools of science, and as faithfully as it had been pursued by some cultivators of its different branches, it did not yet appear to him to be rightly apprehended, and, in general, correctly estimated. The ideas of most persons on this topic, were still loose, and indefinite. Some spoke as if there was an opposition or repugnance between the method of induction and the suggestion and establishment of theories in philosophy. Now, his plan does not interfere with the maintenance of theories, but rather leads to them by unavoidable consequence. It is at hostility only to the introduction of conjectures or hypotheses, between which and well sustained theories there is this wide and all-important distinction; that the first are arbitrarily formed by the ingenuity of men without interrogating nature, and the last rest upon authentic facts. A theory may, indeed, be well or ill supported, fanciful or solid, but there should be no prejudice or misapprehension about the broaching of a theory or system, provided all its maxims rest upon an ample observation and collection of facts. The great object, he said, of his inductive method of reasoning was to lead to the exclusion of all mere hypotheses and conjecture, and the establishment of true theories or systems. In this way was demonstrated the theory of gravitation, that of the circulation of the blood, and that of the tides. Aristotle had justly defined philosophy to be a knowledge of the causes of things, and his induction

is the vehicle by which we travel towards the discovery of those causes. Some late writers, he continued, are in the habit of speaking of generalization as equivalent to induction; but this is a mistake, as the act of generalization may or may not be a part of induction. We generalize our ideas, when we ascend from individuals to species and from species to genera in the predicamental line. By this process we attain conception of birds, quadrupeds, animals, and the terms by which they are expressed. We generalize the maxims of science too, in the employment of the inductive method, which is always the instrument by which we make progress in the interpretation of nature; but induction is not wholly included in that generalization. In a word, said Bacon, the inductive method of investigation, commences in a full and complete survey of all the facts exhibited by nature or experiment, in deducing inferences or general maxims from those facts, and in applying the maxims of truth thus inferred to the solution of the phenomena. Thus, for example, Harvey furnished a noble instance of the inductive reasoning, in his proof of the circulation of the blood through the arteries and veins. He was first led to the conjecture, that the progress of that fluid through the human body, was such as he afterwards found it to be, by observing the position of the valves which opened and allowed it to pass from the heart through the arteries, and back again to that great receptacle by the veins, but which would close and prevent it from pursuing a retrograde or contrary course. After the suggestion of the theory, however, he did not feel himself justified in assuming it as true, until by numerous observations with the help of microscopes, he had seen it evidently passing and repassing through this track in the bodies of insects and other animals, in which vision of it was accessible, and then, moreover, found the theory confirmed by its conformity to the usual simplicity of nature, as well as every abstract argument which served to recommend it. When thus the theory is firmly established, it is applied to the solution of all future phenomena. The inductive method, therefore, may be said to be the adamant steps by which we ascend to the most lofty elevations in the knowledge of nature.

This work was committed to the examination of Malebranche, Doctor Clarke and Bishop Butler.

He who labors to diffuse competence and comfort amongst the many, instead of promoting the accumulation of vast fortunes in the hands of a few, seeks to confer on his fellow creatures the best material gift they are capable of receiving, while at the same time he lays a broad foundation, on which to rear every moral and social virtue that can elevate and ennoble them.

DUTIES OF EXECUTORS AND ADMINISTRATORS.

BY JUDGE REED.

AS a supplementary subject to that of wills, of which we last treated, we will speak now of the duties of executors and administrators in the settlement of the affairs of the dead.

An *executor* is a person named in the last will and testament as the appointee of the deceased to settle his affairs.

An *administrator* is a person appointed according to law to do the same thing when the deceased has not appointed an executor. Sometimes a person makes a will disposing of his real and personal property and fails to name an executor. An administrator is then appointed who is styled *the administrator with the will annexed*. He is bound to administer the estate according to the terms and conditions of the will. If any person named as executor in a will renounce the executorship or refuse for the space of forty days after the death of the testator to prove the will, then also an administrator with the will annexed shall be appointed.

Upon the death of the testator the executor is presumed to have the custody of the will. If he should delay or refuse to produce the same, any person interested under the will may petition the Probate Court for a citation against the executor. And it has been said that any one expecting a legacy may do this "to the intent that they may thereby be certified whether the testator left a legacy."

If the executor has not the custody of the will it is his duty to inquire for the proper custodian. And any one having the instrument may be compelled by citation from the Probate Court to come before it and surrender the same or to give testimony of any knowledge he may have in regard to the existence or place of deposit of it.

Where one is shown to have had the custody of the will he will be held responsible for the same, unless he purge himself upon oath.

If a will is lost or destroyed its contents may be proved and probate granted upon evidence which is satisfactory to the Probate Court. It has been held that where a will was gnawed to pieces by rats in the place of its deposit, that it may be proved upon such proof as may be afforded by the memory of witnesses and by the remaining fragments. So where a will has been made by a person of sound mind and destroyed by him while insane.

The evidence not only of the loss or destruction but of the contents of the instrument should be unquestionable.

The manner in which wills may be proved is very similar in all the States. In New Jersey the practice is for the executor after *ten days* has elapsed from the time of the death of the testator, to go before the Surrogate of the county with one of the two subscribing witnesses to the

will. If there has been no *caveat* filed, *i. e.* a warning against admitting the will to probate, and it is all right upon its face, the Surrogate issues letters testamentary, authorizing the executor or executors to take upon themselves the administration of the estate of the testator agreeably to the will.

Should a caveat be filed during the ten days, or doubts arise on the face of the will, or disputes happen concerning the existence of a will, the Surrogate shall issue citations to all persons concerned, to appear at the next Orphans' Court of the county. The Surrogate also, where there is no will, or a will and no executor appointed, issues letters of administration to the person entitled.

If there is a dispute as to the right of different parties to administer, that dispute is settled by the Orphans' Court. The administrator must give a bond with two or more able sureties to make an inventory in six months and to file an account in the Surrogate's office in twelve months, and to pay all debts and the residue of the estate to the parties entitled to the same. This must be done by all administrators except a husband who administers upon the estate of his deceased wife.

The appointment of an executor being a matter of personal trust of the testator, the law does not require an executor to give bonds when letters are granted to him, but upon complaint to the Orphans' Court that an executrix having minor children is married or likely to become married without securing such minor children their portion, or shall be likely to prove insolvent, or shall fail to account, the court will order the executor or executrix to give bond to the minors for the payment of their shares.

The letters testamentary having been granted, the executor or administrator is entitled to take possession of the personal property of the deceased. He cannot touch the real estate unless by direction of the will or an order of the Orphans' Court, in case there is not enough personal property to pay debts.

Having armed himself with letters, the executor or administrator shall take two disinterested freeholders, and in their presence and by their discretion shall make an inventory of all the goods and chattels of the deceased. He shall take the inventory to the Surrogate, and take an oath before the Surrogate that the same is just and true, and one of the two appraisers must be sworn that the goods were appraised according to their just and true values, &c. The inventory shall be filed by the Surrogate according to law.

The executor or administrator has not only the right to all the personal property of the deceased, but he may sue for any trespass done to the goods of the deceased during his lifetime and recover damages for the same.

He is also liable to be sued by any person whose goods were taken and converted by the deceased.

He may also, by the act of 1855, maintain an action against any person who did an injury to the person or property wilfully or negligently, and he shall be liable to any person who has been injured by the deceased.

These are powers given by acts of the legislature.

By the old common law, every claim a person had for an injury to his person or property abated upon his death. They did not survive so that the executor or administrator could sue or be sued for them.

In a majority of instances there are two executors to a will, and very often two administrators to settle estates. Each possesses a title to the entire personal property of the deceased, and consequently the act of each is the act of all.

If one sells a portion of the estate it passes a valid title. One of them is competent to release a mortgage due the estate, the record of which will discharge the registry.

As one party cannot sue himself, therefore where one of the executors or administrators is indebted to the estate, the only redress is in a court of equity, unless the debtor should die, and then his executor or administrator may be sued by the surviving executor.

An executor has the right to distrain for rent due the deceased, as well as to bring an action for it. But he cannot recover rent coming due after the death of the deceased ; that goes to the heirs.

THE PROTECTIVE POWER OF VACCINATION.

BY W. ELMER, M. D.

IT IS now about seventy years since Dr. Jenner first promulgated his wonderful discovery of vaccination to the world. Less than three quarters of a century have elapsed since he ascertained by dint of patient and laborious investigation, that the eruptive disease in the udders of the cow, to which he gave the name of "cow-pox", could be communicated to man and thereby protect him from an attack of that malady so fatal to, and dreaded by, the human race, small pox. During that time, popular opinion in regard to it has undergone a marked revolution. What was then looked upon with suspicion and distrust, its author treated with ridicule and malicious abuse, is now regarded as one of the greatest benefactions to the race, and as conferring complete protection from one of the most loathsome diseases known to man.

There is no need now to argue as to its protective value against this virulent disease, for it is universally an established fact. Time has demonstrated it, and the acute observation of Jenner himself has been abundantly fulfilled namely: "That the keenest of all arguments for or against vaccination, will be those which are *engraved with the point of the*

lancet." It extends to every race of mankind, and is seen in every climate, and in every part of the habitable globe. In all epidemics it is the unvaccinated who suffer—the vaccinated as a rule are the exempt. Efficiently performed it protects just as much as an attack of small pox itself does, no more, no less; but as second attacks of small pox in any one individual are extremely rare, it demonstrates how ample, how great that protection is. Equally true is it, that just in proportion as vaccination falls into neglect, either through ignorance, apathy, or its imperfect performance, just so sure will small pox become the fearful scourge that it once was before the days of Jenner. Could vaccination be made compulsory by law everywhere, we believe that small pox as an epidemic, would never more prevail. Proofs of its protecting power are afforded:

1. In the security it gives against death from small pox.
2. In its rendering the disease milder in its type.
3. In diminishing its influence as an epidemic.

To demonstrate these we turn to authentic statistics. In Germany out of every 1000 deaths *before* vaccination was used, 66 were deaths from small pox; but out of every 1000 deaths *after* vaccination came into use, the deaths from small pox were only 7. Again, from calculations made from various sources in England, it appears that amongst the unprotected the death rate from small pox ranges from 14 to 54 per cent., whilst amongst the vaccinated taken promiscuously, the average mortality is only $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and when vaccination is known to have been perfectly done, as shown by the scars, the mortality is reduced to less than *half of one per cent.* After effectual *re-vaccination*, small pox or even varioloid seldom occurs. Thus, Heim found that in five years there occurred among 14,384 Prussian soldiers, upon whom re-vaccination had been performed, only one instance of varioloid, and among 30,000 re-vaccinated persons in civil practice only two cases of varioloid. So with regard to its controlling the progress of epidemics of small pox. Definite data go to show that they do not occur where the people are properly protected.

It is the unvaccinated who are chiefly attacked, not the vaccinated. The records of the army and navy, where vaccination is enforced, show an immunity of the soldiers and sailors during the prevalence of epidemics in the very same localities where others are attacked by the score.

Further statistics might be given on all these points did our limited space permit; but for individual facts to confirm its protective power one has only to look around and notice how seldom true small pox or even varioloid is contracted after a vaccination has taken properly; how few die upon whom a perfect vaccination scar in infancy is found, or how certainly the persons attacked when the disease invades a community are the unvaccinated.

The question then naturally arises: How often should the operation of vaccination be performed to ensure its protective power? First of all,

vaccinate *well* in infancy. This is of greatest importance. The age preferable is about three or four months. The child ought to be in good health, free from disorders of the bowels, or of teething, and from any cutaneous eruptions; the matter *perfectly pure*, either from the cow direct, or from a *healthy* infant (never from an adult). It should be recent in character, if a scab or the fluid lymph dried on a quill, but what is still preferable to either, arm-to-arm vaccination, taking the contents of the pock on the eighth day directly from the arm of a child and implanting it in the arm of another.

About the age of sixteen every person should be re-vaccinated, as at that period of life the system undergoes such changes, as materially to impair the value of the previous operation. And this should be done with all the care that ought to be employed to render the primary vaccination successful. Then too, the practitioner should not fail to observe that the proper absorption has taken place and the vaccine vesicle run a normal and regular course. For herein lies just the difference between a genuine and spurious vaccination; the former protective, the latter only so to a moderate degree. The signs of a successful vaccination, we cannot here enter into; suffice it to say that it runs a definite course and presents well marked characteristics.

Hence one thorough primary vaccination in infancy and one careful re-vaccination after puberty, are generally sufficient to afford adequate safety to any attack of the variolous disease, though in case of special exposure after a lapse of several years, it may be advisable again to apply the test. That it is necessary to repeat it every seven years as is the popular opinion, is not accepted by the best medical authorities, nor verified in point of fact.

The length of time is undetermined, and varies in different individuals. Only the general doctrine is established that lapse of time and the physiological changes of the body tend towards a gradual impairment of the vaccine protection of infancy, and that a re-vaccination later in life usually "takes".

It has been alleged that vaccine virus deteriorates in its passage through numerous human bodies, that it is weakened by time and does not insure the same success as when fresh from the cow. This charge is entirely groundless. If there is any cause for such a complaint it is due solely to carelessness in the selection of the vaccine material, and to imperfect vaccination. Says Dr. Marson—an acknowledged authority on this point—"To an almost incalculable extent the protective power of vaccination has been impaired by imperfect vaccination—a fact which does not seem to be duly appreciated as yet either by the medical profession or by the public." The operation is too often performed in an unreliable way, or by incompetent and ignorant persons rather than committed to an intelligent physician. The fault lies more in the mode than in the

matter. Numerous reliable observers, who have watched the course of vaccination with lymph taken from the cow, on comparing it with the effects of lymph taken from children after a lapse of thirty or forty years, are unable to detect any difference either in the character or course of the vesicles. The latter is as perfect as the former, and entirely protective against the invasion of small pox.

Well selected fresh humanized virus is as *certain a safeguard* as that from the cow—if the latter can claim any advantage at all it lies in the fact that it is free from the fault of looseness or carelessness in the selection, a fault with which the use of human virus is sometimes attended. Lymph direct from the cow is apt to produce more inflammation of the arm than the ordinary kind and with more constitutional fever, but does not seem any more effective in its results. In the words of Dr. Seaton, of Edinburg—"it is in truth not to the cow, but to adequate care and skill on the part of vaccinators in the selection of children and vesicles from which the lymph is taken that we must look for maintaining stocks of active lymph."

As to the objections so often raised against vaccination that it is the medium of implanting other diseases of a specific or scrofulous nature in the system, we believe them to be greatly exaggerated. It is rather a popular than professional opinion. In fact such authorities as Jenner, Marson, Leese, West, Paget, and others deny it entirely; and their observations were founded upon the results in 200,000 children.

These alleged diseases are met with in the unvaccinated as well as the vaccinated, and when they become manifest after vaccination, it is rather a coincidence than a result; and due to the fact that just at that age any constitutional excitement will very likely develop any eruptive influence which hitherto may have lain dormant in the system. We frequently see the same thing resulting from teething. It acts simply as an exciting cause in a body naturally predisposed to some such disorder, and doubtless later in life would have been evoked by any other excitant. It is of course a possible thing to implant some of the infected blood on the point of the lancet along with the insertion of the virus; but every lancet should be thoroughly cleaned before using. Extreme care is the lesson to learn for successful vaccination. We should not only guard our virus and our lancet from any possible taint, but see to it that the lymph is taken only from the healthiest children—is pure in its character, and unmixed with blood or adventitious matter.

By the love or delightful contemplation of science, for its own sake only, the mind of man is raised from low and perishable objects, and prepared for those high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE MECHANISM OF NATURE ESSENTIAL TO ART.

BY JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D.

THE mechanism of animals and plants is so admirably adapted to their position and the functions they have to perform, that every successful work of art represents, to a great degree, the prominent characteristics of the objects delineated. The sculptor, or the painter, in whatever position he may place his subject, and whatever action he may wish to represent, has to pose the body, and develop the particular muscles in a manner suited to that condition. He must have the machinery of his subject so well understood, and all the parts, whether in action, or at rest, so well impressed upon his mind, that he can adapt them at will to his design. Figures thus constructed, will have a spirit, and truthfulness, that cannot be attained by any other means. Had not the unknown sculptor of the Laocoon been familiar with the forms of the muscles, and of their outlines whether at rest or in action, and had he not also been aware, that for certain bodily efforts, certain muscles alone were used, he never could have succeeded in giving such force to each limb and feature of his figures. They are in harmony with nature. Although we may never have witnessed in life anything so terrible, there is an instinctive understanding that the strain of muscles, the flexures of the bodies, and the agony of the countenances, are all in keeping with the dreadful coils that are crushing out the lives of these subjects. When in the Fighting, and in the Dying Gladiator, we have the same examples of perfect adaptation of development to these different statues, we pronounce them works of men who interpreted nature truthfully; one strung with the intensity of mortal conflict, the muscles swollen under the fury of their action; the other, the same muscles smoothed down, awaiting dissolution.

All the old artists were not equally accurate. We see amongst the venerated treasures of the past, many pictures that represent teachers of the people, disciples, and philosophers. These are often portrayed with developments of muscles upon the chest and limbs, such as no gymnast with all his training could cultivate. Who has not felt the absurdity of some of these ancient efforts, which a little knowledge of the fitness of things, on the part of the artists would have remedied. The Disciples in these Scripture pieces, hampered in drapery that prevents free motion of the limbs, unfit altogether for manual labor, sport muscles that would do credit to the strong man of the circus. No dumb-bell lifter, or club whirler, can show greater pectoral, deltoid, and biceps; no hod carrier, a

greater enlargement of calf. And even these are badly drawn, misplaced as they are on men whose mission had been that of teachers long enough for any such enormities to have subsided, even if their previous pursuits had caused their development.

The artist who has studied the muscles, and is acquainted with their position, form, and functions, can without the aid of a model, or lay figure, represent in full natural force any visible action of the body. There will be a life in his work attainable in no other way. Even if it were possible to photograph the scenes depicted by the imagination, to outline instantly a figure in some violent action, the anatomist must supply the parts that are obscured by shadow. When the structure and functions of the muscles are understood, aided by sufficient mental knowledge to weigh the controlling influence of the passions upon them, that man who, added to these qualifications, has imagination to conceive, and hand to execute, will become a master in the highest department of art. Others may have transient eminence from careful execution of subjects reconstructed from the galleries and studios they have visited, but the true genius in art finds his models in his imagination, and outlines them in marble, or on canvass, as truthfully as the sun develops the figures placed in front of the camera of the photographer.

The knowledge of nature as it is, as it is faithfully represented to us in detail by photography, enters into all judicious criticism on works of art. Until extreme accuracy of observation was caused by pictures made by the aid of the camera, we could admire without an objection such sketches for instance, as are found in Audubon's great work on Birds. If in spirited representations, the birds in form, in attitude, in feathers and in colors, are nature herself; even if the branches on which the birds are placed, in bark, leaf, and fruit cannot be improved, there is in almost every picture that has a foreground, some fatal departure from nature. A small bird may be seen bestriding stones, which, from their shape, and fractured surfaces, as well as the grass that accompanies them, are, each one, many times the size of the bird's body, and then placed as they are apart, nothing but the stride of an ostrich could overstep them. A sand-piper may be seen reaching across a rill to pick something from the opposite shore, a distance, if measured by the size of the blades of grass at his feet, the character of the lines, and the perspective adopted in the drawing, would make this diminutive object the size of those ancient waders that have left their foot-prints in the sandstone of Connecticut. Figures are made gigantic by this inattention to the surroundings, and spoil to the educated eye, what otherwise would be admirable works of art. A celebrated painting by Annibale Caracci of John the Baptist in the Wilderness, has the figure reclining in the foreground, and the right hand extended with a cup catching water from a rill, that falls from behind a rock, on which grows a tree, apparently an oak, but so far off as to be

diminished and indistinct. To reach the waterfall so far back in the distance, would require an arm much longer than the Ravels can stretch theirs in pantomime. Yet this is a celebrated painting by one of the old masters. The figure is inimitable in drawing and coloring, but the accompaniments are a match for Hogarth's inverted perspective.

All in art turns upon the accuracies of science. All lines, and atmospheres, and colors, have their positions and significance, and must be critically recognized by the true artist, as the faultless mechanism of nature must pervade his works.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY PROF. E. A. APGAR, STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

DESIGNS FOR SCHOOL HOUSES.

THE plan of the following design represents another of the medium sized school houses. It is rectangular in form, and the school room has seats for sixty pupils. By changes it may be made to accommodate more or less, according to the requirements. In the rear of the main building is a smaller structure, which may be used as a wood room, recitation room, or both. In it are the back entry ways. The door in the front partition of the school room may be omitted, and the entrance to the front recitation room made through the front halls. The recitation room may be made wider by a slight increase in the length of the building.

We would call special attention to this design. It perhaps combines more than any other the essential requisites of country school houses. It is cheap. No room is lost, and no expense is wasted upon superfluous features. It is simple in construction, so that any carpenter can build it who has wit enough to put building materials together. It is exceedingly neat in appearance, as will be seen by referring to any of the elevations given; and this beauty will appear greatly enhanced when these elevations are compared to the houses now ordinarily found in country places.

It affords ample accommodation for the school and freedom of movement for both teacher and pupil. It admits light in the most effective manner possible, and if properly furnished with adjustable inside blinds, the light can be properly tempered and distributed. Ample arrangements are made for a perfect system of ventilation, and an unlimited supply of fresh air in the disposition of the stoves, chimneys and ventilating tubes. If intelligent care is bestowed upon them, pupils need never suffer from the effects of foul air. Provision has also been made

for ample summer ventilation in the large openings on the four sides of the house. (*See Plan page 562.*)

Again, by having an extra recitation room the plan is an adjustable one, admitting of the employment of an extra teacher during the season when the school is most crowded. If either of the elevations of this design is adopted, and the building erected as described, it will last for several generations, and will afford ample and excellent accommodation for all.

One of the rooms in the rear or the recitation room in front may be used for the district library, or it may be fitted up as a cabinet for the reception and preservation of such specimens of natural history as are beginning to be considered indispensable to the highest success in any school.

In making choice between the two elevations given, unless cheapness is considered the chief requisite, preference should be given to the more elaborate structure; and wherever a choice can be made in building materials, brick or stone should be used in preference to wood. A good stone house of this description, well furnished, would leave scarcely anything more to be desired in the form of school accommodation.

ELEVATION No. 1.—This is the plainest possible elevation. It is a wood building, having a

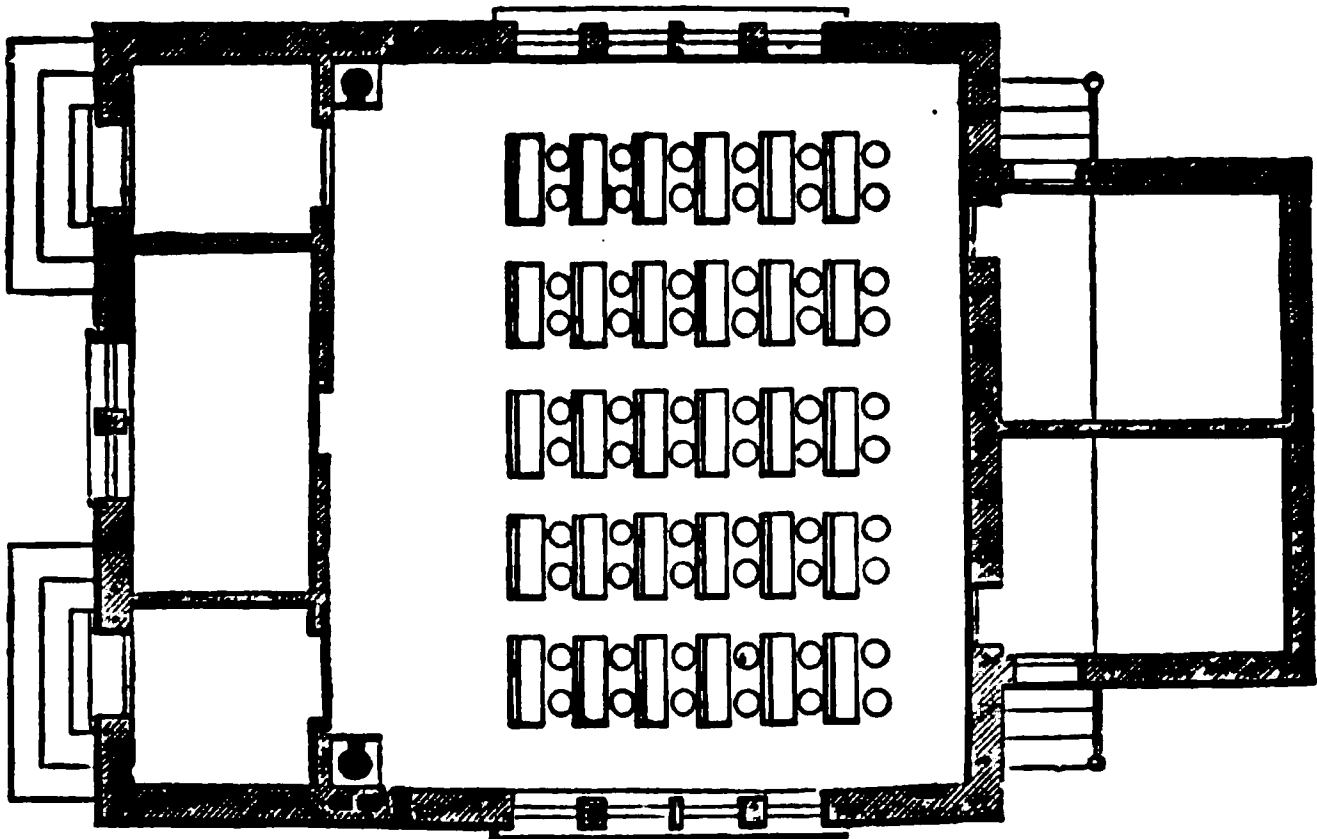
plain roof with the ordinary pitch, and wide projecting cornice. The finish may be battens or common siding; the former, however, is to be preferred on the score of appearance. The chimney is high and substantial, and in buildings of this kind, the chimney, being the only

projection from the roof, should be built with care. The windows, which are grouped together in the elevation, may be arranged in the usual manner, in which case a side window would open into the porch, and the head-light above the door might be omitted.

ELEVATION NO. 2

ELEVATION—No. 2.—This elevation, represented as finished in brick may be built of wood. It is a modification of Elevation No. 1, with a change in the shape of the window heads, the addition of a cupola, and the introduction of small mullion windows to light the porches. The

finish is plain, and the general effect is good. The cupola may be omitted if desired, in which case the chimneys should be made broader.



GROUND PLAN.

TO THOSE INTERESTED.—It is proper to state here that the Educational Department of this Magazine will be greatly enlarged upon the appearance of the next number. Articles from the pens of our ablest educators will be published; and due attention given to the wants of the different departments of the work, in all its phases. Full reports of teachers' institutes should always be furnished as promptly as possible, and we earnestly request County Superintendents to send articles that will help forward the cause of education in their districts. We want to make this important department of great value to the educational interests of New Jersey the coming year. There is need enough of such an organ as we intend this to be, as will be shown next month (January number). Teachers, District Clerks, County Superintendents, and public men, are requested to forward communications to the Editor of The Educational Department. Let them all have point and purpose, and in this way our admirable system of public instruction will be practically applied.

Though very much limited in space, the articles and communications published in this department during the last nine months have proved to be a source of much good. Since the illustrations have been introduced, many have been able to make practical use of these valuable designs and information for school buildings. Some committees have built entirely by the plans and elevations found in the Magazine. Prof. Apgar, the able State Superintendent of Public Instruction, will continue to edit the department as heretofore.—[EDITOR BEECHER'S MAGAZINE.]

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

SOME DRY FACTS.

WE have decided to enlarge BEECHER'S MAGAZINE to 72 pages monthly, and advance the price to two dollars per year.

Our reasons for doing so are, we think, sound, and cannot fail to convince all of the wisdom of this course.

Three or four efforts have been made before to establish a magazine in New Jersey, all of which have proved failures.

No one supposed BEECHER'S could overcome the obstacles which had proved too great for more pretentious efforts.

Therefore, even our best friends looked upon the enterprise as unadvised or ill-advised, and doomed to speedy death.

The result has proved what we then believed, viz. : that there were no obstacles in the way too great to be overcome.

We now have a circulation of 5000 copies per month, and can safely say the magazine is thoroughly established.

The words written at the beginning, we re-write to-day after two years' experience—" *Beecher's Magazine was not born to die.*"

More, it is to live and its influence is to be felt while the hand and brain that controls it has force and will.

This could not be true to the fullest extent while its space was so limited and the price so low as to forbid an enlargement.

Its standing will be improved by the change of price, but more from the character of its articles and quality and number of its illustrations.

Pecuniarily it will be more profitable to its publisher, and hence can and will be made more attractive to its readers.

The earnest support of every Jerseyman is expected, in return for which we promise more than a full equivalent.

These are dry, ungarnished facts, but we hope they may have no less force because little beauty of language.

A PARTING BLESSING.

SINCE the last number of this magazine went to press the argument before the Chancellor upon the great railroad lease has been concluded and his decision rendered in favor of its execution. We have no doubt of the legal justice of the decision, and now that further discussion in regard to the case can avail nothing, we have no more to say concerning the rights of either party.

A parting salutation would seem to be in order, however, and this we proceed to give. It is said, we believe truly, that the stock of the Joint Companies immediately rose in the market to a figure which it had not before reached. And it was cited by the friends of the scheme and others of not very positive convictions, that this proved the transaction was really a desirable one and beneficial to the interests of the State. It proved no such thing in fact. It simply showed what nobody but an interested party would ever undertake to deny, and what the Companies confessed by their action, viz. : that they could not make the best ninety miles of railroad on this continent pay ten per cent. to its stockholders, (allowing that the branches simply paid expenses and interest on the capital.) It simply shows that the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company believed they could pay that at least, and that the public believed it. Now it is not worth while for any one to suppose so unreasonable a thing as that the Camden & Amboy Railroad Companies for the last ten years have done anything to entitle them to public praise or confidence. And while it is certainly true that in the hands of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company the railroad interests of New Jersey will be well managed for the present, at least, it does not follow that this company is composed of men of such immaculate purity and honor that they will confine themselves wholly to operating these roads. Nor does it at all change the fact, that the lease was either the most gigantic swindle ever perpetrated on the people of this State, or else one of the most imbecile transactions ever performed by business men. In proof of which only three facts are necessary :

1. The railroads and canals leased to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company are now worth at least fifty millions of dollars.

2. In seventeen years the State would have a right to take them at a figure not to exceed their cost, which could not be over fifty millions. They will then be worth at least one hundred millions.

3. The astounding fact that these works, now worth fifty millions and seventeen years hence one hundred millions, were leased (practically sold) to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company for nine hundred and ninety-nine years for ten per cent. per annum on *nineteen millions of dollars*.

Now any school boy fit to trade a jack-knife who could not make a better bargain than that ought to be sent to an asylum for weak minded persons.

Recently it is rumored that the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company has sub-leased the Delaware & Raritan Canal and the Belvidere Delaware Railroad to the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for nearly as large a rental per annum as they pay for all the railroads and canals in New Jersey.

“Tom Scott” has this day more power than any ruler of Europe or

America. We shall undoubtedly have better managed railroads than before, but he (who is the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company practically) can carry New Jersey in his vest pocket and not know any difference.

Those in favor of the lease may ask in the sublime and powerful language of "Boss" Tweed, "What are you going to do about it?" and the people, looking at the facts of the whole transaction, will reply as they did to him, "Too Thin."

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

BY the time this reaches our readers they will be in the midst of the holidays which so happily connect the old year with the new. We are full of the January number and so busy working out and executing plans to make it very valuable and attractive to all our present readers, and we hope *very many* new ones, that it is but justice to ourselves to allude to the extreme difficulty we experience in applying our hand and mind to the delicate business of writing editorials. Our young lady friends will sympathize with us we know. Haven't you, time and again, been so engrossed in some scheme, that present labor seemed a burden and nothing but the realization of your plans could satisfy you? There will be thousands in just that fix—they are there now, and nothing will satisfy them till Christmas or New Year drags along, and they stand up before the holy altar and pledge themselves to one another "till death do us part." A man who publishes a magazine because he loves it and is called to the work, and can do it and not starve or lose all he has, is almost as much wedded to its success and interests, as a man and woman truly married, are to each other. Everything urges him to his best efforts. For success and acceptance he receives praises from thousands, though they may be unheard by him; for failure, censure from as many. The strongest elements in his nature are directly influenced. Every effort is made to please and obtain the support of all. What wonder then that especially in view of the important changes to be made, we should be thoroughly engrossed in the work of producing the best magazine we can make, so as to begin our fifth volume in such a manner as to win the favor and commendation of the public. Already the plans are complete for it, and we have the satisfaction of looking in advance upon what we are sure will be pronounced an attractive and able magazine.

WE will send the thrillingly beautiful engraving entitled: "Saved" to every old subscriber who remits \$2.00 for next year upon receipt of this number of the Magazine. It is worth \$2.00. Be particular and read the prospectus on the last page.

"Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode ;
The same wherewith Dan Jove on tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Idæan maid ;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he bears,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres."—*Spenser*.

OUR opinion is that those two youngsters fiddling out there by moonlight had better be at home. But still, as long as young ladies will listen, young men will fiddle and sing. Probably these lads are in sight of the window of some house through which the moonlight streams into a lady's chamber. If so, they are excusable ; but still it does seem as though they would show better sense by going into the house and calling on the fair creature. However, none of us know but what the worthy grand patriarch has interfered, and so they take this means of delighting themselves and ~~the~~ the lady. Away with all this idle speculation ; nobody can tell what ought to be done unless placed in the same circumstances. Here's a merry Christmas for them and for you, and if you get as good and loving a Christmas gift as the writer did you'll be happy and wealthy and wise.

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